

In the Cleansed Temple  
William Sheppard, 1896.  
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In the cleansed temple, on the festal day,  
When the whole burnt offering on the altar lay,  
Then the priestly trumpets echoed loud and long,  
Then ten thousand voices sang the Lord's own song,

When this lost world's Savior left His Father's home,  
Offered His burnt offering, saying, "Lo, I come,"  
Then the wondering shepherds heard the angel throng  
Give God highest glory in their glad new song.

When the body, purchased with Christ's ransom price,  
Is to God presented, living sacrifice,  
Then the tide of gladness, rises high and strong;  
Then the heart, rejoicing, sings the glad new song.

When from dawn to sunset Christ shall worshipped be,  
And the same pure offering every place shall see,  
When again He cometh who has tarried long,  
Then shall peal the welcome of the glad new song.

Grant us, blessed Master, so to yield to Thee  
Body, soul, and spirit, our burnt offering free,  
That in Thine own temple, with the white-robed throng,  
We may join for ever in the glad new song.