

From All Thy Saints in Warfare  
Horatio Nelson, 1864.  
Alexander Ewing, 1853.

From all Thy saints in warfare, for all Thy saints at rest,  
To Thee, O blessed Jesus, all praises be addressed;  
Thou, Lord, didst win the battle, that they might conquerors be;  
Their crowns of living glory are lit with rays from Thee.

Praise, Lord, for Thine apostle, the first to welcome Thee,  
The first to lead his brother the very Christ to see.  
With hearts for Thee made ready, watch we throughout the year,  
Forward to lead our brethren to own Thine Advent near.

All praise for Thine apostle, whose short lived doubtings prove  
Thy perfect twofold nature, the fullness of Thy love.  
On all who wait Thy coming shed forth Thy peace, O Lord,  
And grant us faith to know Thee, true man, true God, adored.

Praise for the first of martyrs, who saw Thee ready stand  
To aid in midst of torments, to plead at God's right hand.  
Share we with him, if summoned by death our Lord to own,  
On earth the faithful witness, in heaven the martyr's crown.

Praise for the loved disciple, exiled on Patmos' shore;  
Praise for the faithful record he to Thy Godhead bore,  
Praise for the mystic vision through him to us revealed.  
May we, in patience waiting, with Thine elect be sealed.

Praise for Thine infant martyrs, by Thee with tenderest love  
Called early from the warfare to share the rest above.  
O Rachel! cease thy weeping: they rest from pains and cares.  
Lord, grant us hearts as guileless and crowns as bright as theirs.

Praise for the light from Heaven, praise for the voice of awe,  
Praise for the glorious vision the persecutor saw.  
Thee, Lord, for his conversion, we glorify today;  
So lighten all our darkness with Thy true Spirit's ray.

Lord, Thine abiding presence directs the wondrous choice  
For one in place of Judas the faithful now rejoice.  
Thy Church from false apostles forevermore defend,  
And by Thy parting promise be with her to the end.

For him, O Lord, we praise Thee, the weak by grace made strong,  
Whose labors and whose Gospel enrich our triumph song.  
May we in all our weakness find strength from Thee supplied,  
And all, as fruitful branches, in Thee, the vine, abide.

All praise for Thine apostle, blest guide to Greek and Jew,  
And him surnamed Thy brother; keep us Thy brethren true,  
And grant us grace to know Thee, the way, the truth, the life;  
To wrestle with temptations still victors in the strife.

The son of consolation, moved by Thy law of love,  
Forsaking earthly treasures, sought riches from above.  
As earth now teems with increase, let gifts of grace descend,  
That Thy true consolations may through the world extend.

We praise Thee for the Baptist, forerunner of the Word,  
Our true Elias, making a highway for the Lord.  
Of prophets last and greatest, we saw Thy dawning ray:

Make us the rather blessed who love Thy glorious day.

Praise for thy great apostle, the eager and the bold;  
Thrice falling, yet repentant, thrice charged to keep Thy fold.  
Lord, make Thy pastors faithful to guard their flocks from ill,  
And grant them dauntless courage, with humble, earnest will.

For him, O Lord, we praise Thee, who, slain by Herod's sword  
Drank of Thy cup of suffering, fulfilling thus Thy word.  
Curb we all vain impatience to read Thy veiled decree,  
And count it joy to suffer, if so brought nearer Thee.

All praise for Thine apostle, the faithful, pure, and true,  
Whom underneath the fig tree Thine eye all seeing knew.  
Like him may we be guileless, true Israelites indeed,  
That Thy abiding presence our longing souls may feed.

Praise, Lord, for Him whose Gospel Thy human life declared,  
Who, worldly gains forsaking, Thy path of suffering shared.  
From all unrighteous Mammon O give us hearts set free,  
That we, whate'er our calling, may rise and follow Thee.

For that "beloved physician," all praise, whose Gospel shows  
The healer of the nations, the sharer of our woes.  
Thy wine and oil, O Savior, and bruised hearts deign to pour,  
And with true balm of Gilead anoint us evermore.

Praise, Lord, for Thine apostles, who sealed their faith today:  
One love, one zeal impelled them to tread the sacred way.  
May we with zeal as earnest the faith of Christ maintain,  
And, bound in love as brethren, at length Thy rest attain.

Apostles, prophets, martyrs, and all the sacred throng,  
Who wear the spotless raiment, who raise the ceaseless song,  
For these, passed on before us, Savior, we Thee adore,  
And, walking in their footsteps, would serve Thee more and more.

Then praise we God the Father, and praise we God the Son,  
And God the Holy Spirit, eternal Three in One;  
Till all the ransomed number fall down before the throne,  
And honor, power, and glory, ascribe to God alone.