Victim divine, Thy grace we claim



Victim Divine, Thy grace we claim, While thus Thy precious death we show: Once offered up a spotless Lamb, In Thy great temple here below, Thou didst for all mankind atone, And standest now before the throne.

Thou standest in the holy place, As now for guilty sinners slain; The blood of sprinkling speaks, and prays, All prevalent for helpless man; Thy blood is still our ransom found, And speaks salvation all around. We need not now go up to Heaven, To bring the long sought Savior down; Thou art to all already given, Thou dost e'en now Thy banquet crown: To every faithful soul appear, And show Thy real presence here!

Charles Wesley