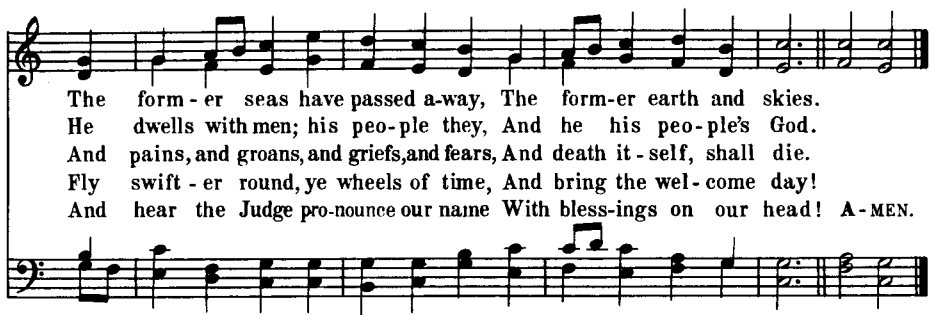


# THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE EVERLASTING



The form-er seas have passed a-way, The form-er earth and skies.  
 He dwells with men; his peo-ple they, And he his peo-ple's God.  
 And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears, And death it-self, shall die.  
 Fly swift-er round, ye wheels of time, And bring the wel-come day!  
 And hear the Judge pro-nounce our name With bless-ings on our head! A-MEN.

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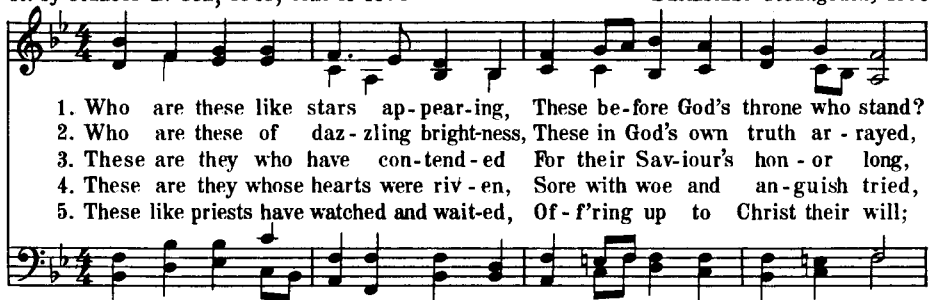
*And, lo, a great multitude, which no man could number . . . stood before  
 the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes . . . Rev. 7:9*

Heinrich T. Schenk, 1719

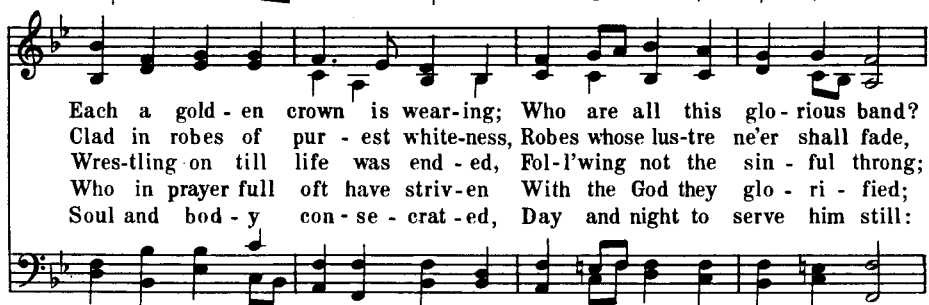
Tr. by Frances E. Cox, 1841; text of 1864

ALL SAINTS OLD 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7.

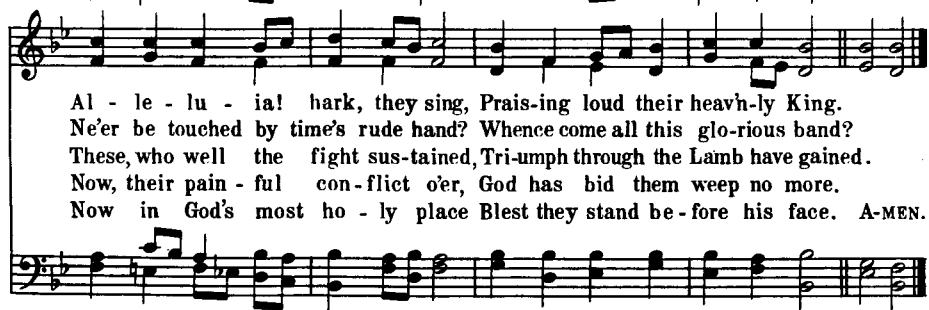
Darmstadt *Gesangbuch*, 1698



1. Who are these like stars ap-pear-ing, These be-fore God's throne who stand?
2. Who are these of daz-zling bright-ness, These in God's own truth ar-rayed,
3. These are they who have con-tend-ed For their Sav-iour's hon-or long,
4. These are they whose hearts were riv-en, Sore with woe and an-guish tried,
5. These like priests have watch-ed and wait-ed, Of-f'ring up to Christ their will;



Each a gold-en crown is wear-ing; Who are all this glo-rious band?  
 Clad in robes of pur-est white-ness, Robes whose lus-tre ne'er shall fade,  
 Wres-tling on till life was end-ed, Fol-l'wing not the sin-ful throng;  
 Who in prayer full oft have striv-en With the God they glo-ri-fied;  
 Soul and bod-y con-se-crat-ed, Day and night to serve him still:



Al-le-lu-ia! hark, they sing, Prais-ing loud their heavn-ly King.  
 Ne'er be touched by time's rude hand? Whence come all this glo-rious band?  
 These, who well the fight sus-tained, Tri-umph through the Lamb have gained.  
 Now, their pain-ful con-flict o'er, God has bid them weep no more.  
 Now in God's most ho-ly place Blest they stand be-fore his face. A-MEN.