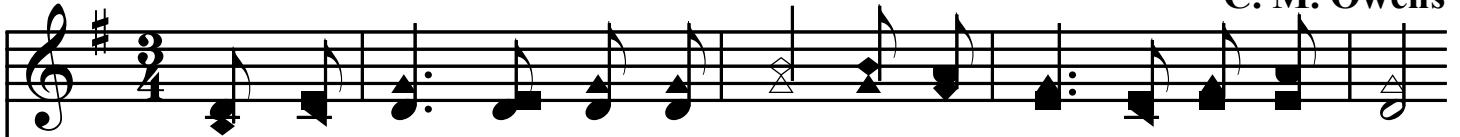
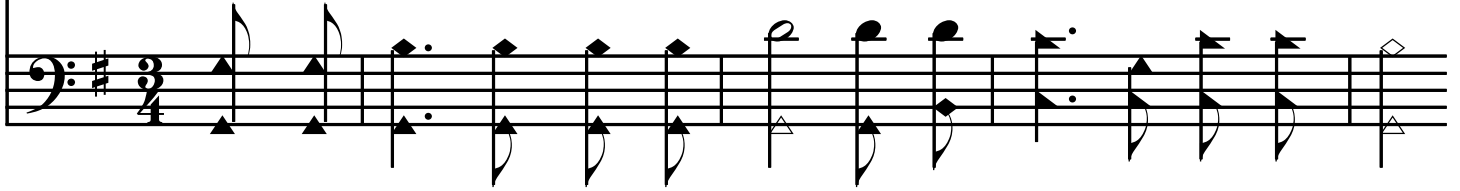


It Took The Blood Of The Lamb

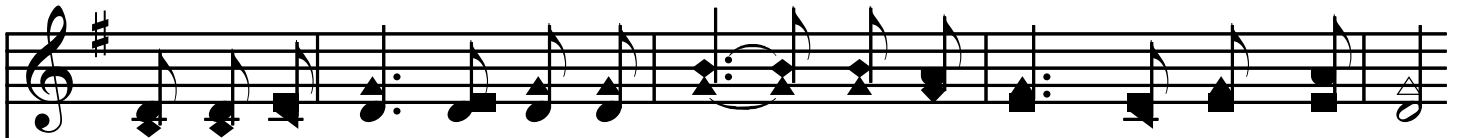
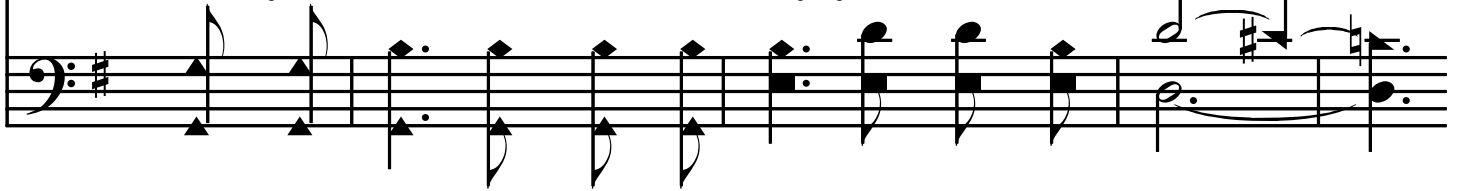
C. M. Owens



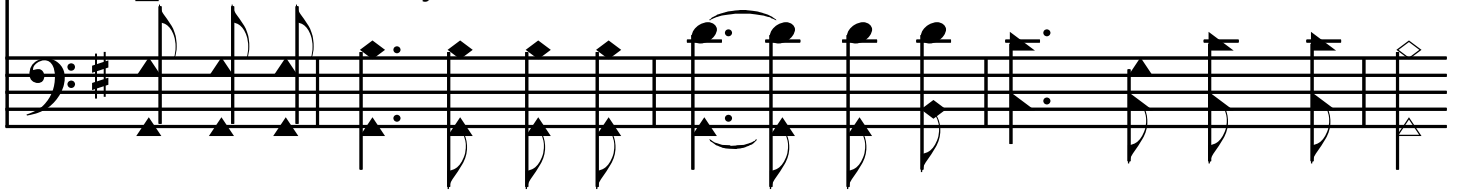
1. With-out ble-mish, with-out spot, Je-sus did what I could not.
2. He will hear your fee-ble plea, and in love He'll in-ter-cede.



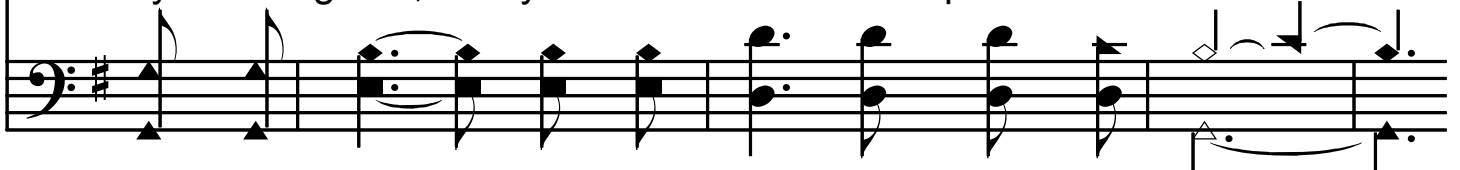
When He shed His blood up-on that rug-ged cross.
Give you life and take a-way your load of sin.



He paid a debt He did not owe, to make a place where I could go.
He will heal your broken heart; You can make a brand new start.



And with-out His pre-cious blood I would be lost.
By His grace, you will find sweet peace with-in.



CHORUS

It took the blood of the Lamb, and the nails through His hands.

To save my soul and res-cue me just as I am.

If up-on this rock we stand, He will take us to that Land.

Where we'll sing, "It took the blood of the Lamb."