

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'assem-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-ered 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 wheth-er tri - al, All can on - ly work for good,  
 Ta - ken up in res - ur - rec-tion, Des - ert ways re - hears'd 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.

