



*Voices Of The Saints*

I hear the voices of the saints uplifted up on high,  
And as I listen to the song, a tear flows from my eye.  
For this is not the music, from gifted ones on earth,  
But highest notes of melody sung with celestial mirth.

What harmony in sounds supreme those blended voices sing,  
As descants blend with baritones, celestial portals ring.  
How vast the great angelic choir, ten thousands, thousands strong,  
My voice I'll join in chorus, in that triumphant throng.

And then I hear a single note, sopranos start to sing,  
It hangs in such melodiousness as bird upon the wing.  
Just then, O such harmoniousness as never heard in time,  
True voices blend begin to swell, the Blessed Lord is mine.

The tempo rises with each beat as chords begin the strain,  
All glory be to God on high as comes the angel train.  
Up to the One upon the throne they escort, bring the Lord,  
Oh! praise His Name, exalt His fame, Who is by all adored.

I've never heard such singing on this old sin cursed sod,  
It fills the very innermost of them who are God's bought.  
This is not singing just the words, it's springing from the heart,  
And all because of wonderous grace, I also have a part.

What shall I say to God above, what thanks can then be given?  
How can I show my gratitude for His Son who was riven?  
I'll praise the Lamb for sinners slain, whose blood cleanses each stain,  
I sing it now, I'll sing it then, again and then again.

*Rowan Jennings  
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