**LOVE GREW WHERE THE BLOOD FELL**

Ladies: See my Jesus on the cross, the people crying, looking on a man would think it tragedy

Choir: But what this world, could not see was when they nailed Him to that tree,

Ladies: It would break the chains of sins captivity.

CHORUS:

Choir: Love grew where the blood fell. Flow’rs of hope sprang up for men in misery. Sin died where the blood fell. I’m so glad this precious blood has covered me.

Men: Thorns of violence and hate were growing wildly

Ladies: And the sorrow they had caused was plain to see.

Choir: But when the blood came streaming down that cross where my Jesus bled and died. It started blossoms of forgiveness growing free!

Repeat Chorus:

Coda:

I’m so glad this precious blood has covered me. COVERED ME…