













- 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.
- 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.

- 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.
- 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!

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