

"Thy dying thief rejoiced to see  
That fountain in his day;  
And there have I, as vile as he,  
Washed all my sins away.

Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood  
Shall never lose its power  
Till all the ransomed Church of God  
Be saved, to sin no more.

E'er since by faith I saw the stream  
Thy flowing wounds supply,  
Redeeming love has been my theme,  
And shall be till I die.

Then in a nobler, sweeter song  
I'll sing Thy power to save,  
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue  
Lies silent in the grave."

When the wedding feast of the Lamb assembles up there, will you have the garment of righteousness that God has provided? Will you be one of those who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb? Or will you be one to whom the King will say "Friend, how camest thou in hither not having a wedding garment". And that you will hear His sad but necessary words "Bind him hand and foot and take him away and cast him into outer darkness, and there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth."