

There, Before God's Throne Appearing

Alternate 282 (53, 80)

1. There, be - fore God's throne ap - pear - ing, Who are yon - der
2. Loud their joy - ful hymns are ring - ing: "Praise to Him up -
3. Who are they, who in such glo - ry To the throne of

host in light, Each a gold - en crown is wear - ing,
on the throne! Praise to Him, sal - va - tion bring - ing!
God draw near? Who of such re - ward were wor - thy,

Shin - ing like the stars so bright? Clad in robes of
Praise to Him, God's glo - rious Son!" An - gels join them
And like an - gels there ap - pear? What great con - flict

white they stand, Palms they car - ry in the hand.
as they sing: "Hal - le - lu - jah to the King!"
for the Lord Brought this vic - t'ry as re - ward?

4. These are they, as victors soaring
O'er life's deep and troubled sea;
Here their heavy cross were bearing,
And from all self-pride were free.
Lo, the glorious dress they wear
Is their Savior's merit fair.

5. These are they who well contended
For their God's due honor long,
Conq'ring ill till life was ended,
Foll'wing not the sinful throng:
Striving on till life was done,
By God's arm the triumph won.

6. These are branches of that holy
Vine who brought us saving grace;
These are Jesus' foll'wers lowly
Who here need and fear did face:
Now, redeemed from all distress,
Are adorned with righteousness.

7. These are they who e'er have waited
As His priests to do His will,
Soul and body consecrated,
Day and night to serve Him still:
Now in God's most Holy Place,
They behold Him face to face.

8. These are they who here have conquered,
Who to God have hallowed all,
Christ's salvation have discovered,
Loved the Lord till death did call:
Now they stand before the throne,
Wearing the eternal crown.

9. As the hart at midday panteth
After streams of water clear;
For the spring that heaven granteth,
These have groaned with many a tear;
Now their thirst is satisfied
For they are at Jesus' side.

10. At the throne that's everlasting
Stand they, serving day and night;
And the crown of life are casting
Down before the throne of light;
There they now their Savior see,
Guarding them eternally.

11. Oh, what word can grasp the pleasure,
When I with the saints shall there,
In the sunlight's brightest measure,
Like the stars shine pure and clear?
Amen, glory be to Thee,
Thanks and praise eternally!

12. Lo, I lift to Thee, my Savior,
Heart and hand as now I pray:
Let it be my one endeavor
Thee to seek by night and day,
That in striving here for Thee,
May by Thee perfected be!