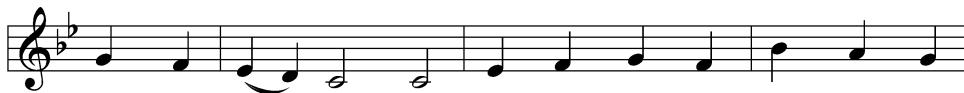


406 To Jordan Came the Christ, Our Lord



1 To Jor - dan came the Christ, our Lord, To do His
 2 O hear and mark the mes - sage well, For God Him -
 3 These truths on Jor - dan's banks were shown By might - y
 4 There stood the Son of God in love, His grace to



Fa - ther's plea - sure; Bap - tized by John, the Fa - ther's Word
 self has spo - ken. Let faith, not doubt, a - mong us dwell
 word and won - der. The Fa - ther's voice from heav'n came down,
 us ex - tend - ing; The Ho - ly Spir - it like a dove



Was giv - en us to trea - sure. This heav'n - ly wash - ing
 And so re - ceive this to - ken. Our Lord here with His
 Which we do well to pon - der: "This man is My be -
 Up - on the scene de - scend - ing; The tri - une God as -



now shall be A cleans - ing from trans - gres - sion
 Word en - dows Pure wa - ter, free - ly flow - ing.
 lov - ed Son, In whom My heart has plea - sure.
 sur - ing us, With prom - is - es com - pel - ling,



And by His blood and ag - o - ny Re - lease from death's
 God's Ho - ly Spir - it here a - vows Our kin - ship while
 Him you must hear, and Him a - lone, And trust in full -
 That in our Bap - tism He will thus A - mong us find



op - pres - sion. A new life now a - waits us.
 be - stow - ing The Bap - tism of His bless - ing.
 est mea - sure The word that He has spo - ken."
 a dwell - ing To com - fort and sus - tain us.

5 To His disciples spoke the Lord,
 "Go out to ev'ry nation,
 And bring to them the living Word
 And this My invitation:
 Let ev'ryone abandon sin
 And come in true contrition
 To be baptized and thereby win
 Full pardon and remission
 And heav'nly bliss inherit."

6 But woe to those who cast aside
 This grace so freely given;
 They shall in sin and shame abide
 And to despair be driven.
 For born in sin, their works must fail,
 Their striving saves them never;
 Their pious acts do not avail,
 And they are lost forever,
 Eternal death their portion.

7 All that the mortal eye beholds
Is water as we pour it.
Before the eye of faith unfolds
The pow'r of Jesus' merit.
For here it sees the crimson flood
To all our ills bring healing;
The wonders of His precious blood
The love of God revealing,
Assuring His own pardon.

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