

The Cherubims, Their Wings O'er-spread

S. E. Anderson

"O Lord of Hosts, God of Israel, that dwellest between the cherubims," Is.37:16

The Cher - u - bims, their wings o'er-spread, The mer - cy seat to show,
And now by faith I com - pre - hend, This course He took for me,
Who now by sin is o - ver - come, Christ in the Gar - den see,
Poor, wear - y pil - grim on the way, When sin and doubt as - sail,
When sin be - sets, un - to this seat, Of mer - cy bold - ly go,
Now sin, death, hell and Sa - tan all, Are crushed be - neath His feet,

That God would leave His Heav'n - ly throne, To walk with men be - low.
For - sak - ing gar - ments glor - i - ous, To taste mor - tal - i - ty.
The cup of wrath for you wrings out, Great drops of a - go - ny.
The cleans - ing blood at Cal - va - ry, For you will yet a - vail.
For our High Priest com - pas - sion - ate, In - firm - it - ty does know.
So Christ - ian now in con - fi - dence, Go forth, your crown re - ceive.

Chorus

Praise God, praise God, He's ris'n a - gain, Our Great High Priest, the sin - ner's Friend,

His blood of sprinkling now speaks for me, And shall for all e - ter - ni - ty.