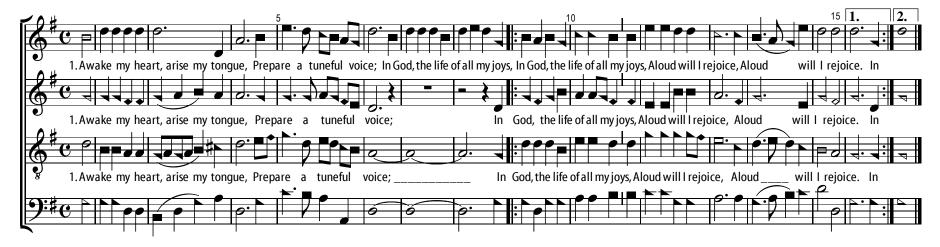
## Antipatris

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G Major Oliver Holden, 1793



- 2. Tis he adorned my naked soul, And made salvation mine; Upon a poor polluted worm He makes his graces shine.
- 3. And lest the shadow of a spot Should on my soul be found, He took the robe the Savior wrought, And cast it all around.
- 4. How far the heav'nly robe exceeds What earthly princes wear These ornaments, how bright they shine! How white the garments are!
- 5.The Spirit wrought my faith, and love, And hope, and every grace; But Jesus spent his life to work The robe of righteousness.
- 6. Strangely, my soul, art thou arrayed By the great Sacred Three! In sweetest harmony of praise Let all thy powers agree.