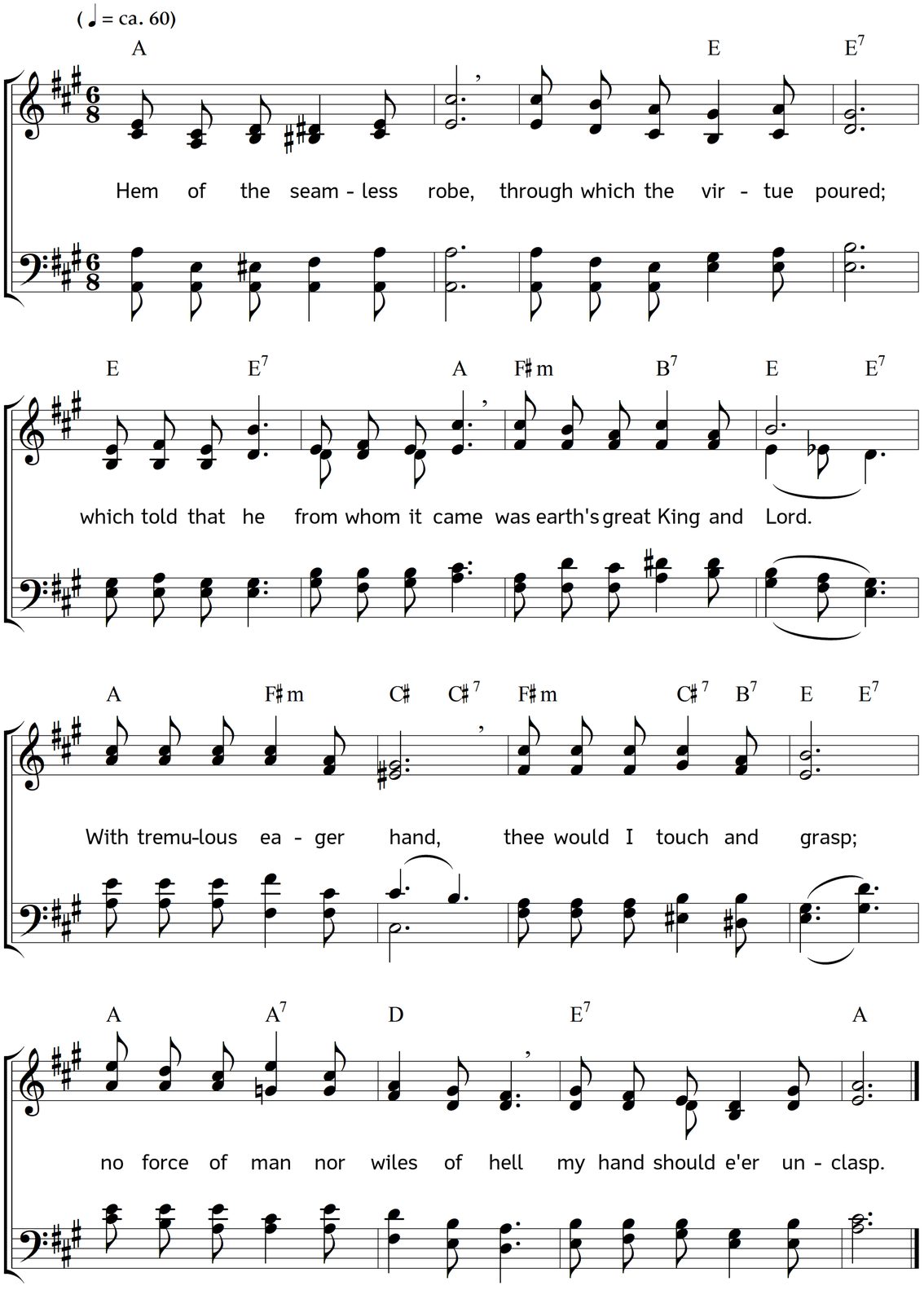
THE SEAMLESS RAIMENT



2. Hem of the seamless robe,
which clothed our High Priest here,
when in the lowliness of love
he trod our earthly sphere;
when with his priestly hand
he came and cleansed and healed;
when in the fulness of his grace
he all that cleansing sealed.

3. True health, through thee, from him
into this soul shall flow;
the health of heaven, the life of God
begun on earth below.
Instead of feebleness,
strength shall my portion be;
instead of ashes, beauty then
shall brightly compass me.

4. One touch of that fair robe
hath all this healing given;
I need but this for blessedness,
I need but this for heaven.
Out from its Wearer comes
an energy divine,
pervading with transforming power
this tainted soul of mine.

5. Who touches it is free!
His chains are snapped in twain;
immortal purity is his,
instead of mortal stain.
Through it flows priestly power
to liberate the soul;
it purges sin, it casts out ill,
it makes the bruisèd whole.

6. Through it pours royal strength,
the endless life to give;
it wakes the sleeper from his sleep,
it bids the dead man live.
The priestly-royal robe,
the robe without a seam,
has wrought strange miracles on earth,
beyond the dreamer's dream.

7. Thrown o'er the soul, it works
to quicken and to save;
thrown o'er the tomb-enshrouded dust,
it disenchants the grave.
Thrown over this sad earth,
as yet its folds shall be,
it shall wipe out the wasting curse,
and bid corruption flee.

8. Ages of sickness then
shall in a moment go;
the age of everlasting health
shall be begun below.
Ages of darkness end;
light, with its fair array,
long veiled within the seamless robe,
shall burst forth into day.

Words: Horatius Bonar. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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