

Hymn 293

1. I sing a song of the saints of God,
patient and brave and true,
who toiled and fought and lived and died
for the Lord they loved and knew.
And one was a doctor, and one was a queen,
and one was a shepherdess on the green:
they were all of them saints of God—and I mean,
God helping, to be one too.

2. They loved their Lord so dear, so dear,
and his love made them strong;
and they followed the right, for Jesus' sake,
the whole of their good lives long.
And one was a soldier, and one was a priest,
and one was slain by a fierce wild beast:
and there's not any reason, no, not the least,
why I shouldn't be one too.

3. They lived not only in ages past,
there are hundreds of thousands still,
the world is bright with the joyous saints
who love to do Jesus' will.
You can meet them in school, or in lanes, or at sea,
in church, or in trains, or in shops, or at tea,
for the saints of God are just folk like me,
and I mean to be one too.

Hymn 286

1. Who are these like stars appearing,
these, before God's throne who stand?

Each a golden crown is wearing;
who are all this glorious band?

Alleluia! hark, they sing,
praising loud their heavenly King.

2. Who are these of dazzling brightness,
these in God's own truth arrayed,
clad in robes of purest whiteness,
robes whose luster ne'er shall fade,
ne'er be touched by time's rude hand?
Whence comes all this glorious band?

3. These are they who have contended
for their Savior's honor long,
wrestling on till life was ended,
following not the sinful throng;
these, who well the fight sustained,
triumph through the Lamb have gained.

4. These are they whose hearts were
riven,

sore with woe and anguish tried,
who in prayer full oft have striven
with the God they glorified;
now, their painful conflict o'er,
God has bid them weep no more.

5. These, like priests, have watched and
waited,

offering up to Christ their will,
soul and body consecrated,
day and night they serve him still.
Now in God's most holy place
blest they stand before his face.

Hymn 287

1. For all the saints, who from their labors rest,

who thee by faith before the world confessed,

thy Name, O Jesus, be for ever blessed.

Alleluia, Alleluia!

2. Thou wast their rock, their fortress, and their might:

thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;

thou, in the darkness drear, the one true Light.

Alleluia, Alleluia!

3. O may thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,

fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,

and win, with them, the victor's crown of gold.

Alleluia, Alleluia!

4. O blest communion, fellowship divine!

We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;

yet all are one in thee, for all are thine.

Alleluia, Alleluia!

5. And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,

steals on the ear the distant triumph song,

and hearts are brave again, and arms are strong.

Alleluia, Alleluia!

6. The golden evening brightens in the west;

soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest;

sweet is the calm of paradise the blest.

Alleluia, Alleluia!

7. But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day;

the saints triumphant rise in bright array;

the King of glory passes on his way.

Alleluia, Alleluia!

8. From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,

through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,

singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost:

Alleluia, Alleluia!

For all the saints *NEW* <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=rA7IG59x0a0>

When the saints go marching in <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=JhirID6GDw8>

Hymn 551

1 Rise up, ye saints of God!

Have done with lesser things,
give heart and soul and mind and strength
to serve the King of kings.

2 Rise up, ye saints of God!

His kingdom tarries long:
Lord, bring the day of truth and love
and end the night of wrong.

3 Lift high the cross of Christ!

Tread where his feet have trod;
and quickened by the Spirit's power,
rise up, ye saints of God!

Oh when the saints go marching in

Oh, when the saints go marchin' in,
Oh, when the saints go marchin' in,
Lord, I want to be in that number
When the saints go marchin' in.

And when the sun, begins to shine,
And when the sun, begins to shine,
Oh, how I want to be in that number
When the sun begins to shine.

Oh, when the trumpet, sounds its call
Oh, when the trumpet, sounds its call,
Lord, how I want to be in that number
When the trumpet sounds its call.

Oh, when the saints go marchin' in,
Oh, when the saints go marchin' in,
Lord, how I want to be in that number
When the saints go marchin' in.