

For all the Saints, who from their labor rest

Verse

For all the saints who from their la - bors rest,
Thou wast their rock, their for - tress, and their might;
Oh, may thy sol - diers, faith - ful, true, and bold,
Oh, blest com - mu - nion, fel - low - ship di - vine,
And when the strife is fierce, the war - fare long,
The gold - en eve - ning bright - ens in the west;
But then there breaks a yet more glo - rious day:
From earth's wide bounds, from o - cean's far - thest coast,

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who thee by faith be - fore the world con - fessed,
thou, Lord, their cap - tain in the well - fought fight;
fight as the saints who no - bly fought of old,
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 com - eth rest;
the saints tri - um - phant rise in bright ar - ray;
through gates of pearl streams in the count - less 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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