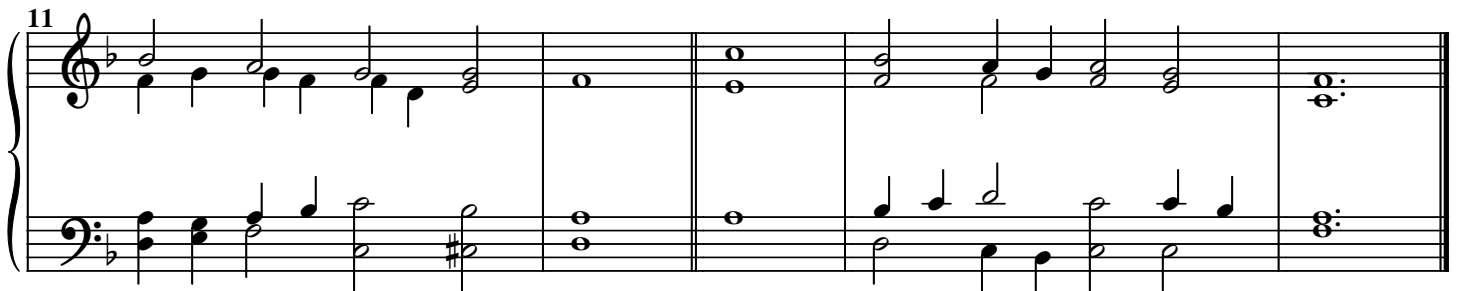


What joy, to think of that vast host

Nicolaus Hermann, 1485-1561
(arr J.S. Bach, 1685-1750)

Hermann (Nicolaus)
86.866



What joy, to think of that vast host,
Of every tribe and tongue,
Who come from every
clime and coast,
Who raise in heaven their song,
Their glad triumphal song.

Glad thought, that all
who served the Lord,—
The apostolic band,
The myriads trusting in their word,
Shall all together stand,
Redeemed at God's right hand.

What bliss, their loves
and joys to tell,
What wondrous strains they sing,
Exultant anthems rise and swell
Till heaven's high arches ring,
As they adore their King.

Great God, in mercy save us all;
Raise us to dwell with Thee.
With souls redeemed,
when Thou shalt call,
Grant that our place may be,
Through all eternity.

W.A. Wexels