

ALL SAINTS' DAY (Observed) Nov. 2-3, 2024

COMMUNION HYMN

LSB 676 BEHOLD A HOST, ARRAYED IN WHITE

- 1 Behold a host, arrayed in white,
Like thousand snow-clad mountains bright!
 With palms they stand;
 Who is this band
Before the throne of light?
These are the saints of glorious fame,
Who from the great affliction came
 And in the flood
 Of Jesus' blood
Are cleansed from guilt and shame.
They now serve God both day and night;
They sing their songs in endless light.
 Their anthems ring
 As they all sing
With angels shining bright.

- 2 Despised and scorned, they sojourned here;
But now, how glorious they appear!
 Those martyrs stand,
 A priestly band,
God's throne forever near.
On earth they wept through bitter years;
Now God has wiped away their tears,
 Transformed their strife
 To heav'nly life,
And freed them from their fears.
They now enjoy the Sabbath rest,
The heav'nly banquet of the blest;
 The Lamb, their Lord,
 At festive board
Himself is host and guest.

Continued

**3 O blessèd saints in bright array
Now safely home in endless day,
Extol the Lord,
Who with His Word
Sustained you on the way.
The steep and narrow path you trod;
You toiled and sowed the Word abroad;
Rejoice and bring
Your fruits and sing
Before the throne of God.
The myriad angels raise their song;
O saints, sing with that happy throng!
Lift up one voice;
Let heav'n rejoice
In our Redeemer's song!**

COMMUNION HYMN

LSB 672 JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN



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.

COMMUNION HYMN

LSB 838 THE SAINTS IN CHRIST ARE ONE IN EVERY PLACE



1 From depths of woe I cry to Thee, In trial and
 2 Thy love and grace a - lone a - vail To blot out
 3 There - fore my hope is in the Lord And not in
 4 And though it tar - ry through the night And till the
 5 Though great our sins, yet great - er still Is God's a -



trib - u - la - tion; Bend down Thy gra - cious
 my trans - gres - sion; The best and ho - liest
 mine own mer - it; It rests up - on His
 morn - ing wak - en, My heart shall nev - er
 bun - dant fa - vor; His hand of mer - cy



ear to me, Lord, hear my sup - pli - ca - tion.
 deeds must fail To break sin's dread op - pres - sion.
 faith - ful Word To them of con - trite spir - it
 doubt His might Nor count it - self for - sak - en.
 nev - er will A - ban - don us, nor wa - ver.



If Thou re - mem - b'rest ev - 'ry sin, Who then could heav - en
 Be - fore Thee none can boast - ing stand, But all must fear Thy
 That He is mer - ci - ful and just; This is my com - fort
 O Is - rael, trust in God your Lord. Born of the Spir - it
 Our shep - herd good and true is He, Who will at last His



ev - er win Or stand be - fore Thy pres - ence?
 strict de - mand And live a - lone by mer - cy.
 and my trust. His help I wait with pa - tience.
 and the Word, Now wait for His ap - pear - ing.
 Is - rael free From all their sin and sor - row.

673 JERUSALEM, MY HAPPY HOME



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.**

