On Heavenly Heights--Anonymous/Unknown

On heav'nly heights an Angel stands;
He takes our prayer in heav'nly hands,
And with celestial incense rare,
He mingles every heart-felt prayer
Of those who trust His precious blood
To reconcile their souls to God.

Then from that glorious, heav'nly place
Descend the lightnings of His grace;
To heal, to strengthen and provide,
For those who trust in Him who died.
"Who died," I say?-Yea, He who rose
Triumphant, Conqu'ror of His foes.

Who is this priestly Angel bright,
Who thus dispels our darkest night?
'Tis He who set the captive free,
Jesus who died on Calv'ry's tree;
Who is, who was, and is to come-
The glory of His Father's Home!