

How Bright These Glorious Spirits Shine  
Words: Isaac Watts, 1707.  
Music: Henry Greatorex, 1849.

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.