


*Ten thousand times ten thousand... saying with a loud voice, Wor-
thy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power... Rev. 5:11-12*



Henry Alford, 1867

ALFORD 7. 6. 8. 6. D.



John B. Dykes, 1875





1. Ten thou-sand times ten thou-sand In spark-ling rai-ment bright,
2. What rush of al-le-lu-ias Fills all the earth and sky!
3. O then what rap-tured greet-ings On Can-aan's hap-py shore;
4. Bring near thy great sal-va-tion, Thou Lamb for sin-ners slain;

The ar-mies of the ran-somed saints Throng up the steep-s of light:
What ring-ing of a thou-sand harps Be-speaks the tri-umph night!
What knit-ting sev-ered friend-ships up Where part-ings are no more!
Fill up the roll of thine e-lect, Then take thy pow'r, and reign:

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

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 long-er fa-ther-less, Nor wi-dows des-o-late.
Show in the heav'n thy prom-ised sign; Thou Prince and Sav-iour, come. A-MEN.

