

William W. How

Joseph Barnby

1. For all the saints, who from their la - bours rest,
 2. Thou wast their Rock, their For - tress and their Might;
 3. O may Thy sol - diers, faith - ful, true and bold,
 4. O blest com - mun - ion, fel - low - ship di - vine!

Who Thee by faith be - fore the world con - fessed,
 Thou, Lord, their Cap - tain in the well fought fight;
 Fight as the saints who no - bly fought of old,
 We fee - bly strug - gle, they in glo - ry shine;

Thy Name, O Je - sus, be for - ev - er
 Thou, in the dark - ness drear, their one true
 And win with them the vic - tor's crown of
 yet all are one in Thee, for all are

blesed. Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia!
 Light. Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia!
 gold. Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia!
 Thine. Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia!

5. 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, Alleluia!
6. The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors comes their rest;
Sweet is the calm of paradise the blessed.
Alleluia, Alleluia!
7. 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, Alleluia!
8. From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
And singing to Father, Son and Holy Ghost:
Alleluia, Alleluia!