

Hark! the sound of holy voices Hymnal 1982 no. 275 Melody: In Babilone 8 7. 8 7. D.



Hark! the sound of holy voices,  
chanting at the crystal sea,  
Alleluia, alleluia,  
alleluia! Lord, to thee!  
Multitude which none can number  
like the stars in glory stands,  
clothed in white apparel, holding  
palms of victory in their hands.

Patriarch, and holy prophet,  
who prepared the way for Christ,  
king, apostle, saint, confessor,  
martyr and evangelist,  
saintly maiden, godly matron,  
widows who have watched to prayer,  
joined in holy concert, singing  
to the Lord of all, are there.

Marching with thy cross, their banner,  
they have triumphed following  
thee, the Captain of salvation,  
thee, their Savior and their King.  
Gladly, Lord, with thee they suffered;  
gladly, Lord, with thee they died;  
and by death to life immortal  
they were born and glorified.

Now they reign in heavenly glory,  
now they walk in golden light,  
now they drink, as from a river,  
holy bliss and infinite;  
love and peace they taste for ever,  
and all truth and knowledge see  
in the beatific vision  
of the blessed Trinity.

Words: Christopher Wordsworth (1807-1885)

Music: Melody from *Oude en Nieuwe Hollandse Boerenlities en Contradansen*, 1710