



- 2. The hour is come! men worship now the Lord no longer at Jerusalem alone; but over all the earth, with one accord; true worshippers of him whose name is One.
- 3. Into the holiest by the blood we go, boldly along the new and living way; our conscience purged, our vesture fair as snow, our earthly night exchanged for heavenly day.

- 4. With the true heart and the sure faith we come, sprinkled, and purged, and made all over clean; no evil conscience whispering doubt or gloom, without no shadow, and no dread within.
- 5. In through the veil we pass without a fear; the rich-wrought veil, that guarded once the door, now rent in twain, invites us to draw near, and tread with reverent joy the holy floor.
- 6. The golden mercy-seat stands full in sight, our High Priest seated there dispensing grace, the ark, the cherubim, the glory bright, with incense filling all the holy place.
- 7. One Christ, one cross, one sacrifice, one Priest, one altar and one temple for us all; one Spirit in whose common love we rest, one God and Father on whose name we call.
- 8. One love descending from one common Lord, one love ascending from ten thousand souls; one brightness from on high upon us poured, one song of praise for ever upward rolls.
- 9. Son of the Blessed, Christ our Lord and King, to thy one everlasting mercy-seat thy church on earth her prayers and wants would bring, round it the ransomed multitudes now meet.
- 10. Creation's root and centre, around whom God's universe of being, far and wide, shall yet be seen revolving, when the gloom shall pass away of time's dull eventide.
- 11. Thy church's Head and Bridegroom, in whose love thy chosen bride shall yet more fully rest, when the fair heritage below, above, shall be revealed, in spotless glory dressed.
- 12. Thy Israel's God and Lord, the builder up of thy Jerusalem's long-broken wall, when from her lips shall pass the bitter cup she gave thee once, the wormwood and the gall.
- 13. Faith finds thee near, and walks with thee below, without the shadow of a cloud or gloom; hope sees the crown upon thy piercèd brow, all earth renewed, and the great kingdom come.

Words: Horatius Bonar. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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