

## Hebrews 4:14 (Frances A. Bevan) 121942

Hymns of Ter Steegen and Others, Whiter Than Snow (4:14)

Heb. 4:14.

TO heart and soul how sweet Thou art,  
O great High Priest of God!  
My heart brought nigh to God's own heart  
By Thy most precious blood.  
No more my countless sins shall rise  
To fill me with dismay—  
That precious blood before His eyes  
Hath put them all away.  
My soul draws near with trust secure,  
With boldness glad and free;  
What matters it that I am poor,  
For I am rich in Thee.  
Forgotten every stain and spot,  
Their memory past and gone,  
For me, O God, Thou seest not,  
Thou lookest on Thy Son.  
Is all a dream? Thou canst not lie,  
Thy Spirit and Thy Blood  
Proclaim to sinners such as I  
The boundless love of God.  
They tell Thy love, so deep, so free,  
They tell the Father's heart—  
Not what I am, or I must be,  
They tell me what Thou art.  
Come, weary sinners, great and small,  
The open door stands wide,  
Thy blessed heart that welcomes all,  
O Lamb of God, who died. G. T. S.

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