

677 For All the Saints



1 For all the saints who from their labors rest,
 2 Thou wast their rock, their for-tress, and their might;
 3 Oh, may Thy sol-diers, faith-ful, true, and bold,
 4 Oh, blest com-mu-nion, fel-low-ship di-vine!



Who Thee by faith be-fore the world con-fessed, Thy
 Thou, Lord, their cap-tain in the well-fought fight;
 Fight as the saints who no-bly fought of old And
 We fee-bly strug-gle, they in glo-ry shine; Yet



name, O Je-sus, be for-ev-er blest.
 Thou, in the dark-ness drear, their one true light.
 win with them the vic-tor's crown of gold!
 all are one in Thee, for all are Thine.



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

5 And when the fight is fierce, the warfare long,
 Steals on the ear the distant triumph song,
 And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong.
 Alleluia! Alleluia!

7 But, lo, there breaks a yet more glorious day:
 The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
 The King of Glory passes on His way.
 Alleluia! Alleluia!

6 The golden evening brightens in the west;
 Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest;
 Sweet is the calm of paradise the blest.
 Alleluia! Alleluia!

8 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
 Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
 Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost:
 Alleluia! Alleluia!