

- 9 From ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tongue,
 thou brought'st thy chosen race ;
 And distant lands and isles have shar'd
 the riches of thy grace.
- 10 Let all that dwell above the sky, ●
 or on the earth below,
 With fields and floods, and ocean's shore,
 to thee their homage show.
- 11 To him who sits upon the throne,
 the God whom we adore,
 And to the Lamb, that once was slain,
 be glory evermore.

LXVI. REV. vii. 13. to the end.

- 1 **H**OW 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 suff'rings great
 who came to realms of light,
 And in the blood of Christ have wash'd
 those robes which 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 His presence fills each heart with joy,
 tunes ev'ry mouth to sing ;
 By day, by night, the sacred courts
 with glad hosannahs ring.
- 5 Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
 nor suns with scorching ray ;
 God is their sun, whose cheering beams
 diffuse eternal day.