

# The Sea of Glass

*And I saw as it were a sea of glass mingled with fire: and them that had gotten the victory over the beast, and over his image, and over his mark, and over the number of his name, stand on the sea of glass, having the harps of God. Rev. 15:2*

1. We stand up - on the sea of glass, That's min - gled with Je - ho - vah's fire;  
2. We bow no more to gods of men, We shout the vic - t'ry o'er the beast;  
3. Up - on this bright and glow - ing place Of heav - en's truth and burn - ing love,  
4. In sweet and pure un - brok - en peace, Up - on the sea we glide a - long;

Our robes are white, our feet as brass, We stand up - on the foe's em - pire.  
Yea, o'er his mark and o'er his name We o - ver - come through Je - sus Christ.  
Our souls in glo - ry ev - er reign, With all the ran - somed host a - bove.  
Our hearts so full of ho - ly bliss Flow out in ev - er - last - ing song.

*Refrain*

We stand re - deemed up - on the sea, And sound a - loud the harps of God;

All glo - ry praise, dear Lamb, to Thee, For Thou hast saved us by Thy blood.