

For all the saints

Bishop W. Walsham How, 1864

Ronald A. Beckett

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unison

1. For all the saints who from their labours rest, Who thee by
 2. Thou wast their rock, their fortress, and their might; Thou, Lord, their
 3. O may thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold, Fight as the
 4. O blest communion! fellowship! di-vine! We fee-bly

4

faith be-fore the world con-fessed, Thy name, O Je-su, be for-e-ver
 Cap-tain in the well-fought fight; Thou, in the dark-ness dread, their one true
 saints who nob-ly fought of old, And win with them, the vic-tor's crown of
 strug-gle, they in glo-ry shine; Yet all are one in thee, for all are

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blest. Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia!
 light. Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia!
 gold.
 thine.

1.-3.

13

4. *harmony*

ia! 5. And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long, Steals on the ear the dis-tant
 gol-den even-ing bright-ens in the west; Soon, soon to faith-ful war-riors
 lo! there breaks a yet more glo-rious day; The saints tri-um-phant rise in

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tri-umph-song, And hearts are brave a-gain, and arms are strong.
 comes their rest; Sweet is the calm of Pa-ra-dise the blest.
 bright ar-ray: The King of glo-ry pass-es on his way.