

NOW let our cheerful eyes survey  
Our great High Priest above,  
And celebrate His constant care,  
And sympathetic love.

2 Though raised to a superior throne,  
Where angels bow around,  
And high o'er all the shining throng  
With matchless honours crowned . . .

3 The names of all His saints He bears  
Deep graven on His heart;  
Nor shall the humblest Christian say  
That he has lost his part.

4 His attributes shall still abide—  
Our everlasting trust—  
When gems, and monuments, and crowns,  
Are mouldered down to dust.

5 So, gracious Saviour, on my breast  
May Thy dear name be worn,  
A sacred ornament and guard,  
To endless ages borne.

*Philip Doddridge, 1702-51*