

I See a Crimson Stream

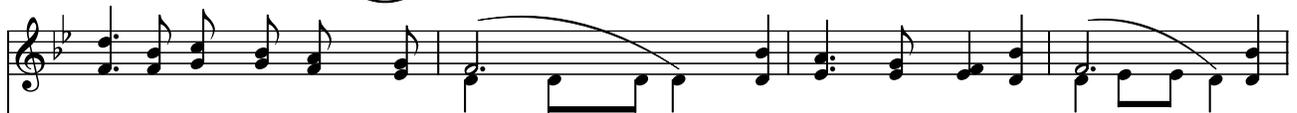
Garfield Thomas Haywood, 1920



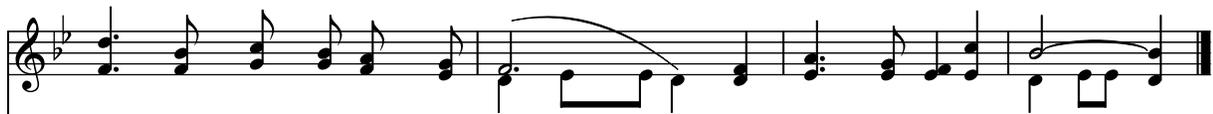
1. On Cal - 'vry's hill of sor - row Where sin's de - mands were paid, And
2. To - day no con - dem - na - tion A - bides to turn a - way My
3. When gloom and sad - ness whis - per, "You've sinned— no use to pray," I
4. And when we reach the por - tal Where life for - ev - er reigns, The



rays of hope for to - mor - row A - cross our path were laid. I
soul from His sal - va - tion, He's in my heart to stay.
look a - way to Je - sus, And He tells me to say:
ran - somed hosts' grand fi - nal Will be this glad re - frain.



see a crim - son stream of blood, It flows from Cal - va - ry, Its
stream of blood, Cal - va - ry



waves which reach the throne of God, Are sweep - ing o - ver me.
throne of God, o - ver me.

