

No Blood, No Altar Now

KELSO 6 6 8 6 10 12

Horatius Bonar 1808-1889

Unknown

Not too slow

1. No blood, no al - tar now, The sac - ri - fice is o'er!
 2. We thank Thee for the blood, The blood of Christ, Thy Son:
 3. We thank Thee for the grace, Des - cend - ing from a - bove,
 4. We thank Thee for the hope, So glad, and sure, and clear;
 5. We thank Thee for the crown Of glo - ry and of life;

No flame, no smoke as - cends on high, The lamb is slain no more,
 The blood by which our peace is made, Our vic - to - ry is won:
 That o - ver - flows our wid - est guilt, Th'e - ter - nal Fa - ther's love.
 It holds the droop - ing spir - it up Till the long dawn ap - pear;
 'Tis no poor with - 'ring wreath of earth, Man's prize in mor - tal strife;

But rich - er blood has flow'd from no - bler veins,
 Great vic - to - ry o'er hell, and sin, and woe,
 Love of the Fa - ther's ev - er - last - ing Son,
 Fair hope! with what a sun - shine does it cheer
 'Tis in - cor - rup - ti - ble as is the throne,

To purge the soul from guilt, and cleanse the red - dest stains.
 That needs no sec - ond fight, and leaves no sec - ond foe.
 Love of the Ho - ly Ghost, Je - ho - vah, Three in One.
 Our rough - est path on earth, our drear - iest des - ert here.
 The king - dom of our God and His in - car - nate Son.