

Hymn Lyrics – Large Font

Hymn 611 – For all the saints (v. 1-3, 8)

1. For all the saints who from their labours rest, who thee by faith before the world confessed, thy name, o Jesus, be forever blest. Hallelujah, hallelujah!

2. Thou wast their rock, their fortress and their might, thou, Lord, their captain in the well fought fight, thou in the darkness drear their one true light. Hallelujah, hallelujah!

3. Oh 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. Hallelujah, hallelujah!

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: Hallelujah, hallelujah!

Hymn 633 – Who would true valour see

1. Who would true valour see let them come hither: here's one will constant be come wind, come weather. There's no discouragement shall make me once relent my first avowed intent to be a pilgrim.

2. Who so beset me round with dismal stories do but themselves confound: my strength the more is. No foes shall stay my might; though I with giants fight, but I will have the right to be a pilgrim.

3. Hobgoblin nor foul fiend can daunt my spirit: I know I at the end shall life inherit. Then, fancies, flee away! Fear not what others say; I'll labour night and day to be a pilgrim.

Hymn 543 – Here, O my Lord, I see thee

1. Here, O my Lord, I see thee face to face; here would I touch and handle things unseen, here grasp with firmer hand eternal grace, and all my weariness upon thee lean.

2. Here would we feed upon the bread of God, here drink with thee the royal wine of heaven; here would we lay aside each earthly load, here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.

3. This is the hour of banquet and of song; this is the heavenly table for us spread; here let us feast, and, feasting still prolong this fellowship in thee, our living bread.

4. Too soon we rise; the symbols disappear. The feast, though not the love, is past and gone; the bread and wine remove, but thou art here, nearer than ever, still our shield and sun.

5. We have no help but thine, nor do we need another arm but thine to lean upon; it is enough, my Lord, enough indeed; our strength is in thy might, thy might alone.

6. Mine is the sin, but thine the righteousness; mine is the guilt, but thine the cleansing blood. Here is my robe, my refuge and my peace, thy blood, thy righteousness, O Lord, my God.

7. Feast after feast thus comes and passes by, yet, passing, points to that glad feast above, giving sweet foretaste of the festal joy, the Lamb's great bridal feast of bliss and love.