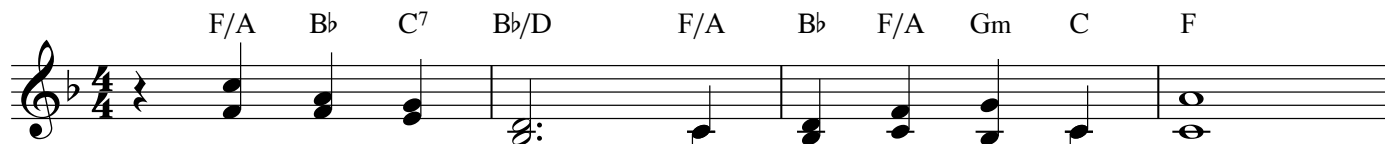


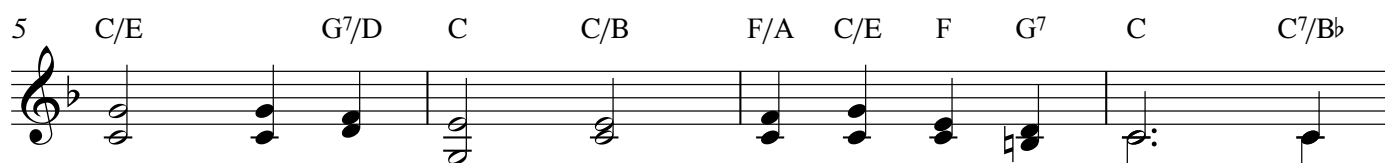
# For All The Saints

William Walsham How

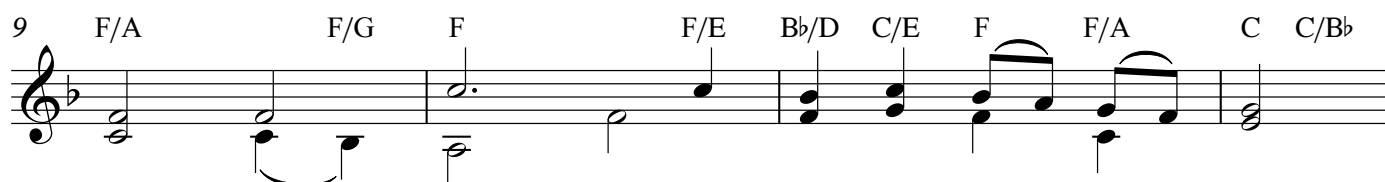
Ralph Vaughan Williams



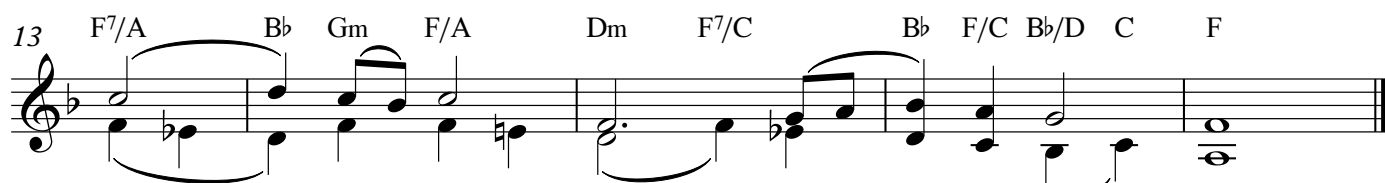
For all the saints who from their la - bors rest,  
 Thou wast their Rock, their For - tress and their Might;  
 O blest com - mun - ion, fel - low - ship di - vine!  
 And when the strife is fierce, the war - fare long,  
 But then there breaks a still more glo - rious day:  
 From earth's wide bounds, from o - cean's far - thest coast,



who Thee by faith be - fore the world con - fessed; Thy  
 Thou, Lord, their Cap - tain in the well-fought fight; Thou,  
 We fee - bly strug - gle, they in glo - ry shine; yet  
 steals on the ear the dis - tant tri - umph song, and  
 the saints tri - um - phant rise in bright ar - ray; the  
 through gates of pearl streams in the count - less host, in



name, O Je - sus, be for - ev - er blest.  
 in the dark - ness drear, their one true Light.  
 all are one in Thee, for all are Thine.  
 hearts are brave a - gain, and arms are strong.  
 King of glo - ry pas - ses on His way.  
 praise of Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.



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