

Who the Multitudes Can Number

From the Latin.

Varley Roberts, 1889.

Who the multitudes can number
In the mansions of the blest,
He can weigh the joys eternal
By those ransomed ones possessed;
Exiled now on earth no longer,
They have gained the home of rest.

Happily at last delivered
From the mournful vale of tears,
Sweet is now their recollection
Of the sad and troubled years;
While fulfilled in all perfection
God's eternal plan appears.

They behold their tempter fallen,
Bound in everlasting chain;
Praising Christ their gracious Savior,
All unite in joyful strain,
Christ the great reward and portion
Which adoring spirits gain.

Now in shadow and in figure,
Mirrored in imperfect light;
Then, as we are known, our knowledge
Shall be clear, unveiled, and bright;
For on God's unclouded glory
We shall gaze with cleansed sight.

Then the Trinity of Persons
We shall face to face behold,
And the unity of substance
Shall its mystery unfold;
As the wondrous triune Godhead
We adore in bliss untold.

Courage, man, be strong, be faithful,
Whatsoever thy burden be,
For unbounded are the glories
Which thy sorrows work for thee;
Soon the light of light forever
Shall thine eyes with rapture see.

God the Father, fount of being,
Thee, most highest, we adore;
God the Son, our praise and homage
We present Thy throne before;
Glorious Paraclete, we worship,
And we bless Thee evermore.