

394 Ten Thousand Times Ten Thousand

1 Ten thou-sand times ten thou-sand in spar-king rai-ment bright,
 2 What rush of hal - le - lu - jahs fills all the earth and sky!
 3 O then what rap-tured greet-ings on Ca-naan's hap-py shore;
 4 Bring near your great sal - va - tion, O Lamb for sin-ners slain;

the ar-mies of the ran-somed saints throng up the steeps of light!
 What ring-ing of a thou-sand harps be-speaks the tri-umph night!
 what knit-ting sev-ered friend-ships up, where part-ings are no more!
 fill up the roll of your e - lect, then take your pow'r, and reign!

'Tis fin-ished, all is fin-ished, their fight with death and sin.
 O day, for which cre - a - tion and all its tribes were made!
 Then eyes with joy shall spar- kle that brimmed with tears of late,
 Ap - pear, De - sire of na - tions, your ex - ilers long for home;

Fling o - pen wide the gold-en gates and let the vic-tors in!
 O joy, for all its for-mer woes a thou-sand-fold re - paid!
 no or-phans left with - out a home, nor mourn-ers des - o - late.
 show in the heav'n your prom-ised sign, then, Prince and Sav - ior, come.

TEXT: Henry Alford (1867), alt.
 TUNE: Frederick Arthur Gore Ouseley (1867)

7.6.8.6.D.
 EASTHAM