Hark! ten thousand voices crying

Praise of the Lord — His Exaltation

127
·

(Guitar)								121
G			D			D ⁷		
1. Hark!	ten thou - sand	voic -	es cry - i	ng, "La	mb o	fGod!" wi	ith one	ac-
G		G ⁷	с		G	D7	G	
cord;	Thou - sand thousand	l saints	reply-ing,	Wake	at once the	ec-ho'ng	chord.	
	 *Praise the Lamb!" the chorus waking, All in heav'n together throng; Loud and far each tongue partaking Rolls around the endless song. Grateful incense this, ascending Ever to the Father's throne; Every knee to Jesus bending, All the mind in heav'n is one. All the Father's counsels claiming Equal honors to the Son, All the Son's effulgence beaming, Makes the Father's glory known. By the Spirit all pervading, Hosts unnumbered round the Lamb, Crowned with light and joy unfading, Hail Him as the great "I AM." Joyful now the new creation Rests in undisturbed repose, Blest in Jesus' full salvation, Sorrow now nor thraldom knows. Hark! the heavenly notes agai! Loudly swells the song of praise; Through creation's vault, Amen! Amen! responsive joy doth raise. 							