

## Opening Hymn: CP 276 For All the Saints

For all the saints, who from their labours rest,  
who thee by faith before the world confessed,  
thy name, O Jesus, be forever blest.

Alleluia! Alleluia!

Thou wast their rock, their fortress, and their might;  
thou, Lord, their captain in the well-fought fight;  
thou, in the darkness drear, the one true light.

Alleluia! Alleluia!

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!

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

Alleluia! Alleluia!

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!

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!

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!

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!

## Gradual Hymn: 286 Give Me the Wings of Faith

Give me the wings of faith, to rise  
within the veil, and see  
the saints above, how great their joys,  
how bright their glories be.

Once they were mourning here below,  
and wet their couch with tears;  
they wrestled hard, as we do now,  
with sins and doubts and fears.

I ask them whence their victory came;  
they with united breath  
ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,  
their triumph to his death.

They marked the footsteps that he trod;  
his zeal inspired their breast;  
and, following their incarnate God,  
possess the promised rest.

Our glorious Leader claims our praise  
for his own pattern given;  
while the long cloud of witnesses  
show the same path to heaven.

## Closing Hymn: CP 528 O God Our Help in Ages Past

O God, our help in ages past,  
our hope for years to come,  
our shelter from the stormy blast,  
and our eternal home:

under the shadow of thy throne  
thy saints have dwelt secure.  
sufficient is thine arm alone,  
and our defense is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,  
or earth received its frame,  
from everlasting thou art God,  
to endless years the same.

A thousand ages in thy sight  
are like an evening gone,  
short as the watch that ends the night  
before the rising sun.

Time like an ever-rolling stream,  
bears all our years away;  
they fly forgotten, as a dream  
dies at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages past,  
our hope for years to come,  
be thou our guard while troubles last,  
and our eternal home.