

For All Thy Saints, a Noble Throng
Cecil Alexander, 1875.
Ralph Courteville, 1696.

For all Thy saints, a noble throng,
Who fell by fire and sword,
Who soon were called, or waited long,
We praise Thy name, O Lord!

For him who left his father's side,
Nor lingered by the shore,
When, softer than the weltering tide,
Thy summons glided o'er.

Who stood beside the maiden dead,
Who climbed the mount with Thee,
And saw the glory round Thy head,
One of Thy chosen three.

Who knelt beneath the olive shade,
Who drank Thy cup of pain,
And passed from Herod's flashing blade
To see Thy face again.

Lord, give us grace, and give us love,
Like him to leave behind
Earth's cares and joys, and look above
With true and earnest mind.

So shall we learn to drink Thy cup,
So meek and firm be found,
When Thou shalt come to take us up
Where Thine elect are crowned.