

WASHED WHITE AS SNOW

Arr. WHH
Jno. R. Sweney

Fanny J. Crosby

1:55

* Tho my sins were once like crim-son red, To the healing stream my
At the door of faith I en - tered in, And to him con-fessed my
I will sing his powr from death to save, I will sing his tri-umph

feet were led; In the pre-cious blood my Sav-viour shed He
guilt and sin; With his own dear hand he washed me clean, He
o'er the grave, I will sing be-yond death's chilling wave, He

washed me white as snow.
washed me white as snow. O, my joy-ful song hence-forth shall be
washed me white as snow.

"'Tis the blood of Je-sus cleans-eth me," Cleans-eth, Cleans-eth,

O, yes, it cleans-eth me.

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