1. Lo! round the throne a glorious band, The saints in countless myriads stand;
   Thro' tribulation great they came; They bore the cross, despised the shame:

2. Of ev'ry tongue redeem'd to God, Ar-ray'd in garments wash'd in Blood.
   From all their labours now they rest, In God's eternal glory blest.

3. They see their Saviour face to face,
   And sing the triumphs of His grace;
   Him day and night they ceaseless praise,
   To Him the loud Thanksgiving raise:

   "Worthy the Lamb, for sinners slain,
   Through endless years to live and reign;

4. Thou hast redeemed us by Thy Blood,
   And made us kings and priests to God."

5. O may we tread the sacred road
   That Saints and holy Martyrs trod;
   Wage to the end the glorious strife,
   And win, like them, a crown of life.
Lord Thy word abideth, And our footsteps guideth:

Who its truth believeth, Light and joy receiveth.

When our foes are near us,
Then Thy Word doth cheer us,
Word of consolation,
Message of salvation.

When the storms are o'er us,
And dark clouds before us,
Then its light directeth,
And our way protecteth.

Who can tell the pleasure,
Who recount the treasure
By Thy Word imparted
To the simple-hearted?

Word of mercy, giving
Succour to the living;
Word of life, supplying
Comfort to the dying!

O that we discerning
Its most holy learning,
Lord, may love and fear Thee,
Evermore be near Thee.