

The veil is rent : our souls draw near

(MARTYRDOM. C.M.)

$\text{♩} = 100$

1. The veil is rent : our souls draw near Un - to the throne of grace ;
 2. His pre-cious blood a - vails us there As we ap - proach the throne ;
 3. 'Tis fi-nished : here our souls have rest, His work can ne - ver fail ;

The me - rits of the Lord ap - pear, They fill the ho - ly place.
 And His own wounds in heaven de - clare The a - ton - ing work is
 By Him, our Sa - cri - fice and Priest, We pass wi - thin the veil.

4. Within the holiest of all,
 Cleansed by His precious blood,
 Before the throne we prostrate fall,
 And worship Thee, O God.
5. Boldly the heart and voice we raise,
 His blood, His name, our plea ;
 Assured our prayers and songs of praise
 Ascend, by Christ, to Thee.

Alternate Tunes : Arlington, 403 ; St. Peter, 33.