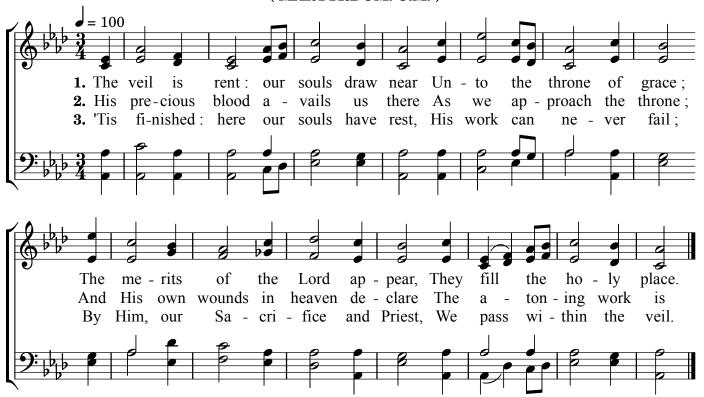
The veil is rent : our souls draw near (MARTYRDOM. C.M.)



- 4. Within the holiest of all, Cleansed by His precious blood, Before the throne we prostrate fall, And worship Thee, O God.
- 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.