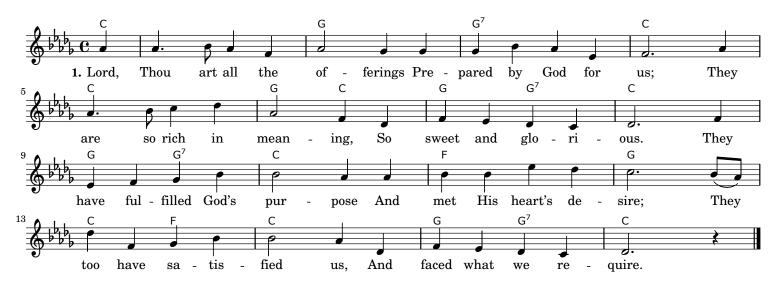
Lord, Thou art all the offerings

Praise of the Lord — His All-Inclusiveness

(Guitar: Capo 1)



- 2. Thou art the burnt-oblation, Consumed by holy fire; To God as a sweet savor, Fulfilling His desire. Thou walkedst in God's presence, And all His will pursued; Thyself the spotless offering, For us to God as food.
- 3. Thou art the meal-oblation, With "oil" and "frankincense"; 'Tis holy, fine, and perfect, And sweet to every sense. Thou art the peace-oblation, The peace for us to make, That we with God may share Thee, As food of Thee partake.

4. Thou art the sin-oblation, For us Thou sin wast made; By death for our redemption The ransom Thou hast paid. Thou art the trespass-offering, Thou all our sins didst bear To satisfy God's justice, That we His pardon share.

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5. Thou art the wave-oblation, The resurrected One;
O'er hades, death and darkness, The vict'ry Thou hast won.
Thou art the heave-oblation, Thou didst ascend to God;
As such in heav'nly places Thou art our holy food.