

His Blood Has Made Me Whole

Fanny Crosby, 1885.

William Kirkpatrick.

I sought in tears my Savior's cross,
He turned and looked on me:
"Behold," He said, "the crimson fount
Where flows My blood for thee!"

Refrain

O precious blood! oh, hallowed blood!
Thy sacred fount I see;
It cleanseth all, whoever will;
Praise God, it cleanseth me.

With trembling step, beneath its flood
I plunged my guilty soul,
That now redeemed, can shout aloud
His blood has made me whole!

Refrain

O, love divine, where shall my tongue
Its song of praise begin?
The precious blood of Christ, my Lord,
Has covered all my sin.

Refrain

It gave me life, it gave me joy!
With perfect healing power
It saved through faith my broken heart,
And saves me every hour.

Refrain