

How Bright These Glorious Spirits Shine

Isaac Watts, 1707.

Henry Greatorex(1813-1858)

How bright these glorious spirits shine!

Whence all their white array?

How came they to the blissful seats

Of everlasting day?

Lo! these are they from sufferings great

Who came to realms of light;

And in the blood of Christ have washed

Those robes which shine so bright.

Now with triumphal palms they stand

Before the throne on high,

And serve the God they love amidst

The glories of the sky.

His presence fills each heart with joy,

Tunes every mouth to sing:

By day, by night, the sacred courts

With glad hosannas ring.

Hunger and thirst are felt no more,

Nor suns with scorching ray;

God is their Sun, whose cheering beams

Diffuse eternal day.

The Lamb, Which dwells amidst the throne

Shall over them still preside,

Feed them with nourishment divine,

And all their footsteps guide.

Midst pastures green He'll lead His flock

Where living streams appear;

And God the Lord from every eye

Shall wipe off every tear.

To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,

The God whom we adore,

Be glory, as it was, is now,

And shall be evermore.