

What Happy Men, or Angels, These
Isaac Watts, 1707.
John Wyeth, 1813.

What happy men, or angels, these,
That all their robes are spotless white?
Whence did this glorious troop arrive
At the pure realms of heav'nly light?

From torturing racks and burning fires,
And seas of their own blood they came;
But nobler blood has washed their robes,
Flowing from Christ the dying Lamb.

Now they approach th'almighty throne,
With loud hosannas night and day;
Sweet anthems to the great Three-One,
Measure their blest eternity.

No more shall hunger pain their souls;
He bids their paring thirst begone,
And spreads the shadow of His wings
To screen them from the parching sun.

The Lamb that fills the middle throne
Shall shed around His milder beams;
There shall they feast on His rich love,
And drink full joys from living streams.

Thus shall their mighty bliss renew
Through the vast round of endless years;
And the soft hand of sovereign grace
Heals all their wounds and wipes their tears.