

JESUS, the sinner's Friend!  
We hide ourselves in Thee:  
God looks upon Thy sprinkled blood—  
It is our only plea.

2 He hears Thy precious name,  
We claim it as our own:  
The Father must accept and bless  
His well-belovèd Son.

3 He sees Thy spotless robe,  
It covers all our sin;  
The golden gates have welcomed Thee,  
And we may enter in.

4 Thou hast fulfilled the law,  
And we are justified:  
Ours is the blessing, Thine the curse;  
We live, for Thou hast died.

5 Jesus, the sinner's Friend!  
We cannot speak Thy praise:  
No mortal voice can sing the song  
That ransomed hearts would raise.

6 But when before the throne,  
Upon the glassy sea,  
Clothed in our blood-bought robes of white,  
We stand complete in Thee . . .

7 Jesus, we'll give Thee then  
Such praises as are meet,  
And cast ten thousand golden crowns  
Adoring at Thy feet!