

Who Is This Host Arrayed in White



1 Who is this host ar - rayed in white like thou - sand snow - clad
 2 On earth their work was not thought wise, but see them now in
 3 O bless - ed saints, now take your rest; a thou - sand times shall



moun - tains bright, that stands with palms and sings its psalms be -
 heav - en's eyes; be - fore God's throne of pre - cious stone they
 you be blest for keep - ing faith firm un - to death and



fore the throne of light? These are the saints who
 shout their vic - t'ry cries. On earth they wept through
 scorn - ing world - ly trust. For now you live at



kept God's word; they are the hon - ored of the Lord. He
 bit - ter years; now God has wiped a - way their tears, trans -
 home with God and har - vest seeds once cast a - broad in



is their prince who drowned their sins, so they were cleansed, re -
 formed their strife to heav'n - ly life, and freed them from their
 tears and sighs. See with new eyes the pat - tern in the



stored. They now serve God both day and night; they
 fears. For now they have the best at last; they
 seed. The myr - iad an - gels raise their song. O



sing their songs in end - less light. Their an - thems ring when
 keep their sweet e - ter - nal feast. At God's right hand our
 saints, sing with that hap - py throng; lift up one voice; let



they all sing with an - gels shin - ing bright.
 Lord com - mands; he is both host and guest.
 heav'n re - joice in our Re - deem - er's song!

Text: Hans A. Brorson, 1694–1764; tr. Gracia Grindal, b. 1943
 Music: DEN STORE HVIDE FLOK. Norwegian folk tune, 17th cent.

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