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Oh Blessed Lord I long for thee;
Those precious wounds I fain would see.
The love that held Thee on the cross,
Unmeasured suffering such a cost!

What drew Thee from Thy Father's side
With sinners for a time abide?
True Shepherd of the sheep was He,
To pay the cost at Calvary.

Like Joseph was rejected, sold,
Price of a slave so we are told.
But it was God who made the plan,
Redemption full and free for man.

We needed one to take our place,
To die for us a sinful race.
Now it is finished was His cry,
Then bowed His sacred head and died.

I asked what drew Thee from above?
Will tell you now, it was His Love!
Oh yes, He died, but rose again,
In mighty victory now He reigns.

Lord Jesus Christ again soon come!
Our Bridegroom then will take us home,
And safe with Him forever be
His bride for all eternity.

. . . Leland Swan