

WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,  
The house of God not made with hands,  
A great High Priest our nature wears,  
The Saviour of mankind appears.

- 2 He, Who for men their Surety stood,  
And poured on earth His precious blood,  
Pursues in Heaven His mighty plan,  
The Saviour and the Friend of man.
- 3 Though now ascended up on high,  
He bends on earth a brother's eye;  
Partaker of the human name,  
He knows the frailty of our frame.
- 4 Our Fellow-sufferer yet retains  
A fellow-feeling of our pains,  
And still remembers, in the skies,  
His tears, and agonies, and cries.
- 5 In every pang that rends the heart  
The Man of Sorrows had a part;  
He sympathises with our grief,  
And to the sufferer sends relief.
- 6 With boldness, therefore, at the throne  
Let us make all our sorrows known;  
And ask the aid of heavenly power  
To help us in the evil hour.

*Michael Bruce, 1746-67*