

Large Print Hymns

679 Oh, How Blest Are They



1 Oh, how blest are they whose toils are end - ed, Who through
2 We are still as in a dun-geon liv - ing, Still op -
3 They mean-while are in their cham-bers sleep - ing, Qui - et
4 Christ has wiped a - way their tears for - ev - er; They have
5 Come, O Christ, and loose the chains that bind us; Lead us



death have un - to God as - cend - ed! They have a - ris - en
pressed with sor - row and mis - giv - ing; Our un - der - tak - ings
and set free from all their weep - ing; No cross or sad - ness
that for which we still en - deav - or. By them are chant - ed
forth and cast this world be - hind us. With You, the A - noint - ed,



From the cares which keep us still in pris - on.
Are but toils and trou - bles and heart - break - ings.
There can hin - der their un - trou - bled glad - ness.
Songs that ne'er to mor - tal ears were grant - ed.
Finds the soul its joy and rest ap - point - ed.

Text and tune: Public domain

677 For All the Saints

(Sing verses 1-4 before the sermon and sing verses 5-8 after the sermon)



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!

5 And when the fight is fierce, the warfare
 long,
 Steals on the ear the distant triumph song,
 And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong.
 Alleluia! Alleluia!

6 The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest;
Sweet is the calm of paradise the blest.

Alleluia! Alleluia!

7 But, lo, there breaks a yet more glorious
day:

The saints triumphant rise in bright array;

The King of Glory passes on His way.

Alleluia! Alleluia!

Δ 8 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's
farthest coast,

Through gates of pearl streams in the countless
host,

Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost:

Alleluia! Alleluia!

Text and tune: Public domain

676 Behold a Host, Arrayed in White



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

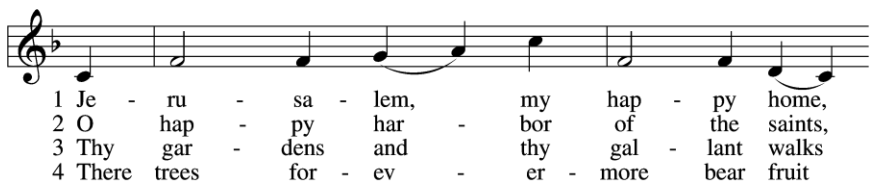
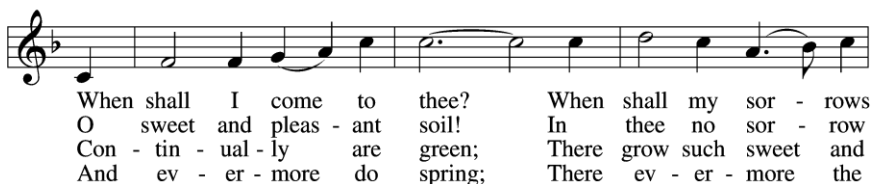
Are cleansed from guilt and shame. They now serve God both
 And freed them from their fears. They now en - joy the
 Be - fore the throne of God. The myr - iad an - gels

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!

Text and tune: Public domain

673 Jerusalem, My Happy Home



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 and tune: Public domain

671 Sing with All the Saints in Glory



1 Sing with all the saints in glo - ry, Sing the res - ur -
 2 Oh, what glo - ry, far ex - ceed - ing All that eye has
 3 Life e - ter - nal! Heav'n re - joic - es: Je - sus lives who



rec - tion song! Death and sor - row, earth's dark sto - ry,
 yet per - ceived! Ho - liest hearts for a - ges plead - ing
 once was dead. Shout with joy, O death - less voic - es!



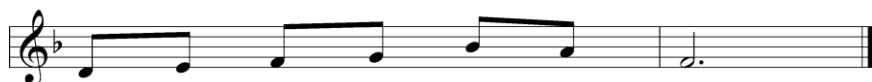
To the for - mer days be - long. All a - round the
 Nev - er that full joy con - ceived. God has prom - ised,
 Child of God, lift up your head! Life e - ter - nal!



clouds are break - ing; Soon the storms of time shall
 Christ pre - pares it; There on high our wel - come
 Oh, what won - ders Crowd on faith; what joy un -



cease; In God's like - ness we a - wak - en,
 waits. Ev - 'ry hum - ble spir - it shares it,
 known, When, a - mid earth's clos - ing thun - ders,



Know - ing ev - er - last - ing peace.
 Christ has passed the e - ter - nal gates.
 Saints shall stand be - fore the throne!

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