For All The Saints

William Walsham How

For all the saints who from their labors rest,
Thou wast their Rock, their fortress and their Might;
O blest communion, fellowship divine!
And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
But then there breaks a still more glorious day:
From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,

who Thee by faith before the world confessed;
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;
We freely struggle, they in glory shine;
steals on the ear the distant triumph song, and
the saints triumphant rise in bright array; the
through gates of pearl streams in the countless host, in

name, O Jesus, be forever blest.
in the darkness drear, their one true Light.
all are one in Thee, for all are Thine.
hearts are brave again, and arms are strong.
King of glory passes on His way.
praise of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

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

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