











- 2. The sacrifice is o'er, the veil is rent in twain, the mercy-seat is red with blood of victim slain; why stand ye then without, in fear? The blood divine invites us near.
- 4. Upon the mercy-seat the High Priest sits within; the blood is in his hand which makes and keeps us clean. With boldness let us now draw near; that blood has banished every fear.

- 3. The gate is open wide;
  the new and living way
  is clear and free and bright,
  with love and peace and day.
  Into the holiest now we come,
  our present and our endless home.
- 5. Then to the Lamb once slain be glory, praise, and power, who died and lives again, who liveth evermore; who loved and washed us in his blood, who made us kings and priests to God!

Words: Horatius Bonar. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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