

HYMNS

Holy God, We Praise Thy Name

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1 Ho - ly God, we praise Thy name; Lord of all, we
2 Hark! The glad ce - les - tial hymn An - gel choirs a -
3 Lo, the a - pos - tles' ho - ly train Join Thy sa - cred
4 Thou art King of Glo - ry, Christ; Son of God, yet
△ 5 Ho - ly Fa - ther, ho - ly Son, Ho - ly Spir - it,



bow be - fore Thee. All on earth Thy scep - ter claim,
bove are rais - ing; Cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim,
name to hal - low; Proph - ets swell the glad re - frain,
born of Mar - y. For us sin - ners sac - ri - ficed,
three we name Thee; Though in es - sence on - ly one,



All in heav'n a - bove a - dore Thee. In - fi - nite Thy
In un - ceas - ing cho - rus prais - ing, Fill the heav'ns with
And the white - robed mar - tyrs fol - low, And from morn to
As to death a Trib - u - tar - y, First to break the
Un - di - vid - ed God we claim Thee And, a - dor - ing,



vast do - main, Ev - er - last - ing is Thy reign.
sweet ac - cord: Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord!
set of sun Through the Church the song goes on.
bars of death, Thou hast o - pened heav'n to faith.
bend the knee While we own the mys - ter - y.

Text: Latin, c. 4th cent.;
German version, Katholisches Gesangbuch, Vienna, 1774;
tr. Clarence A. Walworth, 1820-1900, alt.
Tune: Katholisches Gesangbuch, Vienna, 1774
Text and Tune: Public domain

For All the Saints

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stanzas 1-4



1 For all the saints who from their labors rest,
2 Thou wast their rock, their fortress, and their might;
3 Oh, may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
4 Oh, blest communion, fellowship divine!



Who Thee by faith before the world confessed, Thy
Thou, Lord, their captain in the well-fought fight;
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old And
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine; Yet



name, O Jesus, be forever blest.
Thou, in the darkness drear, their one true light.
win with them the victor's crown of gold!
all are one in Thee, for all are Thine.



Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

(stanzas 5-8 on next page)

stanzas 5–8



5 And when the fight is fierce, the war-fare long,
 6 The gold - en eve - ning bright-ens in the west;
 7 But, lo, there breaks a yet more glo-rious day: The
 △ 8 From earth's wide bounds, from o - cean's far-thest coast, Through



Steals on the ear the dis - tant tri - umph song, And
 Soon, soon to faith - ful war - riors com - eth rest;
 saints tri - um - phant rise in bright ar - ray; The
 gates of pearl streams in the count - less host,



hearts are brave a - gain, and arms are strong.
 Sweet is the calm of par - a - dise the blest.
 King of Glo - ry pass - es on His way.
 Sing - ing to Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost:



Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!
 Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!
 Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!
 Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

*Text: William W. How, 1823–97, alt.
 Tune: Ralph Vaughan Williams, 1872–1958
 Text and Tune: Public domain*

Behold a Host, Arrayed in White

676



1 Be - hold a host, ar - rayed in white, Like thou - sand
 2 De - spised and scorned, they so - journed here; But now, how
 3 O bless - ed saints in bright ar - ray Now safe - ly



snow - clad moun - tains bright! With palms they stand; Who
 glo - rious they ap - pear! Those mar - tyrs stand, A
 home in end - less day, Ex - tol the Lord, Who



is this band Be - fore the throne of light? These are the
 priest - ly band, God's throne for - ev - er near. On earth they
 with His Word Sus - tained you on the way. The steep and



saints of glo - rious fame, Who from the great af -
 wept through bit - ter years; Now God has wiped a -
 nar - row path you trod; You toiled and sowed the



flic - tion came And in the flood Of Je - sus' blood
 way their tears, Trans - formed their strife To heav'n - ly life,
 Word a - broad; Re - joice and bring Your fruits and sing



Are cleansed from guilt and shame. They now serve God both
 And freed them from their fears. They now en - joy the
 Be - fore the throne of God. The myr - iad an - gels



day and night; They sing their songs in end - less light. Their
 Sab - bath rest, The heav'n - ly ban - quet of the blest; The
 raise their song; O saints, sing with that hap - py throng! Lift



an - thems ring As they all sing With an - gels shin - ing bright.
 Lamb, their Lord, At fes - tive board Him - self is host and guest.
 up one voice; Let heav'n re - joice In our Re - deem - er's song!

Jerusalem, My Happy Home

673



1 Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home,
 2 O hap - py har - bor of the saints,
 3 Thy gar - dens and thy gal - lant walks
 4 There trees for - ev - er - more bear fruit



When shall I come to thee? When shall my sor - rows
 O sweet and pleas - ant soil! In thee no sor - row
 Con - tin - ual - ly are green; There grow such sweet and
 And ev - er - more do spring; There ev - er - more the



have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?
 may be found, No grief, no care, no toil.
 pleas - ant flow'rs As no - where else are seen.
 an - gels dwell And ev - er - more do sing.

5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
 Around my Savior stand;
 And soon my friends in Christ below
 Will join the glorious band.

6 O Christ, do Thou my soul prepare
 For that bright home of love
 That I may see Thee and adore
 With all Thy saints above.

*Text: F. B. P., 16th cent., alt.
 Tune: American
 Text and Tune: Public domain*

Hymn 676
*Text: Hans Adolf Crorson, 1694–1764;
 tr. The Lutheran Hymnal, 1941, alt.
 Tune: Norwegian, 17th cent.
 Text and Tune: Public domain*

Jerusalem the Golden

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1 Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest—
2 With-in those walls of Zi - on Sounds forth the joy - ful song,
3 A - round the throne of Da - vid, The saints, from care re - leased,
△ 4 O sweet and bless - ed coun - try, The home of God's e - lect!



The prom - ise of sal - va - tion, The place of peace and rest—
As saints join with the an - gels And all the mar - tyr throng.
Raise loud their songs of tri - umph To cel - e - brate the feast.
O sweet and bless - ed coun - try That faith - ful hearts ex - pect!



We know not, oh, we know not What joys a - wait us there:
The Prince is ev - er with them; The day - light is se - rene;
They sing to Christ their lead - er, Who con - quered in the fight,
In mer - cy, Je - sus, bring us To that e - ter - nal rest



The ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, The bliss be - yond com - pare!
The cit - y of the bless - ed Shines bright with glo - rious sheen.
Who won for them for - ev - er Their gleam - ing robes of white.
With You and God the Fa - ther And Spir - it, ev - er blest.

*Text: Bernard of Cluny, 12th cent.;
tr. John Mason Neale, 1818–66, alt.
Tune: Alexander C. Ewing, 1830–95, alt.
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ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

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