

Through the blood, I come to You, Lord

Longings — For Christ

Musical score for the hymn "Through the blood, I come to You, Lord". The score is written in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 3/4 time signature. It consists of four staves of music. The lyrics are written below the notes. Chord symbols are placed above the notes. The lyrics are: "1. Through the blood, I come to You, Lord, To Your throne of grace in prayer; How I need Your ten - der mer - cies, Time - ly grace, and lov - ing care! Cov - er me, for I am help - less. Hide me as my heart I bare. Cling to me in lov - ing kind - ness. Be my shield from ev - ery snare."

2. My habitual, heedless conduct

Full of self has ever been.
I abhor that I could stumble
Even one due to this sin.
I confess that I'm a sinner—
Laying hands on You within.
Wash me clean till I am spotless
And restore my inner man!

3. In my spirit, by Your mercy,
Shine upon my wayward heart.
Break the independent nature
Of my soul, each inward part.
Make me one who cares for others,
Nurturing, to life impart,
Buoyant with Your living Spirit,
Cherishing this fresh new start.

4. Lord, I turn my whole heart, yielding
To You, for Your masterpiece.
In Your light comes understanding;
You forgive and joy increase.
My mind setting on my spirit,
I can sense Your life and peace;
Turning to You in my spirit,
I find You, my true release.

5. Lord, You've been my only comfort.

Even now You comfort me.
I cannot be lost and mournful.
I love You increasingly.
Your dear blood does cleanse me wholly,
White as snow effectively.
I stand with Your inward working,
I in You and You in me.

6. I agree with what You're speaking
In my heart, and in Your Word.
You alone are sanctuary,
Your dear presence joy assured.
What You are imbues me sweetly.
I will rest in what I've heard—
Private, wooing words, like kisses,
Touching depths, with love conferred.

7. Through Your precious blood, I come Lord
To Your dear and lovely face.
I love You for You love deeply,
Holding me in Your embrace.
Heav'n and earth may bear this witness—
Here, the object of Your grace
Is myself, blood-washed, enlivened,
Full of joy, Your joy to trace.