

61

4-6s & 2-8s.

GREAT Prophet of my God,
My lips shall bless Thy name;
By Thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came;
The joyful news of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued, and peace with
heaven.

2 Jesus, my great High Priest,
Offered His blood and died;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside;
His powerful blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

3 O Thou almighty Lord,
My Conqueror and my King!
Thy sceptre and Thy sword,
Thy reign of grace, I sing;
Thine is the power; behold, I sit
In willing bonds before Thy feet.

4 Now let my soul arise,
And tread the tempter down;
My Captain leads me forth
To conquest and a crown;
March on, nor fear to win the day,
Though death and hell obstruct the
way.

62

6-8s.

The Priesthood of Christ.

ENTER'D the holy place above,
Cover'd with meritorious scars,
The tokens of His dying love [bears];
Our great High Priest in glory
He pleads His passion on the tree,
He shows Himself to God for me.

2 Before the throne my Saviour stands,
My Friend and Advocate appears;
My name is graven on His hands,
And Him the Father always hears;
While low at Jesus' cross I bow,
He hears the blood of sprinkling
now!

3 This instant now I may receive
The answer of His powerful
prayer;
This instant now by Him I live,
His prevalence with God declare;
And soon my spirit in His hands,
Shall stand where my Forerunner
stands.

63

L. M.

The Ascension of Christ.

OUR Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high;
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragged to the portals of the sky.

2 There His triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly
gates;
Ye everlasting doors, give way!

3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the ethereal scene;
He claims these mansions as His
right;
Receive the King of glory in.

4 "Who is the King of glory? Who!
The Lord that all our foes o'er-
came; [threw];
The world, sin, death and hell o'er-
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.

5 Lo! His triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay;
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly
gates;
Ye everlasting doors, give way!

64

L. M.

Christ a sympathising High Priest.

WHERE high the heavenly temple
stands, [hands,
The house of God not made with
A great High Priest our nature wears,
The Guardian of mankind appears,

2 He who for men their surety stood,
And poured on earth His precious
blood,

Pursues in heaven His mighty plan,
The Saviour and the Friend of man.

3 Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.

4 Our fellow-sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains;
And still remembers in the skies
His tears, His agonies, His cries.

5 In every pang that rends the heart,
The Man of sorrows had a part;
Touched with the feeling of our
grief,
He to the sufferer sends relief.