Behold, A Host, Arrayed in White

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1. Behold a host, arrayed in white, Like thousand snow clad moun-tains bright, With palms they stand. Who is this band Be-f ore the throne of light? Lo, these are they of glorious fame Who from the great affliction came near. So oft, in trou-bled days gone by, In an-guish they would weep and sigh.

2. Des-pised and scorned, they so-journed here; But now, how glo-rious they ap-pear! Those mar-tysrs stand a priest-ly band, God’s throne for-ev-er blest for aye, And praise the Lord, who with His Word Sus-tained you on the way. Ye did the joys of earth dis-dain, Ye toiled and sowed in tears and pain.

3. Then hail, ye might-y le-gions, yea, All hail! Now safe and they ap-pear! Those mar-tysrs stand a priest-ly band, God’s throne for-ev-er blest for aye, And praise the Lord, who with His Word Sus-tained you on the way. Ye did the joys of earth dis-dain, Ye toiled and sowed in tears and pain.

4. At home a-bove the God of Love For aye their tears shall dry. Fare-well, now bring your sheaves and sing Sal-va-tion’s glad re-frain.

And in the flood of Je-sus’ blood Are cleansed from guilt and blame.

Rev 7:9-17, Heb 9:14, 1Jn 1:7, Rev 6:11-13
Now gathered in the holy place Their voices they in worship raise,
They now enjoy their Sabbath rest, The paschal banquet of the blest;
Swing high your palms, lift up your song, Yea, make it myriad voices strong.

Their anthems swell where God doth dwell, Mid angels song of praise.
The Lamb, their Lord, at festive board Himself is Host and Guest.
Eternally shall praise to Thee, God, and the Lamb belong.