

Behold a Host, Arrayed in White

Hans Brorson, 1760.

Norwegian melody.

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?

Lo, these are they of glorious fame

Who from the great affliction came

And in the flood of Jesus' blood

Are cleansed from guilt and blame.

Now gathered in the holy place

Their voices they in worship raise,

Their anthems swell where God doth dwell,

Mid angels' song of praise.

Despised and scorned, they sojourned here;

But now, how glorious they appear!

Those martyrs stand a priestly band,

God's throne forever near.

So oft, in troubled days gone by,

In anguish they would weep and sigh.

At home above the God of Love

For aye their tears shall dry.

They now enjoy their Sabbath rest,

The paschal banquet of the blest;

The Lamb, their Lord, at festal board

Himself is Host and Guest.

Then hail, ye mighty legions, yea,

All hail! Now safe and blest for aye,

And praise the Lord, who with His Word

Sustained you on the way.

Ye did the joys of earth disdain,

Ye toiled and sowed in tears and pain.

Farewell, now bring your sheaves and sing

Salvation's glad refrain.

Swing high your palms, lift up your song,

Yea, make it myriad voices strong.

Eternally shall praise to Thee,

God, and the Lamb belong.