

1. Well the Re-deem-er's gone, T'ap-pear be-fore our God, To sprin-kle o'er the fla-ming throne,

2. No fie-ry ven-geance now, No burn-ing wrath comes down; If jus-tice calls for sin-ners' blood,

3. Be-fore his Fa-ther's eye, Our hum-ble suit he moves! The Fath-er lays his thun-der by,

4. Now may our joy-ful tongues Our Ma-ker's hon-or sing; Je-sus the Priest, re-ceives our songs,

To sprin-kle o'er the fla-ming throne, With his a-ton-ing blood.

If jus-tice calls for sin-ners' blood, The Sa-vior shows his own.

The Fath-er lays his thun-der by, And looks, and smiles, and loves.

Je-sus the Priest, re-ceives our songs, And bears them to the King.