

Jesus, in Thee Our Eyes Behold
Words: Isaac Watts, 1709.
Music: Days Psalter, 1563.

Jesus, in Thee our eyes behold
A thousand glories more,
Than the rich gems and polished gold
The sons of Aaron wore.

They first their own burnt offerings brought,
To purge themselves from sin;
Thy life was pure without a spot,
And all Thy nature clean.

Fresh blood as constant as the day
Was on their altar spilt;
But Thy one offering takes away
For ever all our guilt.

Their priesthood ran through several hands,
For mortal was their race;
Thy never changing office stands
Eternal as Thy days.

Once in the circuit of a year,
With blood, but not his own,
Aaron within the veil appears
Before the golden throne:

But Christ, by His own powerful blood,
Ascends above the skies,
And in the presence of our God
Shows His own sacrifice.

Jesus, the King of glory, reigns
On Zions heavnly hill;
Looks like a lamb that has been slain,
And wears His priesthood still.

He ever lives to intercede
Before His Fathers face:
Give Him, my soul, thy cause to plead,
Nor doubt the Fathers grace.