

Mrs. J. A. Trench

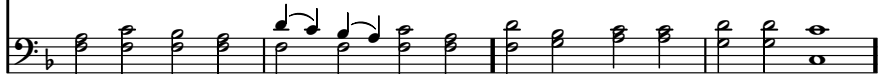
George F. Handel (adapted)



1. All the path the saints are treading, Trod-den by the Son of God;
2. Now come forth in res - ur - rec-tion, Pass-ing on-ward to the throne,
3. Now He prais-es in th'as-sem-bly, Now the sor-row all is passed;
4. Join the sing-ing that He lead-eth, Loud to God our voi - ces raise;
5. It is fin-ished! It is fin-ished! Who can tell re - demption's worth?



All the sor-rows they are feel-ing, Felt by Him up - on the road;
 Hav-ing suf-fered all the judgment, Borne the storm of wrath a - lone;
 His the ear-nest of our por-tion, We must reach the goal at last.
 Ev - 'ry step that we have trod-den Is a tri-umph of His grace:
 He who knows it leads the sing-ing, Full the joy, as fierce the wrath.



All the darkness, and the sor-row From a - round and from with-in,
 He is a - ble thus to suc-cor Those who tread the des - ert sand,
 Yes, He prais-es; grace re - counting All the path al - read - y trod,
 Whether joy, or whether tri - al, All can on - ly work for good,
 Ta - ken up in res - ur - rec-tion, Des - ert ways re - hearded a - bove,



All the joy and all the tri-umph, He passed thro' a - part from sin.
 Pressing on to res - ur - rec-tion, Where He sits at God's right hand.
 We as - so - ci - a - ted with Him—God, our Fa - ther and our God.
 For He heal-eth all— who loves us, And hath bought us with His blood.
 Tell the power of God's sal - va - tion, And His nev - er - fail - ing love.

