

METRE 1 Isaac Watts

# BREWER L.M.

John Hall

1. What happy men or an - gels these, That all their robes are spotless white? Whence did this glorious troop ar - rive At the pure realms of heav'nly light?

2. From tort'ring racks and burn - ing fires, And seas of their own blood they came; But nobler blood has washed their robes, Flow - ing from Christ the dy - ing Lamb.

3. Now they approach th' Almighty throne, With loud hosan - nas night and day; Sweet an - thems to the great Three - One, Meas - ure their blest e - ter - ni - ty.

4. No more shall hung - er pain their souls; He bids their parching thirst be gone, And spreads the shad - ow of his wings To screen them from the parching sun.