Hark, the sound of holy voices

Hark! the sound of holy voices, chanting at the crystal sea,
Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia! Lord, to thee!
Multitude which none can number like the stars in glory stands,
clothed in white apparel, holding palms of victory in their hands.

Patriarch, and holy prophet, who prepared the way for Christ,
king, apostle, saint, confessor, martyr and evangelist,
saintly maiden, godly matron, widows who have watched to prayer,
joined in holy concert, singing to the Lord of all, are there.

They have come from tribulation, and have washed their robes in blood,
washed them in the blood of Jesus; tried they were, and firm they stood;
mocked, imprisoned, stoned, tormented, sawn asunder, slain with sword;
they have conquered death and Satan by the might of Christ the Lord.

Marching with thy cross, their banner, they have triumphed following thee, the Captain of salvation,
thee, their Savior and their King. Gladly, Lord, with thee they suffered;
gladly, Lord, with thee they died; and by death to life immortal they were born and glorified.

Now they reign in heavenly glory, now they walk in golden light,
now they drink, as from a river, holy bliss and infinite;
love and peace they taste for ever, and all truth and knowledge see
in the beatific vision of the blessed Trinity.

God of God, the One begotten, Light of light, Emmanuel,
in whose body joined together all the saints forever dwell;
pour upon us of thy fullness that we may for evermore
God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost adore.