

HYMNS

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!

By All Your Saints in Warfare

517 (sts. 1, 4, 3)



1 By all Your saints in war - fare, For
 2 A - pos - tles, proph - ets, mar - tyrs, And
 △ 3 Then let us praise the Fa - ther And



all Your saints at rest, Your ho - ly name, O
 all the no - ble thron'g Who wear the spot - less
 wor - ship God the Son And sing to God the



Je - sus, For - ev - er - more be blest! For
 rai - ment And raise the cease - less song— For
 Spir - it, E - ter - nal Three in One, Till



You have won the bat - tle That they might wear the
 these, passed on be - fore us, We of - fer prais - es
 all the ran - somed num - ber Fall down be - fore the



crown; And now they shine in glo - ry
 due And, walk - ing in their foot - steps,
 throne, As - crib - ing pow'r and glo - ry



Re - flect - ed from Your throne.
 Would live our lives for You.
 And praise to God a - lone.

*Text: Horatio Bolton Nelson, 1823–1913, alt.
 Tune: English; coll. and arr. Ralph Vaughan Williams, 1872–1958
 Text and Tune: Public domain*

Hymn 676 (first page)
*Text: Hans Adolf Brorson, 1694–1764;
 tr. The Lutheran Hymnal, 1941, alt.
 Tune: Norwegian, 17th cent.
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For All the Saints

677, sts. 1-4



1 For all the saints who from their la - bors rest,
 2 Thou wast their rock, their for-tress, and their might;
 3 Oh, may Thy sol - diers, faith-ful, true, and bold,
 4 Oh, blest com - mu - nion, fel - low-ship di - vine!



Who Thee by faith be - fore the world con - fessed, Thy
 Thou, Lord, their cap - tain in the well-fought fight;
 Fight as the saints who no - bly fought of old And
 We fee - bly strug - gle, they in glo - ry shine; Yet



name, O Je - sus, be for - ev - er blest.
 Thou, in the dark - ness drear, their one true light.
 win with them the vic - tor'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

*Text: William W. How, 1823-97, alt.
 Tune: Ralph Vaughan Williams, 1872-1958
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For All the Saints

677, sts. 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!

Ye Watchers and Ye Holy Ones

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1 Ye watch - ers and ye ho - ly ones, Bright
 2 O high - er than the cher - u - bim, More
 3 Re - spond, ye souls in end - less rest, Ye
 Δ 4 O friends, in glad - ness let us sing, Su -



ser - apts, cher - u - bim, and thrones, Raise the glad strain:
 glo - rious than the ser - a - phim, Lead their prais - es:
 pa - tri - archs and proph - ets blest: "Al - le - lu - ia,
 per - nal an - thems ech - o - ing: "Al - le - lu - ia,



"Al - le - lu - ia!" Cry out, do - min - ions, prince - doms,
 "Al - le - lu - ia!" Thou bear - er of the e - ter - nal
 al - le - lu - ia!" Ye ho - ly Twelve, ye mar - tyrs
 al - le - lu - ia!" To God the Fa - ther, God the



pow'rs, Vir - tues, arch - an - gels, an - gels'
 Word, Most gra - cious, mag - ni - fy the
 strong, All saints tri - um - phant, raise the
 Son, And God the Spir - it, Three in



choirs: "Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia! Al - le -
 Lord: "Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia! Al - le -
 song: "Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia! Al - le -
 One: "Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia! Al - le -



lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia!"
 lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia!"
 lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia!"
 lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia!"

*Text: J. Athelstan L. Riley, 1858–1945, alt.
 Tune: Geistliche Kirchengesäng, 1623, Köln
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Built on the Rock

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1 Built on the Rock the Church shall stand E - ven when
 2 Sure - ly in tem - ples made with hands God, the Most
 3 We are God's house of liv - ing stones, Built for His
 4 Here stands the font be - fore our eyes, Tell - ing how
 5 Grant, then, O God, Your will be done, That, when the



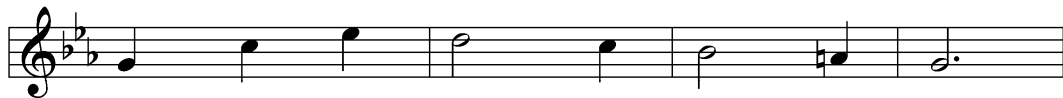
stee - ples are fall - ing. Crum - bled have spires in
 High, is not dwell - ing; High a - bove earth His
 own hab - i - ta - tion. He through bap - tis - mal
 God has re - ceived us. The al - tar re - calls Christ's
 church bells are ring - ing, Man - y in sav - ing



ev - 'ry land; Bells still are chim - ing and call -
 tem - ple stands, All earth - ly tem - ples ex - cel -
 grace us owns Heirs of His won - drous sal - va -
 sac - ri - fice And what His Sup - per here gives
 faith may come Where Christ His mes - sage is bring -



ing, Call - ing the young and old to rest,
 ling. Yet He who dwells in heav'n a - bove
 tion. Were we but two His name to tell,
 us. Here sound the Scrip - tures that pro - claim
 ing: "I know My own; My own know Me.



But a - bove all the souls dis - tressed,
 Choos - es to live with us in love,
 Yet He would deign with us to dwell
 Christ yes - ter - day, to - day, the same,
 You, not the world, My face shall see.



Long - ing for rest ev - er - last - ing.
 Mak - ing our bod - ies His tem - ple.
 With all His grace and His fa - vor.
 And ev - er - more, our Re - deem - er.
 My peace I leave with you. A - men."

O Lord, We Praise Thee

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1 O Lord, we praise Thee, bless Thee, and a - dore Thee,
 2 Thy ho - ly bod - y in - to death was giv - en,
 3 May God be - stow on us His grace and fa - vor



In thanks - giv - ing bow be - fore Thee. Thou with Thy
 Life to win for us in heav - en. No great - er
 That we fol - low Christ our Sav - ior And live to -



bod - y and Thy blood didst nour - ish Our weak souls that
 love than this to Thee could bind us; May this feast there -
 geth - er here in love and u - nion Nor de - spise this



they may flour - ish: O Lord, have mer - cy!
 of re - mind us! O Lord, have mer - cy!
 blest Com - mu - nion! O Lord, have mer - cy!



May Thy bod - y, Lord, born of Mar - y, That our
 Lord, Thy kind - ness did so con - strain Thee That Thy
 Let not Thy good Spir - it for - sake us; Grant that



sins and sor - rows did car - ry, And Thy blood for us plead
 blood should bless and sus - tain me. All our debt Thou hast paid;
 heav'n - ly - mind - ed He make us; Give Thy Church, Lord, to see



In all tri - al, fear, and need: O Lord, have mer - cy!
 Peace with God once more is made: O Lord, have mer - cy!
 Days of peace and u - ni - ty: O Lord, have mer - cy!

*Text: (st. 1): German, 14th cent.;
 (sts. 2-3): Martin Luther, 1483-1546
 tr. The Lutheran Hymnal, 1941, alt.*

*Tune: Geystliche gesangk Buchleyn, 1524, Wittenberg, ed. Johann Walter
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Sent Forth by God's Blessing

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1 Sent forth by God's bless-ing, Our true faith con-fess-ing,
2 With praise and thanks-giv-ing To God ev-er-liv-ing,
The peo-ple of God from His dwell-ing take leave.
The tasks of our ev-'ry-day life we will face.
The Sup-er is end-ed. O now be ex-tend-ed
Our faith ev-er shar-ing, In love ev-er car-ing,
The fruits of this ser-vice in all who be-lieve.
Em-brac-ing His chil-dren of each tribe and race.
The seed of His teach-ing, Re-cep-tive souls reach-ing,
With Your feast You feed us, With Your light now lead us;
Shall blos-som in ac-tion for God and for all.
U-nite us as one in this life that we share.
His grace did in-vite us, His love shall u-nite us
Then may all the liv-ing With praise and thanks-giv-ing
To work for God's king-dom and an-swer His call.
Give hon-or to Christ and His name that we bear.

Text: Omer E. Westendorf, 1916–97, alt.

Tune: Welsh

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Hymn 645

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Tune: Ludvig M. Lindeman, 1812–87

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