A Glorious Church

Ralph Erskine Hudson, 1892

1. Do you hear them coming, brother, Thronging up the steepes of light,
2. Do you hear the stirring anthems, Fill ing all the earth and sky,
3. Never fear the clouds of sorrow, Never fear the storms of sin.
4. Wave the banner, shout His praises, For our victory is nigh!

Clad in glorious shining garments, Blood washed, garments pure and white?
'Tis a grand, victorious army, Lift its banner up on high!
We shall triumph on the mor-row, Even now our joys begin.
We shall join our conqu'ring Savior, We shall reign with Him on high!

'Tis a glorious church without spot or wrinkle, Washed in the blood of the Lamb; 'Tis a

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