

WHO are these arrayed in white,
Brighter than the noonday sun,
Home-called of the sons of light,
Now before th' eternal throne?

- 2 These are they who bore the cross,
Faithful to their Master died,
Suffered in His righteous cause,
Followers of the Crucified.
- 3 Out of great distress they came,
And their robes by faith below,
In the blood of Christ the Lamb,
They have washed as white as snow.
- 4 More than conquerors at last,
Here they find their trials o'er:
They have all their sufferings passed,
Hunger is, and thirst, no more.
- 5 He that on the throne doth reign
Them for evermore shall feed,
With the tree of life sustain,
To the living fountain lead.
- 6 He shall all their griefs remove,
He shall all their wants supply;
God Himself, the God of love,
Tears shall wipe from every eye.

Charles Wesley, 1707-88