

For All The Saints Who From Their Labours Rest

For all the saints who from their labours rest,  
who thee by faith before the world confessed,  
thy name, O Jesu, be for ever blest.  
Alleluia.

Thou wast their rock, their fortress, and their might;  
thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;  
thou, in the darkness, still their one true Light.  
Alleluia.

O may thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,  
fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,  
and win, with them, the victor's crown of gold.  
Alleluia.

O blest communion, fellowship divine!  
we feebly struggle, they in glory shine;  
yet all are one in thee, for all are thine.  
Alleluia.

And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,  
steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,  
and hearts are brave again and arms are strong.  
Alleluia.

The golden evening brightens in the west;  
soon, soon to faithful warriors comes their rest:  
sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest.  
Alleluia.

But lo, there breaks a yet more glorious day;  
the saints triumphant rise in bright array:  
the King of Glory passes on his way.  
Alleluia.

From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,  
through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,  
singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost  
Alleluia.