

Processional Hymn: When the Saints Go Marching In (as printed in the bulletin)

Oh when the saints go marching in,  
Oh when the saints go marching in,  
Oh Lord I want to be in that number,  
When the saints go marching in.

And when the sun begins to shine,  
And when the sun begins to shine,  
Oh Lord I want to be in that number,  
When the saints go marching in.

Oh when that final trumpet calls,  
Oh when that final trumpet calls,  
O Lord I want, to be in that number,  
When that final trumpet calls.  
*Repeat Chorus*

Hymn No. 133: Leaning on the Everlasting Arms

1: What a fellowship, what a joy divine, leaning on the everlasting arms;  
what a blessedness, what a peace is mine, leaning on the everlasting arms.

*Refrain*

Leaning, leaning, safe and secure from all alarms;  
leaning, leaning, leaning on the everlasting arms.

2: O how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way, leaning on the everlasting arms;  
O how bright the path grows from day to day, leaning on the everlasting arms.

*Refrain*

3: What have I to dread, what have I to fear, leaning on the everlasting arms?  
I have blessed peace with my Lord so near, leaning on the everlasting arms.

*Refrain*

## Hymn No. 733: Marching to Zion

1: Come, we that love the Lord, and let our joys be known;  
join in a song with sweet accord, join in a song with  
sweet accord and thus surround the throne, and  
thus surround the throne.

*Refrain:* We're marching to Zion,  
beautiful, beautiful Zion; we're marching upward to  
Zion, the beautiful city of God.

2: Let those refuse to sing who never knew our God;  
but children of the heavenly King, but children of the  
heavenly King may speak their joys abroad, may  
speak their joys abroad.

*Refrain*

3: The hill of Zion yields a thousand sacred sweets  
before we reach the heavenly fields, before we reach the  
heavenly fields or walk the golden streets, or  
walk the golden streets.

*Refrain*

4: Then let our songs abound, and every tear be dry;  
we're marching through Emmanuel's ground, we're marching through  
Emmanuel's ground, to fairer worlds on high, to  
fairer worlds on high.

*Refrain*