

## Behold a Host, Arrayed in White

*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.*

*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 festal board  
Himself is host and guest.*

*O blessed 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!*

Source: [Lutheran Service Book #676](#)