For All The Saints

William Walsham How
Ralph Vaughan Williams

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 oceant's farthest coast,
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
Thou, O Jesus, our all in all, for ever blest.

who Thee by faith before the world confessed;
Thy 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.

Alleluia, Alleluia!