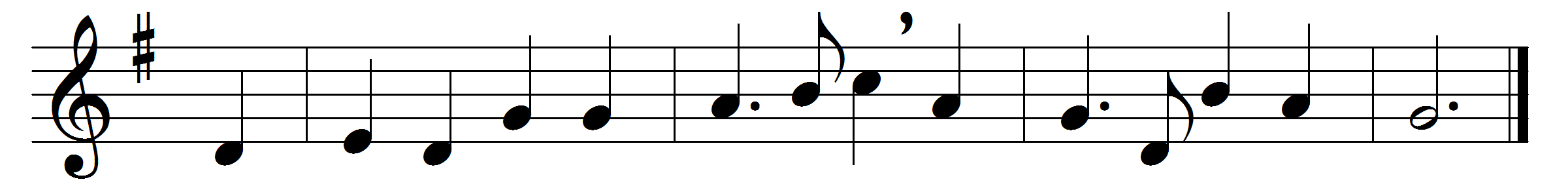
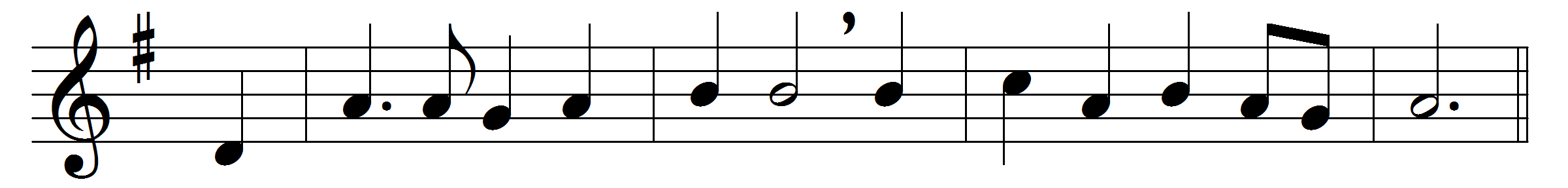
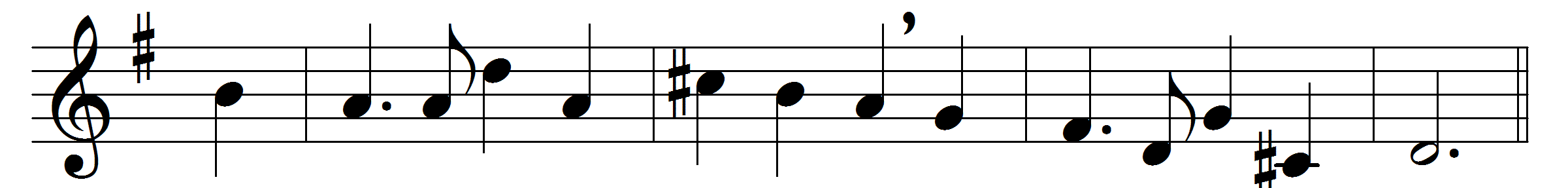
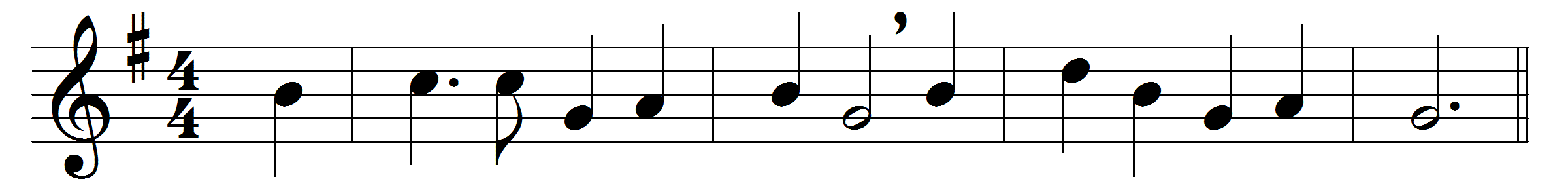
Ten thousand times ten thousand AMNS 189 Melody: Alford 7 6. 8 6. D.



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 thousand-fold 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 heavens thy promised sign;  
thou Prince and Saviour, come.

Words: Henry Alford (1810-1871)

Music: John Bacchus Dykes (1823-1876)