For All the Saints

William W. How

Ralph Vaughan Williams

1. For all the saints, who from their labors rest,
2. Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their Might;
3. O may Thy soldiers, faith-ful, true, and bold,
4. From earth’s wide bounds, from ocean’s farthest coast,

Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,
Their Guide and Captain in the well-fought fight;
Now fight as saints who nobly fought of old,
Thru gates of pearl streams in the count-less host,

Thy name, O Jesus, be for-ev-er blest.
And Thou, the darkness drear, their one true Light.
And win with them the vic-tor’s crown of gold.
They praise the Fa-ther, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost.

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

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