For All the Saints

For All the Saints who from their labors rest, Who

Oh, may thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,—

From earth’s wide bounds, from ocean’s farthest coast, Through

thee by faith before the world confessed, Thy

Fight as the Saints who nobly fought of old, And

gates of pearl streams in the countless host,—

name, O Jesus, be forever blest.

win with them the victor’s crown of gold. Al-

Sing ing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
3. Thou art our rock, our for-tress, and our might; Thou, Lord, our cap-tain
4. And when the strife is fierce, the war-fare long, Steals on the ear the

in the well-fought fight; — Thou, in the dark-ness drear, our one true
dis-tant tri-umph song, And hearts are brave a-gain, and arms are

light, strong. Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-lu-ia.

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2 Timothy 4:7–8
Revelation 14:12–13