

LXV. REV. v. 6. to the end.

- 1 **B**EHOOLD the glories of the Lamb,  
amidst his Father's throne ;  
Prepare new honours for his name,  
and songs before unknown.
- 2 Lo ! elders worship at his feet,  
the church adores around,  
With vials full of odours rich,  
and harps of sweetest sound.
- 3 These odours are the pray'rs of saints,  
these sounds the hymns they raise ;  
God bends his ear to their requests,  
he loves to hear their praise.
- 4 Who shall the Father's record search,  
and hidden things reveal ?  
Behold the Son that record takes,  
and opens every seal.
- 5 Hark ! how th' adoring hosts above  
with songs surround the throne ;  
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues ;  
but all their hearts are one.
- 6 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry  
to be exalted thus ;  
Worthy the Lamb, let us reply,  
for he was slain for us.
- 7 To him be pow'r divine ascrib'd,  
and endless blessings paid ;  
Salvation, glory, joy, remain  
for ever on his head.
- 8 Thou hast redeem'd us with thy blood,  
and set the pris'ners free ;  
Thou mad'st us kings and priests to God,  
and we shall reign with thee.