November 8, 2026
Twenty-Fourth Sunday after Pentecost

HYMN 436

Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates;
behold, the King of glory waits!
The King of kings is drawing near;
the Savior of the world is here.

O blest the land, the city blest,
where Christ the ruler is confessed!
O happy hearts and happy homes
to whom this King of triumph comes!

Fling wide the portals of your heart;
make it a temple, set apart
from earthly use for heaven's employ,
adorned with prayer and love and joy.

Redeemer, come! I open wide
my heart to thee: here, Lord, abide!
Let me thy inner presence feel:
thy grace and love in me reveal.

So come, my Sovereign; enter in!
Let new and nobler life begin;
thy Holy Spirit guide us on,
until the glorious crown be won.

HYMN 61

"Sleepers, wake!" a voice astounds us,
the shout of rampart guards surrounds us:
"Awake, Jerusalem, arise!"
Midnight's peace their cry has broken,
their urgent summons clearly spoken:
"The time has come, O maidens wise!
Rise up, and give us light;
the Bride-groom is in sight. Alleluia!
Your lamps prepare and hasten there,
that you the wedding feast may share."

Zion hears the watchmen singing;
her heart with joyful hope is springing,
She wakes and hurries through the night.
Forth he comes, her Bride-groom glorious
in strength of grace, in truth victorious:
her star is risen, her light grows bright.
Now come, most worthy Lord,
God's son, Incarnate Word, Alleluia!
We follow all and heed your call
to come into the banquet hall.

Lamb of God, the heavens adore you;
let saints and angels sing before you,
as harps and cymbals swell the sound.
Twelve great pearls, the city's portals:
through them we stream to join the immortals
as we with joy your throne surround.
No eye has known the sight,
no ear heard such delight: Alleluia!
Therefore we sing to greet our King;
for ever let our praises ring.

HYMN 596

Judge eternal, throned in splendor,
Lord of lords and King of kings,
with thy living fire of judgment
purge this land of bitter things;
solace all its wide dominion
with the healing of thy wings.

Still the weary folk are pining
for the hour that brings release,
and the city's crowded clangor
cries aloud for sin to cease;
and the homesteads and the woodlands
plead in silence for their peace.

Crown, O God, thine own endeavor;
cleave our darkness with thy sword;
feed all those who do not know thee
with the richness of thy word;

cleanse the body of this nation
through the glory of the Lord.

HYMN 68

Rejoice! rejoice, believers,
and let your lights appear!
The evening is advancing,
and darker night is near.
The Bridegroom is arising,
and soon he will draw nigh;
up, watch with expectation!
at the midnight comes the cry.

See that your lamps are burning, replenish them
with oil;
look now for your salvation,
the end of sin and toil.
The marriage-feast is waiting,
the gates wide open stand;
Rise up, ye heirs of glory,
the Bridegroom is at hand!

Our hope and expectation,
O Jesus, now appear;
Arise, thou Sun so longed for,
above this darkened sphere!
With hearts and hands uplifted,
we plead, O Lord, to see
the day of earth's redemption,
and ever be with thee!

HYMN 57

Lo! he comes with clouds descending,
once for our salvation slain;
thousand, thousand saints attending
swell the triumph of his train:
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!
Christ the Lord returns to reign.

Every eye shall now behold him,
robed in dreadful majesty;
those who set at nought and sold him,
pierced, and nailed him to the tree,
deeply wailing, deeply wailing,
deeply wailing,
shall the true Messiah see.

Those dear tokens of his passion
still his dazzling body bears,
cause of endless exultation
to his ransomed worshipers;
with what rapture, with what rapture,
with what rapture,
gaze we on those glorious scars!

Yea, amen! let all adore thee,
high on thine eternal throne;
Savior, take the power and glory;
claim the kingdom for thine own:
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!
Thou shalt reign, and thou alone.

HYMN 324

Let all mortal flesh keep silence,
and with fear and trembling stand;
ponder nothing earthly minded,
for with blessing in his hand
Christ our God to earth descendeth,
our full homage to demand.

King of kings, yet born of Mary,
as of old on earth he stood,
Lord of lords, in human vesture,
in the Body and the Blood
he will give to all the faithful
his own self for heavenly food.

Rank on rank the host of heaven
spreads its vanguard on the way,
as the Light of Light descendeth
from the realms of endless day,
that the powers of hell may vanish
as the darkness clears away.

At his feet the six-winged seraph;
cherubim, with sleepless eye
veil their faces to the Presence,
as with ceaseless voice they cry,
"Alleluia, alleluia!
Alleluia, Lord Most High!"