

# 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,

5

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,

10

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,

15

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!  
 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!