

For all the Saints, who from their labor rest

Verse

For all the saints who from their labors rest,
 Thou wast their rock, their fortress, and their might;
 Oh, may thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
 Oh, blest communion, fellowship divine,
 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
 The golden evening brightens in the west;
 But then there breaks a yet more glorious day:
 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,

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who thee by faith before the world confessed,
 thou, Lord, their captain in the well-fought fight;
 fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
 we feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
 steals on the earth the distant triumph song,
 soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest;
 the saints triumphant rise in bright array;
 through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,

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thy name, O Je - - sus, be for - ev - er blest.
 thou, in the dark - ness drear, their one true light.
 and win, with them, the vic - tor's crown of gold.
 yet all are one in thee, for all are thine.
 and hearts are brave a - gain, and arms are strong.
 sweet is the calm of par - a - dise the blest.
 the King of glo - ry pass - es on his way.
 sing - ing to Fa - - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost,

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