How Bright These Glorious Spirits Shine!

ADORATION

PETERSHAM (C.M.D.)
Clement W. Poole, 1875

Scottish Psalter, 1929

1. How bright these glorious spirits shine! Whence all their white array?
2. Now, with triumphal palms, they stand before the throne on high,
3. Hunger and thirst are felt no more, Nor suns with scorching ray;
4. Attending angels shout for joy, And the bright armies sing;
5. His gracious hand shall wipe the tears From every weeping eye;
6. I am the First, and I the Last, Through endless years the same;

How came they to the blissful seats Of everlasting day?
And serve the God they love, amidst The glories of the sky.
God is their sun, whose cheering beams Dif fuse eternal day.
Mortal! behold the sacred seat Of your descending King!
And pains and groans, and griefs and tears, And death itself, shall die.
I Am, is My memorial still, And My eternal name.

Lo! these are they from sufferings great, Who came to realms of light,
His presence fills each heart with joy, Tunes every mouth to sing:
The Lamb which dwells amidst the throne Shall o'er them still preside;
The God of glory down to men Re moves His bless'd a bode;
Be hold, I change all human things! Saith He, whose words are true;
Ho, ye that thirst! to you My grace Shall hid den streams dis close.

And in the blood of Christ have washed Those robes which shine so bright,
By day, by night, the sacred courts With glad hosannas ring.
Feed them with nourishment divine, And all their footsteps guide.
He dwells with men; His people they, And He His people's God.
Lo! what was old is pass'd a way, And all things are made new!
And open full the sacred spring, Whence life forever flows.

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