"What Happy Men, or Angels These

Doh is C · 4/4 Tune: WINCHESTER NEW

| s - | d' - s - l - l - | s - f - m - m - |
"What happy men, or angels these "That

| f - m - r - s - | s - fe - s - s - |
all their robes are spotless white? "Whence

| d' - r' - m' - d' - | f' - m' - r' - m' - |
did this glorious troop arrive "At

| d' - l - s - d' - | d' - t - d' - |
the pure realms of heavenly light?"

The other verses

2 From tort'ring racks and burning fires,
And seas of their own blood they came;
But nobler blood has wash'd their robes,
Flowing from Christ the dying Lamb.

3 Now they approach th' almighty throne,
With loud hosannas night and day,
Sweet anthems to the great Three One
Measure their blest eternity.

4 No more shall hunger pain their souls,
He bids their parching thirst be gone,
And spreads the shadow of his wings
To screen them from the scorching sun.

5 The Lamb that fills the middle throne
Shall shed around his milder beams,
There shall they feast on his rich love,
And drink full joys from living streams.

6 Thus shall their mighty bliss renew
Thro' the vast round of endless years,
And the soft hand of sovereign grace
Heals all their wounds, and wipes their tears.

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