

422

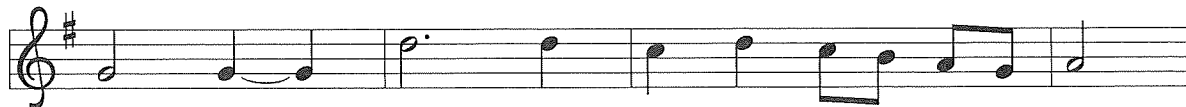
For All the Saints



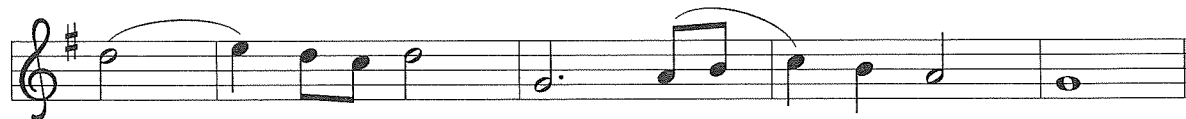
1 For all the saints who from their labors rest, who
 2 Thou wast their rock, their fortress, and their might; thou,
Stanzas 3-5 on facing page.
 6 But then there breaks a yet more glorious day: the
 7 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast, through



thee by faith before the world confessed, thy
 Lord, their captain in the well-fought fight; . . .
 saints triumphant rise in bright array; the
 gates of pearl streams in the countless host, . . .



name, O Jesus, be forever blest.
 thou, in the darkness drear, their one true light.
 King of glory passes on his way.
 singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost:



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

3 Oh, blest com - mu - nion, fel - low - ship di - vine,
 4 And when the strife is fierce, the war - fare long,
 5 The gold - en eve - ning bright - ens in the west;

we fee - bly strug - gle, they in glo - ry shine; yet
 steals on the ear the dis - tant tri - umph song, and
 soon, soon to faith - ful ser - vants com - eth rest; . . .

all are one in thee, for all are thine.
 hearts are brave a - gain and arms are strong.
 sweet is the calm of par - a - dise the blest.

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



1 Let streams of liv - ing jus - tice flow down up - on the earth;
 2 For heal - ing of the na - tions, for peace that will not end,
 3 Your ci - ty's built to mu - sic; we are the stones you seek;



give free - dom's light to cap - tives, let all the poor have worth.
 for love that makes us lov - ers, God grant us grace to mend.
 your har - mo - ny is lan - guage; we are the words you speak.



The hun - gry's hands are plead - ing, the work - ers claim their rights,
 Weave our var - ied gifts to - geth - er; knit our lives as they are spun;
 Our faith we find in ser - vice, our hope in oth - ers' dreams,



the mourn - ers long for laugh - ter, the blind - ed seek for sight.
 on your loom of time en - roll us till our thread of life is run.
 our love in hand of neigh - bor; our home - land bright - ly gleams.



Make lib - er - ty a bea - con, strike down the i - ron pow'r;
 O great weav - er of our fab - ric, bind church and world in one;
 In - scribe our hearts with jus - tice; your way—the path un - tried;



a - bol - ish an - cient ven - geance: pro - claim your peo - ple's hour.
 dye our tex - ture with your ra - diance, light our col - ors with your sun.
 your truth—the heart of strang - er; your life—the Cru - ci - fied.

Oh, When the Saints Go Marching In

950

1 Oh, when the saints go march-ing in, oh, when the
 2 Oh, when the Lord in glo - ry comes, oh, when the
 3 Oh, when the new world is re - vealed, oh, when the
 4 Oh, when they gath - er round the throne, oh, when they
 5 And on that hal - le - lu - jah day, and on that

saints go march - ing in, O Lord, I want to be in that
 Lord in glo - ry comes, O Lord, I want to be in that
 new world is re - vealed, O Lord, I want to be in that
 gath - er round the throne, O Lord, I want to be in that
 hal - le - lu - jah day, O Lord, I want to be in that

num - ber when the saints go march - ing in.
 num - ber when the Lord in glo - ry comes.
 num - ber when the new world is re - vealed.
 num - ber when they gath - er round the throne.
 num - ber on that hal - le - lu - jah day.

Text: African American spiritual
 Music: African American spiritual; arr. hymnal version
 Arr. © 2020 Augsburg Fortress

WHEN THE SAINTS
 8 8 10 7