

HOW bright these glorious spirits shine!
Whence all their white array?
How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day?

- 2 Lo! these are they from sufferings great,
Who came to realms of light;
And in the blood of Christ have washed
Those robes that shine so bright.
- 3 Now with triumphal palms they stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love, amidst
The glories of the sky.
- 4 Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
Nor suns with scorching ray;
God is their sun, Whose cheering beams
Diffuse eternal day.
- 5 The Lamb, Who dwells amidst the throne,
Shall o'er them still preside,
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.
- 6 In pastures green He'll lead His flock,
Where living streams appear;
And God the Lord from every eye
Shall wipe away each tear.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748,
William Cameron, 1751-1811*