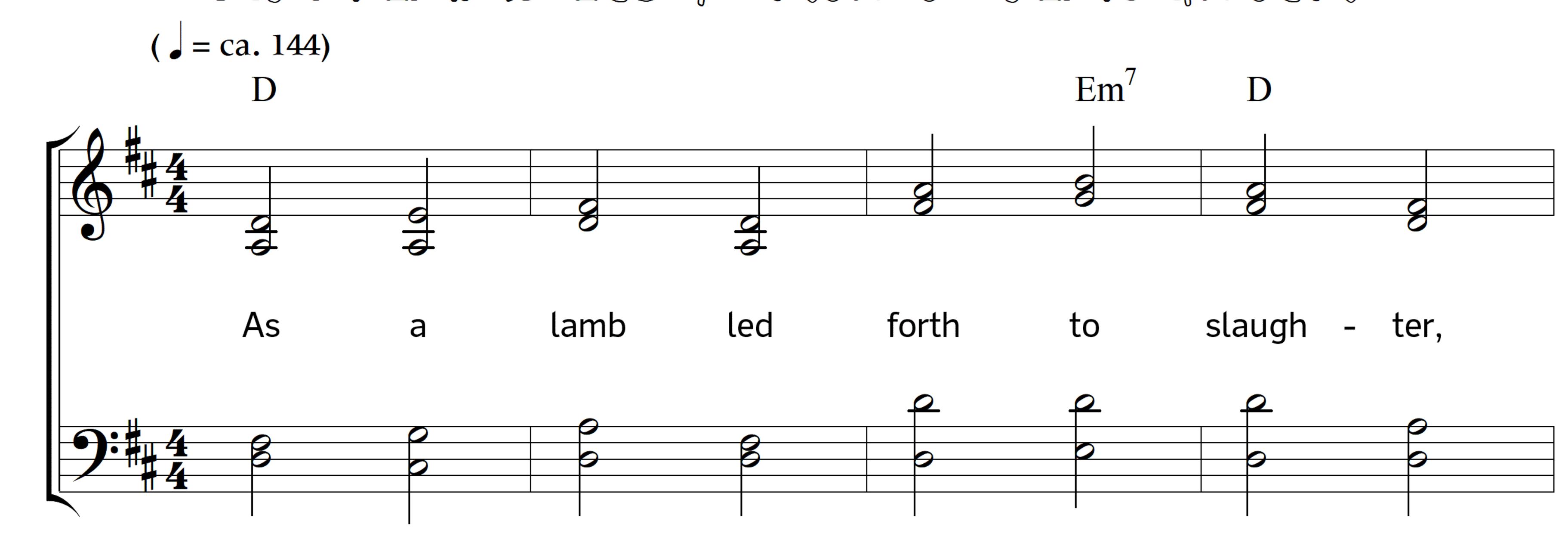
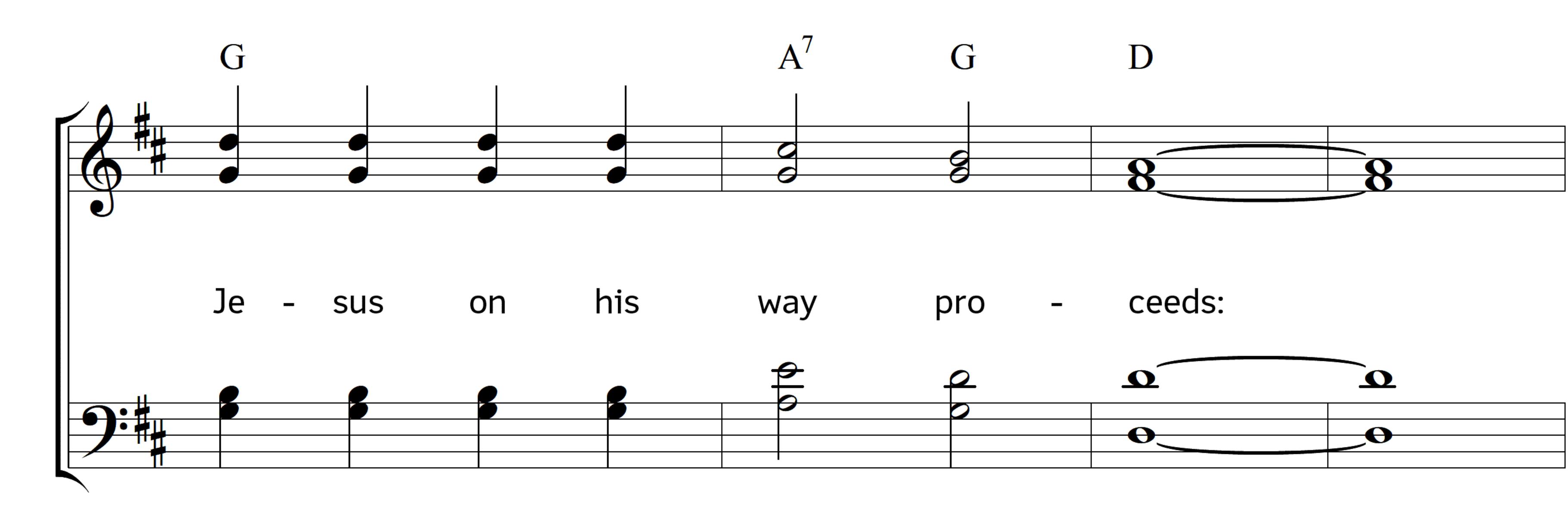
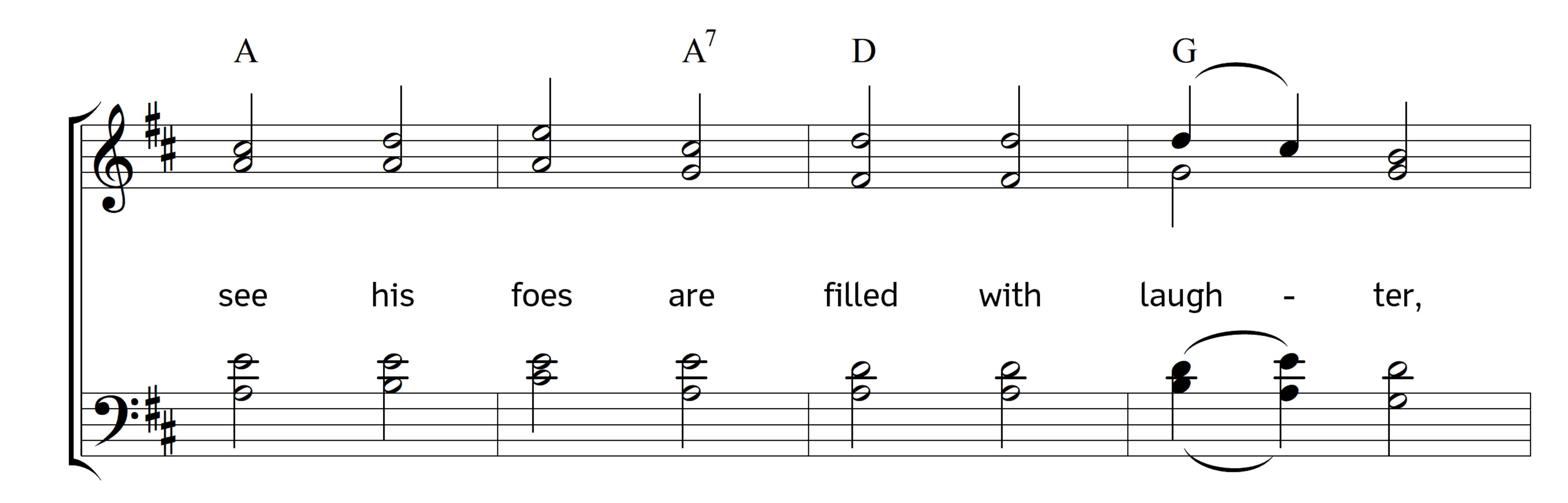
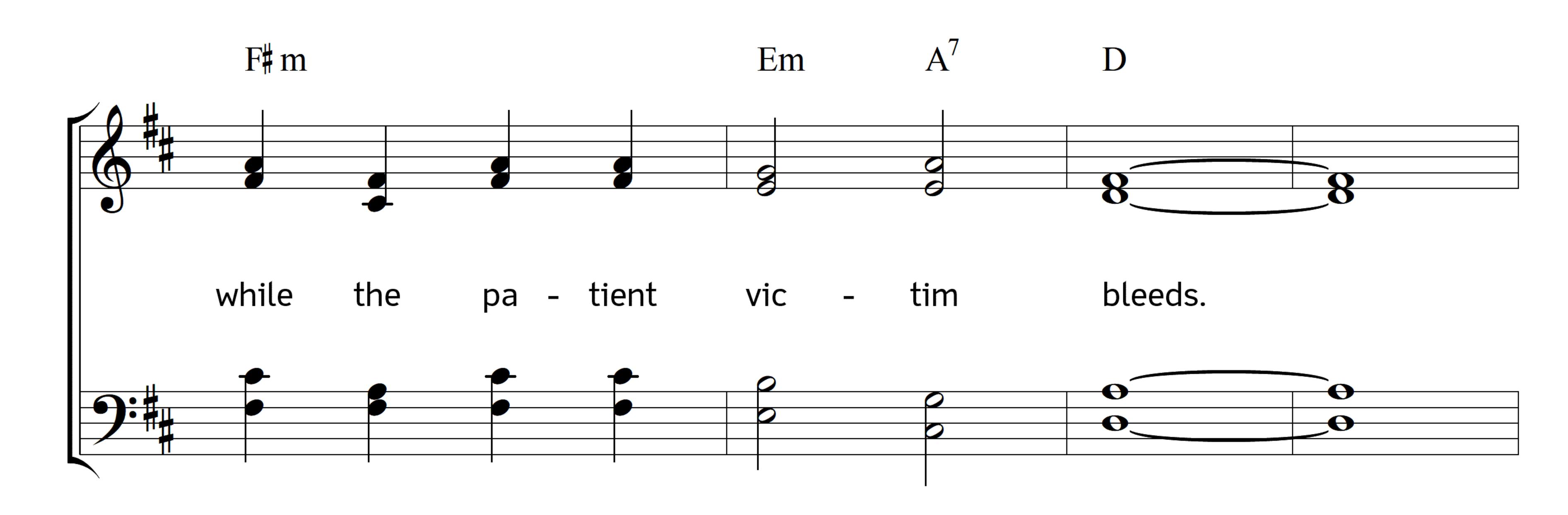
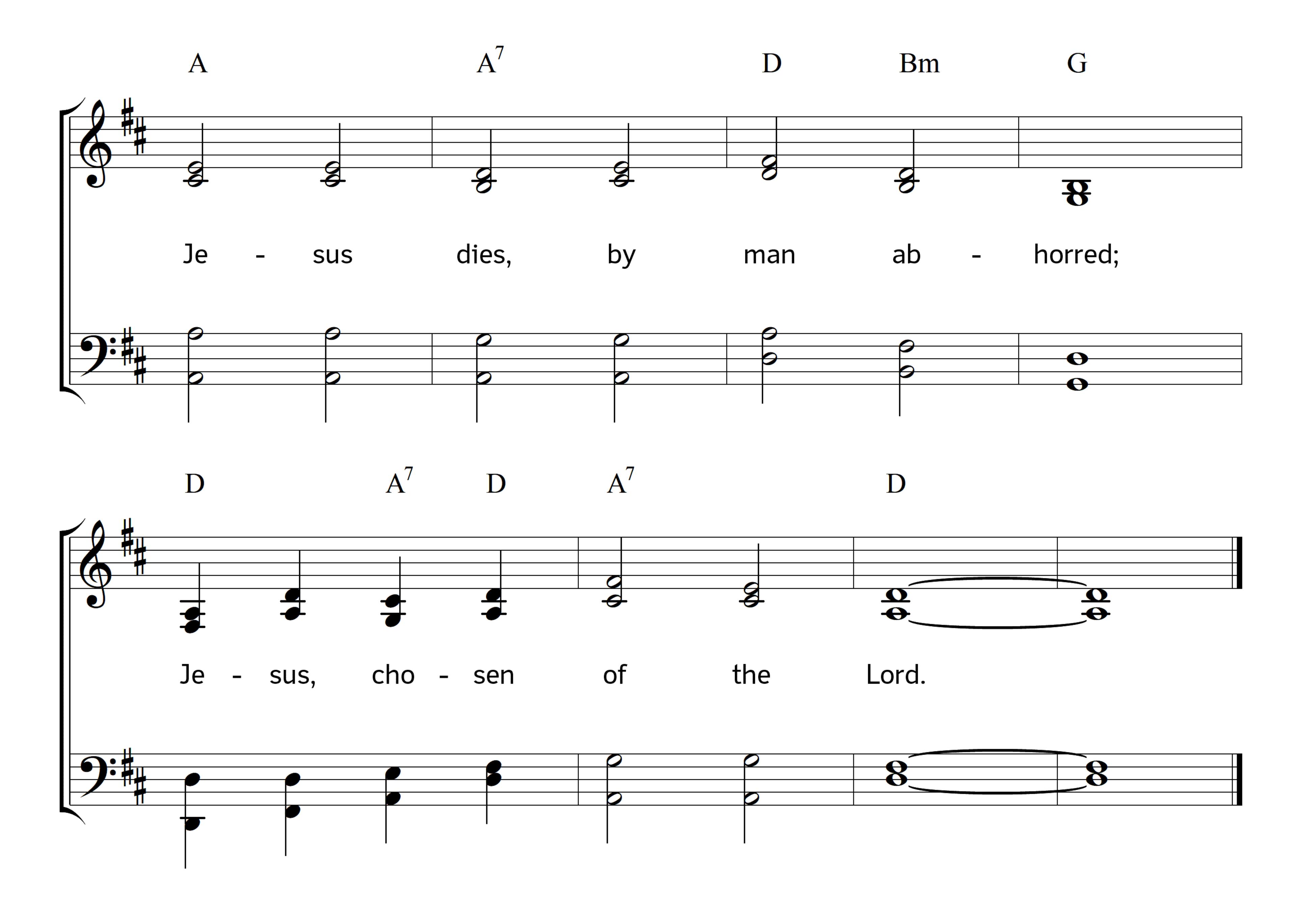
AS A LAMB LED FORTH TO SLAUGHTER











2. Jesus dies in love to others; greater love hath none than this: love of kindred, love of mothers, feeble is, compared to his.

Who can tell its breadth and length?

Who its depth, its height, its strength?

4. Nature's voice, again reproving, would be heard should I not speak: none has greater cause for loving him who came the lost to seek: yet my love, how cold it is!

O how different mine from his!

3. Come, my soul, look here and wonder, here's a sight to cause surprise: well the rocks might cleave asunder; well might darkness veil the skies: 'twas the voice of nature then; nature's voice reproving men.

5. Ah, my Lord, thou know'st thy servant, weak, unfaithful, apt to slide; make his love more pure and fervent, let him at thy feet abide.

Thine the tribute of his praise, thine the remnant of his days.

Words: Thomas Kelly. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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