

Horatio Bonar
(1808-89)

From the Cross the blood is falling

Joseph Barnby
(1838-96)

Genoa (887. 887)

1. From the Cross the blood is falling,
And to us a voice is calling,
Like a trumpet silver-clear;
'Tis the voice announcing pardon,
"It is finished," is its burden,
Pardon to the far and near.

2. Peace that precious blood is sealing,
All our wounds forever healing,
And removing every load;
Words of peace that voice has spoken,
Peace that shall no more be broken,
Peace between the soul and God.

3. God is love; we read the writing
Traced so deeply in the smiting
Of the glorious Surety there.
God is light; we see it beaming
Like a heavenly dayspring gleaming,
So divinely sweet and fair.