HARK! THE SOUND OF HOLY VOICES

MOULTRIE
CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH

1 Hark! the sound of holy voices, chanting at the crystal sea, Alleluia! Alleluia!
2 Patriarch, and holy prophet, who prepared the way of Christ, King, apostle, saint, confessor,
3 Marching with Thy cross their banner, they have triumphed, following Thee, the Captain of salvation,
4 Now they reign in heavenly glory, now they walk in golden light, Now they drink, as from a river,

Alleluia! Lord, to Thee; Multitude, which martyr and evangelist; Saintly maiden,
Thee, their Savior and their King; Gladly, Lord, with holy bliss and infinite: Love and peace they

none can number, like the stars in glory stand godly matron, widows who have watched to prayer
Thee they suffered; gladly, Lord, with Thee they died; taste for ever, and all truth and knowledge see
Clothed in white apparel, holding palms of victory in their hand.
Joined in holy concert, singing to the Lord they, they, they.
And by death to life immortal they were born and glorified.
In the beautiful vision of the blessed Trinity.