

1. Ten thou - sand times ten thousand, In spar - kling rai - ment bright,
 2. What rush of hal - le - lu - jahs Fills all the earth and sky!
 3. O then what rap - tured greet - ings On Ca - naan's hap - py shore!
 4. Bring near Thy great sal - va - tion, Thou Lamb of sin - ners slain,

6

The ar - mies of the ran - sored saints Throng up the steep - s of light.
 The ring - ing of a thou - sand harps Pro - claims the tri - umph high.
 What knit - ting sev - ered friend - ship where Death part - ings are no more!
 Fill up the roll of Thine e - lect, Then take Thy power and reign!

11

'Tis fin - ished, all is fin - ished, Their fight with death and sin.
 O day for which cre - a - tion, And all its tribe were made!
 Then eyes with joy shall spark - kle, That brimmed with tears of late;
 Ap - pear, De - sire of na - tions, Thine ex - iles long for home;

16

Fling o - pen wide the gold - en gates, And let the vic - tors in.
 O joy, for all its form - er woes A thou - sand - fold re - paid!
 Or - phans no lon - ger fa - ther - less, Nor wid - ows des - o - late.
 Show in the heavens Thy prom - ised sign; Thou Prince and Sav - ior, come!