



- 2. No sun there climbs the morning sky, there never falls the shade of night, God and the Lamb, for ever nigh, o'er all shed everlasting light.
- 3. The bow of mercy spans the throne, emblem of love and goodness there; while notes to mortals all unknown float on the calm, celestial air.
- 4. Around the throne bright legions stand, redeemed by blood from sin and hell; and shining forms, an angel band, the mighty chorus join to swell.
- 5. There, Lord, thy way-worn saints shall find the bliss for which thy longed before; and holiest sympathies shall bind thine own to thee for evermore.
- 6. O Jesus, bring us to that rest, where all the ransomed shall be found, in thine eternal fulness blessed, while ages roll their cycles round.

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