

- TEN thousand times ten thousand,  
 In sparkling raiment bright,  
 The armies of the ransomed saints  
 Throng up the steeps of light:  
 'Tis finished, all is finished,  
 Their fight with death and sin;  
 Fling open wide the heavenly gates,  
 And let the victors in.
- 2 What rush of hallelujahs  
 Fills all the earth and sky!  
 What ringing of a thousand harps  
 Bespeaks the triumph nigh!  
 O day, for which creation  
 And all its tribes were made!  
 O joy, for all its former woes  
 A thousandfold repaid!
- 3 O then what raptured greetings  
 On Canaan's happy shore,  
 What knitting severed friendships up,  
 Where partings are no more!  
 Then eyes with joy shall sparkle  
 That brimmed with tears of late;  
 Orphans no longer fatherless,  
 Nor widows desolate.
- 4 Bring near Thy great salvation,  
 Thou Lamb for sinners slain;  
 Fill up the roll of Thine elect,  
 Then take Thy power and reign;  
 Appear, Desire of nations,  
 Thine exiles long for home;  
 Show in the heavens Thy promised sign  
 Thou Prince and Saviour, come!