WHITER THAN INOW



- No more my countless sins shall rise to fill me with dismay – that precious blood before his eyes hath put them all away.
- 3. My soul draws near with trust secure, with boldness glad and free; what matters it that I am poor, for I am rich in thee.
- 4. Forgotten every stain and spot, their memory past and gone, for me, O God, thou seest not, thou lookest on thy Son.
- 5. Is all a dream? Thou canst not lie, thy Spirit and thy Blood proclaim to sinners such as I the boundless love of God.
- 6. They tell thy love, so deep, so free, they tell the Father's heart not what I am, or I must be, they tell me what thou art.
- 7. Come, weary sinners, great and small, the open door stands wide, thy blessed heart that welcomes all, O Lamb of God, who died.

Words: Frances Bevan. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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