

All the Path the Saints Are Treading

(8. 7. 8. 7. D.)

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Handel (adapted)



1. All the path the saints are tread-ing, 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 - demp-tion's worth?



All the sor - rows they are feel - ing, Felt by Him up - on the road;
 Hav - ing suf - fered all the judg - ment, 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 dark - ness, 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 - count - ing All the path al - read - y trod,
 Wheth - er 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 - heard a - bove,





All the joy and all the tri-umph, He passed thro' a - part from sin.
Press-ing 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.

