

WHO are these in bright array,  
This innumerable throng,  
Round the altar night and day,  
Hymning one triumphant song?  
'Worthy is the Lamb once slain,  
Blessing, honour, glory, power,  
Wisdom, riches, to obtain,  
New dominion every hour.'

- 2 These through fiery trials trod;  
These from great affliction came;  
Now before the throne of God,  
Sealed with His almighty name;  
Clad in raiment pure and white,  
Victor-palms in every hand,  
Through their dear Redeemer's might  
More than conquerors they stand.
- 3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,  
On immortal fruits they feed;  
These the Lamb, amidst the throne,  
Shall to living fountains lead:  
Joy and gladness banish sighs,  
Perfect love dispels all fears,  
And for ever from their eyes  
God shall wipe away the tears.

*James Montgomery, 1771-1854*