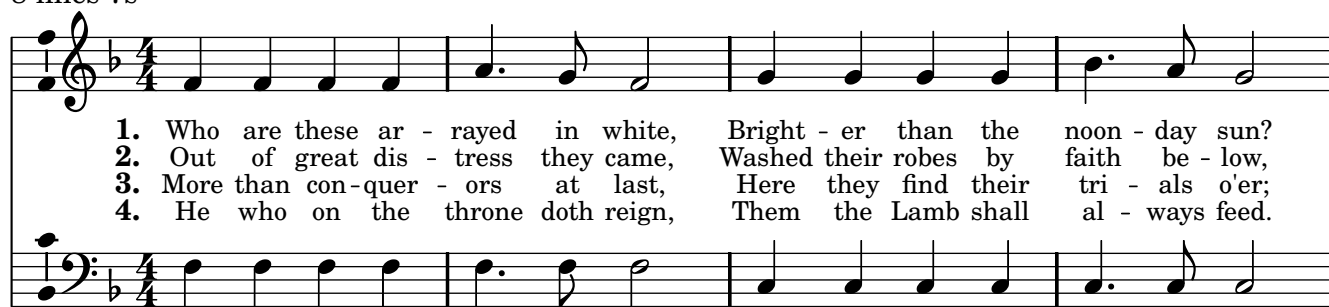
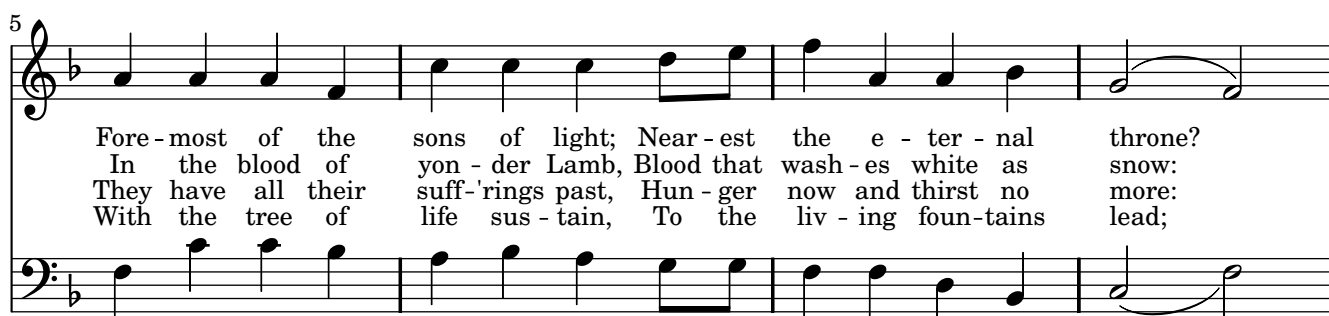


# Who Are These

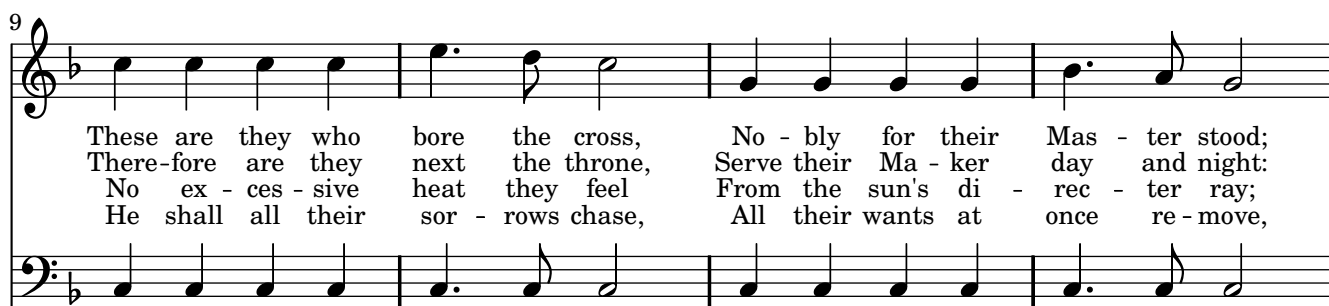
8 lines 7s



1. Who are these ar - rayed in white, Bright - er than the noon - day sun?  
2. Out of great dis - tress they came, Washed their robes by faith be - low,  
3. More than con - quer - ors at last, Here they find their tri - als o'er;  
4. He who on the throne doth reign, Them the Lamb shall al - ways feed.



5  
Fore-most of the sons of light; Near-est the e - ter - nal throne?  
In the blood of yon - der Lamb, Blood that wash - es white as snow:  
They have all their suff-'rings past, Hun - ger now and thirst no more:  
With the tree of life sus - tain, To the liv - ing foun-tains lead;



9  
These are they who bore the cross, No - bly for their Mas - ter stood;  
There-fore are they next the throne, Serve their Ma - ker day and night:  
No ex - ces - sive heat they feel From the sun's di - rec - ter ray;  
He shall all their sor - rows chase, All their wants at once re - move,



13  
Suff - rers in his right-eous cause, Fol-low'rs of the dy - ing God.  
God re - sides a - mong his own, God doth in his saints de - light.  
In a mil - der clime they dwell, Re - gion of e - ter - nal day.  
Wipe the tears from ev - 'ry face, Fill up ev - 'ry soul with love.

Source: A Collection of Sacred Hymns, 1844 (no. 17)