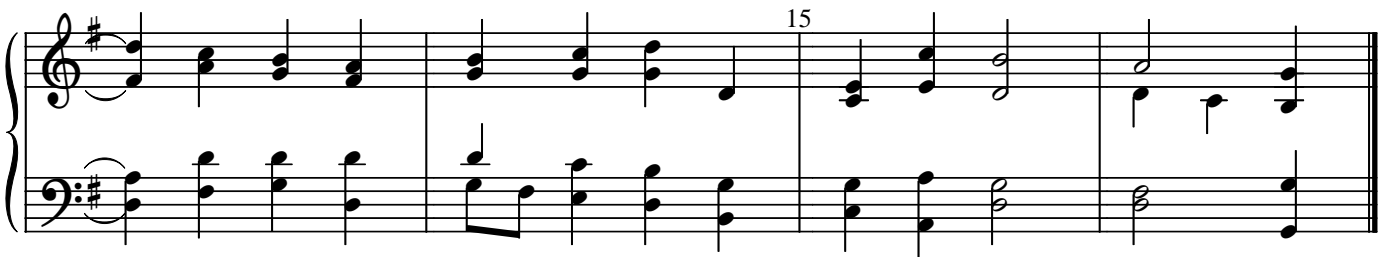
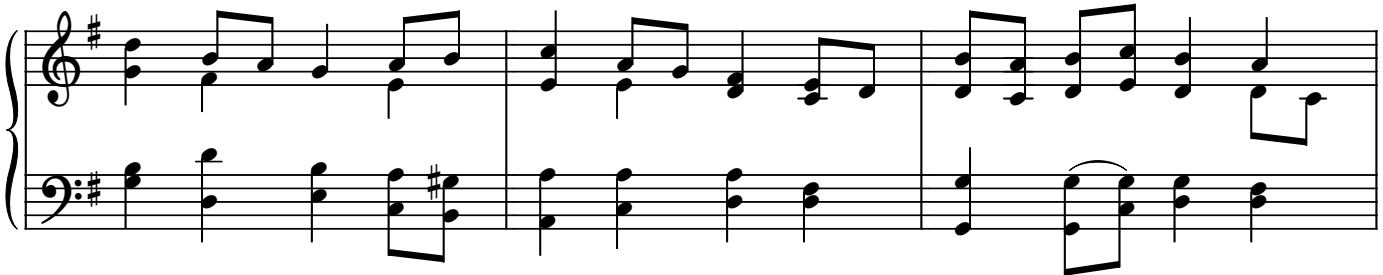


# No blood, no altar now

Unknown



No blood, no altar now, The sacrifice is o'er!  
No flame, no smoke ascends on high,  
The lamb is slain no more,  
But richer blood has flowed from nobler veins,  
To purge the soul from guilt, and cleanse the reddest stains.

We thank Thee for the blood, The blood of Christ, Thy Son:  
The blood by which our peace is made,  
Our victory is won:  
Great victory o'er hell, and sin, and woe,  
That needs no second fight, and leaves no second foe.

We thank Thee for the grace, Descending from above,  
That overflows our widest guilt,  
The eternal Father's love.  
Love of the Father's everlasting Son,  
Love of the Holy Ghost, Jehovah, Three in One.

We thank Thee for the hope, So glad, and sure, and clear;  
It holds the drooping spirit up  
Till the long dawn appear;  
Fair hope! with what a sunshine does it cheer  
Our roughest path on earth, our dreariest desert here.

We thank Thee for the crown Of glory and of life;  
'Tis no poor with'ring wreath of earth,  
Man's prize in mortal strife;  
'Tis incorruptible as is the throne,  
The kingdom of our God and His incarnate Son.

Horatius Bonar