Hymn 150. Lyrics Bp C Wordsworth  
Score Hyfradol aka Love Divine

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 ay of Christ  
king, apostle, saint, confessor  
martyr and evangelist.  
saintly maiden, godly matron  
widows who have watched in prayer  
joined in holy concert singing  
to the lord of all, are there.

Marching with thy cross and banner  
they have triumphed following  
thee, their captain of salvation  
thee their leader and their king.  
worthy deeds they wrought and wonders  
worthy of the name they bore  
we with meetest praise and sweetest  
honour them for evermore.

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 forever  
and all truth and knowledge see  
in the beatific Vision  
of the Blessed Trinity.

God of God, alone begotten  
Light of Light Emanuel  
in whose Body joined forever  
all the saints forever dwell;  
pour upon us of thy fullness  
that we may forever more  
God the Father, God the Son, and  
God the Holy Ghost, adore.