

METRE 1 Rowland Hill

TAVOY L.M.

1. Lo! round the throne at God's right hand, The saints in countless myriads stand, Of eve-ry tongue re-deemed to God, Ar-rayed in garments washed in blood.

2. Through tribu - la-tion great they came; They bore the cross, des-pised the shame; From all their la - bors now they rest, In God's e - ter - nal glo - ry blest.

3. Hun - ger and thirst they feel no more; Nor sin, nor pain, nor death de-plore: The tears are wiped from ev - ery eye, And sorrow yields to end - less joy.

4. They see their Sa - vior face to face, And sing the tri - umphs of his grace; Him, day and night they ceaseless praise, To him their loud ho - san-nas raise.

5. Wor - thy the Lamb for sinners slain, Thro' endless years to live and reign; Thou hast redeemed us by thy blood, And made us kings and priests to God.