

For All the Saints



1 For all the saints who from their labors rest, who
 2 Thou wast their rock, their fortress, and their might;
 3 O blest communion, fellowship divine!
 4 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
 5 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast, through



thee by faith before the world confessed, thy
 thou, Lord, their captain in the well-fought fight;
 We feebly struggle; they in glory shine; yet
 steals on the ear the distant triumph song, and
 gates of pearl streams in the countless host,



name, O Jesus, be forever blest.
 thou, 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.
 sing - ing to Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost,



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