

Nothing but the Blood

Thomas Whitfield

What can wash away my sin?
What can make me whole again?
For my pardon this I see
For my cleansing this my plea
Oh, precious is the flow
That makes me white as snow
No other fount I know
Nothing, nothing, nothing but the blood of Jesus
Nothing can for sin atone
Not of good that I have done
This is all my hope and peace
And this is all my righteousness
Oh, precious is the flow
That makes me white as snow
And no other fount I know
Nothing, nothing, nothing but the blood of Jesus
Nothing, nothing, nothing but the blood of Jesus
Now, by this I'll overcome
Now, by this I'll reach my home

Glory, glory, this I see
All my praise for this I bring
All my praise for this I bring
All my praise for this I bring
Oh, precious is the flow
That makes me white as snow
And no other fount I know
Nothing, nothing, nothing but the blood of Jesus
Nothing, nothing, nothing but the blood of Jesus
Nothing, nothing, nothing but the blood of Jesus
Nothing, nothing, nothing but the blood of Jesus
Nothing, nothing, nothing but the blood of Jesus
Nothing, nothing, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, aha, aha
It's nothing, it's nothing
Nothing, nothing, nothing but the blood of Jesus
Nothing, nothing
Nothing, nothing, nothing but the blood of Jesus
Nothing, nothing

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