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.