Nov 6, 2022 10:00 A.M.

Song Sheet

Processional Hymn: #281 Who Are These Like Stars Appearing

Who are these like star appearing, these before God's throne who stand?
Each a golden crown is searing; who are all this glorious band?
"Alleluia!" hark, they sing, praising loud their heavenly King.

Who are these in dazzling brightness, clothes in God's own righteousness?
These whose robes of purest whiteness shall their lustre still posses,
Still untouched by time's rude hand – whence come all this glorious band?

These are they who have contended for their saviour's honour long,
Wrestling on till life was ended, following not the sinful throng;
These who well the flight sustained, triumph though the Lamb have gained.

These are they whose hearts were riven, sore with woe and anguish tried,
Who in prayer full oft have striven with the God they glorified;
Now, their painful conflict o'er, God has bid them weep no more.

These, the Almighty contemplating, did as priests before him stand,
Would and body always waiting day and night at his command:
Now, in God's most holy place, blest they stand before his face.

Closing Hymn: #276 For All the Saints

For all the saints who from their labours rest,
who thee by faith before the world confessed,
thy name O Jesus, be forever blest. Alleluia! Alleluia!

O blest communion, fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
Yet all are one in thee, for all are thine. Alleluia! Alleluia!

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!

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!