## Ten thousand times ten thousand







Ten thousand times ten thousand in sparkling raiment bright, The armies of the ransomed saints throng up the steeps of light; 'Tis finished, all is finished, their fight with death and sin; Fling open wide the golden gates, and let the victors in.

What rush of alleluias fills all the earth and sky! What ringing of a thousand harps bespeaks the triumph nigh! O day, for which creation and all its tribes were made; O joy, for all its former woes a thousandfold repaid!

O then what raptured greetings on Canaan's happy shore; What knitting severed friendships up, where partings are no more! Then eyes with joy shall sparkle, that brimmed with tears of late; Orphans no longer fatherless, nor widows desolate.

Bring near Thy great salvation, Thou Lamb for sinners slain; Fill up the roll of Thine elect, then take Thy power, and reign; Appear, Desire of nations, Thine exiles long for home; Show in the heaven Thy promised sign; Thou Prince and Savior, come.

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