

Exalted High at God's Right Hand  
Rowland Hill, 1783.  
Heinrich Zeuner, 1832.

Exalted high at God's right hand,  
Nearer the throne than cherubs stand,  
With glory crowned, in white array,  
My wondering soul says, "Who are they?"

These are the saints beloved of God,  
Washed are their robes in Jesus' blood;  
More spotless than the purest white,  
They shine in uncreated light.

Brighter than angels, lo! they shine  
Their glories great, and all divine;  
Tell me their origin, and say  
Their order what, and whence they came.

Through tribulation great they came;  
They bore the cross, and scorned the shame;  
Within the living temple blest,  
In God they dwell, and on Him rest.

Hunger they ne'er shall feel again,  
Nor burning thirst shall they sustain;  
To wells of living waters led  
By God, the Lamb, forever fed.

Unknown to mortal ears, they sing  
The secret glories of their king;  
Tell me the subject of their lays,  
And whence their loud exalted praise.

Jesus, the Savior, is their theme;  
They sing the wonders of His name;  
To Him ascribing power and grace,  
Dominion and eternal praise.

"Amen" they cry to Him alone,  
Who dares to fill His Father's throne;  
They give Him glory, and again  
Repeat His praise, and say "Amen."