

Come, All Who Love the Slaughtered Lamb

1. Come, all who love the slaugh-tered Lamb, And suf-fer for His cause;
 2. Our Mas-ter's bur-den we sus-tain, Af-flict-ed for His sake,
 3. *His pow'r is in our weak-ness shown, And per-fect-ly dis-played;*
 4. He takes His suf-f'ring peo-ple's part, And sheds His love a-broad,
 5. Then let us all our bur-den bear, To Christ our souls com-mend,

En-joy with us His sa-cred shame, And glo-ry in His cross;
 In loss, re-proach, dis-tress and pain, A strange de-light we take.
The strength we feel is not our own, But flows from Christ our Head.
 And wit-ness-es with ev-'ry heart, "Thou art a child of God."
 Joy-ful His lot on earth to share And pa-tient to the end.

His wel-come cross we dai-ly bear, Hat-ed, re-viled, op-pressed;
 We drink the con-se-crat-ed cup Our Sav-ior drank be-fore,
With con-so-la-tions from a-bove He fills our rav-ish-ed breast;
 Sure-ly we now be-lieve and feel Our sins are all for-giv'n;
 "Be faith-ful un-to death," He cries, "And I the crown will give;"

We on-ly can His truths de-clare Who calls the suf-f'ers blest.
 And fill our Lord's af-flic-tions up, And tri-umph ev-er-more.
The Spir-it of His glo-rious Love On ev-'ry soul doth rest.
 The out-ward and the in-ward seal Con-firm us heirs of Heav'n.
 "A-men," the glo-rious Spir't re-plies, "We die with Thee to live."