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

2. 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, alleluia!

3. 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, alleluia!

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

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 blest.
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,
singing to Father, Son and Holy Ghost.
Alleluia, alleluia.

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1. Blest are the pure in heart,
for they shall see our God;
the secret of the Lord is theirs,
their soul is Christ's abode.

2. The Lord, who left the heavens
our life and peace to bring,
to dwell in lowliness with men,
their pattern and their King.

3. Still to the lowly soul
he doth himself impart,
and for his dwelling and his throne
chooseth the pure in heart.

4. Lord, we thy presence seek;
may ours this blessing be;
give us a pure and lowly heart,
a temple meet for thee.

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1. Ye holy angels bright,
who wait at God's right hand,
or through the realms of light
fly at your Lord's command,
assist our song,
for else the theme
too high doth seem
for mortal tongue.

2. Ye blessèd souls at rest,
who ran this earthly race,
and now, from sin released,
behold the Saviour's face,
His praises sound,
as in his sight
with sweet delight
ye do abound.

3. Ye saints, who toil below,
adore your heavenly King,
and onward as ye go
some joyful anthem sing;
take what he gives
and praise him still,
through good and ill,
who ever lives.

4. My soul, bear thou thy part,
triumph in God above;
and with a well-tuned heart
sing thou the songs of love;
let all thy days
till life shall end,
whate'er he send,
be filled with praise.

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1. Let saints on earth in concert sing
with those whose work is done;
for all the servants of our King
in heaven and earth are one.

2. One family, we dwell in him,
one Church, above, beneath;
though now divided by the stream,
the narrow stream of death.

3. The army of the living God,
to his command we bow:
part of the host have crossed the flood,
and part are crossing now.

4. E'en now to their eternal home
there pass some spirits blest;
while others to the margin come,
waiting their call to rest.

5. Jesu, be thou our constant guide;
then, when the word is given,
bid Jordan's narrow stream divide,
and bring us safe to heaven.

