1 For all the saints who from their labors rest, who
2 Thou wast their rock, their fortress, and their might;
3 O blest communion, fellowship divine!
4 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
5 From earth’s wide bounds, from ocean’s farthest coast, through

thee by faith before the world confessed, thy
thou, Lord, their captain in the well-fought fight;
We feebly struggle; they in glory shine; yet
steals on the ear the distant triumph song, and
gates of pearl streams in the countless host,

name, O Jesus, be forever blest.
thou, in the darkness drear, their one true light.
all hearts are one in thee, for all are thine.
hearts are brave again, and arms are strong.
singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,

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

The broad and sweeping tune with which this hymn is so closely identified was created to be sung during a reverent but dramatic procession at the beginning of an All Saints’ Day service, an enacted representation of the enduring “fellowship divine” celebrated by this text.
Harmony, stanza 3

3 O blest communion, fellowship divine!

We feebly struggle; they in glory shine; yet

all are one in thee, for all are thine.

Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!