

LO, round the throne, a glorious band,
The saints in countless myriads stand,
Of every tongue redeemed to God,
Arrayed in garments washed in blood.

- 2 Through tribulation great they came;
They bore the cross, despised the shame;
From all their labours now they rest,
In God's eternal glory blest.
- 3 They see their Saviour face to face,
And sing the triumphs of His grace;
Him day and night they ceaseless praise,
To Him the loud thanksgiving raise:
- 4 'Worthy the Lamb, for sinners slain,
Through endless years to live and reign!
Thou hast redeemed us by Thy blood,
And made us kings and priests to God.'
- 5 So may we tread the sacred road
That saints and holy martyrs trod;
Wage to the end the glorious strife,
And win, like them, a crown of life.

Rowland Hill, 1744-1833, et al