1. Ten thousand times ten thousand, in sparkling raiment bright, The
    armies of the ransomed saints throng, Up the steep of light: 'Tis
    day, for which creation, and their fight with death and sin;
    Fling joy, for all its former woes, A thousand-fold repaid!

2. What rush of alleluias fill, All the earth and sky! What
    ringing of a thousand harps be-speaks the triumph night! Then
    eyes with joy shall sparkle, that brimmed with tears of late;
    O Shoe phants no longer fatherless, nor widows desperate late.

3. O then what raptured greetings on Canaan's happy shore; What
    knitting severed friendship up where partings are not more! Then
    desire of nations, thine exiles long for home;
    O Prince and Savior, come.

4. Bring near thy great salvation, thou Lamb for sinners slain; Fill
    up the roll of thine elect, then take thy power, and reign: And
    faith, for what shall sparkle, that brimmed with tears of late;
    Fling phants no longer fatherless, nor widows desperate late.

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