

# Where high the heavenly temple stands

J.F. Lampe, 1702-1751

Kent  
L.M.

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

He Who for men their Surety stood,  
And poured on earth His precious blood,  
Pursues in Heaven His mighty plan,  
The Savior and the Friend of man.

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.

Our fellow Sufferer yet retains  
A fellow feeling of our pains:  
And still remembers in the skies  
His tears, His agonies, and cries.

In every pang that rends the heart,  
The Man of Sorrows had a part,  
He sympathizes with our grief,  
And to the sufferer sends relief.

With boldness, therefore, at the throne,  
Let us make all our sorrows known;  
And ask the aids of heavenly power  
To help us in the evil hour.

Michael Bruce