

Of millions. From every shore  
They surge along through heaven's door.  
From every land they come unhindered,  
All nations, peoples, tongues, and kindred ;  
They throng the gall'ries of the skies,  
They crowd the slopes of paradise ;  
There stand the elders, twenty-four,  
With thousand times ten thousand more.  
Enrobed in white, on Christ they gaze ;  
Their harps are strung ; one hymn of praise  
Trembles, thunders, bursts from all  
The hosts, redeemed from Adam's fall—  
" Redeemed from sin, from guilt and wrath,"  
" Redeemed from an eternal death,"  
" Our God be praised, His power make known,"  
" All honor now to Him be shown !"  
This the glorious song they sing,  
Till mansion, temple, mountain ring  
With hallelujahs to the Lamb,  
And glory to the Great I Am.  
Then onward, all ye sons and daughters,  
Speed the vessel o'er the waters ;