

For All the Saints



1 For all the saints who from their labors rest,
 2 You were their rock, their fortress, and their might;
 3 Oh, may your soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
 7 But then there breaks a yet more glorious day: the
 8 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast, through



all who by faith be-fore the world confessed,
 you, Lord, their captain in the well-fought fight;
 fight as the saints who nobly fought of old
 saints . . . tri-umphant rise in bright ar-ray;
 gates . . . of pearl streams in the count-less host,



your name, O Je-sus, be for-ever blest.
 you, in the dark-ness drear, their one true light.
 and win with them the vic-tor's crown of gold.
 the King of glo-ry pass-es on his way.
 sing-ing to Fa-ther, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost:



Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!



4 Oh, blest com-mu-nion, fel-low-ship di-vine,
 5 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
 6 The gold-en eve-ning bright-ens in the west;



we fee-bly strug-gle, they in glo-ry shine;
 steals on the ear the dis-tant tri-umph song,
 soon, soon to faith-ful war-riors comes their rest;



yet all are one with-in your great de-sign.
 and hearts are brave a-gain and arms are strong.
 sweet is the calm of par-a-dise the blest.



Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!