

The Countless Multitudes on High

Robert Sandeman, 1775.

John Lloyd, Sr.(1815-1874)

The countless multitudes on high,
Who tune their songs to Jesus' name,
All merit of their own deny,
And Jesus' worth alone proclaim.

Firm on the ground of sovereign grace
They stand before Jehovah's throne;
The new song in that blessed place
Is, "Thou art worthy, Thou alone!"

With spotless robes of purest white,
And branches of triumphal palm,
They shout, with transports of delight,
Heaven's ceaseless, universal psalm;

Salvation's glory all be paid
To Him who sits upon the throne,
And to the Lamb whose blood was shed:
Thou, Thou art worthy, Thou alone;

"For Thou was slain, and in Thy blood
These robes were washed so spotless pure!
Thou mad'st us kings and priests to God:
For ever let Thy praise endure!"

While thus the ransomed myriads shout,
"Amen!" the holy angels cry
Amen! Amen! resounds throughout
The boundless regions of the sky.