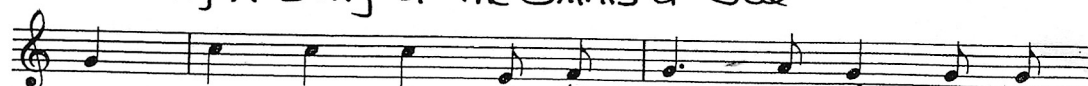


I Sing A Song of the Saints of God



1 I sing a song of the saints of God,
 2 They loved their Lord so dear, so dear, and
 3 They lived not on - ly in a - ges past, there are



pa - tient and brave and true, who toiled and fought and
 his love made them strong; and they fol - lowed the right, for
 hund - reds of thou - sands still, the world is bright with the



lived and died for the Lord they loved and knew. And
 Je - sus' sake, the whole of their good lives long. And
 joy - ous saints who love to do Je - sus' will. You can



one was a doc - tor, and one was a queen, and one was a shep -
 one was a sold - ier, and one was a priest, and one was slain
 meet them in school, or in lanes, or at sea, in church, or in trains,



herd - ess on the green: they were all of them saints of
 by a fierce wild beast: and there's not an - y rea - son
 or in shops, or at tea, for the saints of God are just



God - and I mean, God help - ing, to be one too.
 no, not the least, why I should - n't be one too.
 folk like me, and I mean to be one too.

Saints' Days; All Saints' Day (November 1).

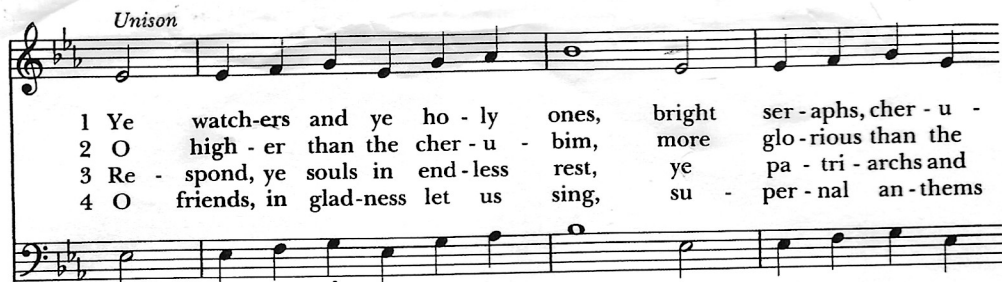
Words: Lesbia Scott (b. 1898), alt.

Music: *Grand Isle*, John Henry Hopkins (1861-1945)

Irr.

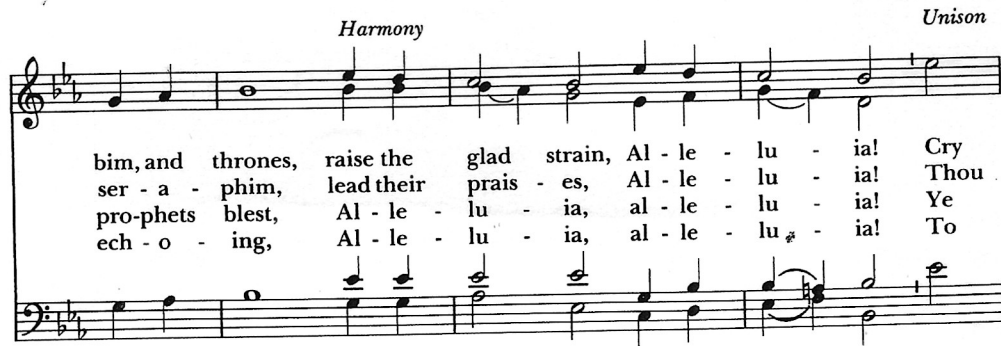
618 ye WATCHERS AND ye Holy Ones The Church Triumphant

Unison

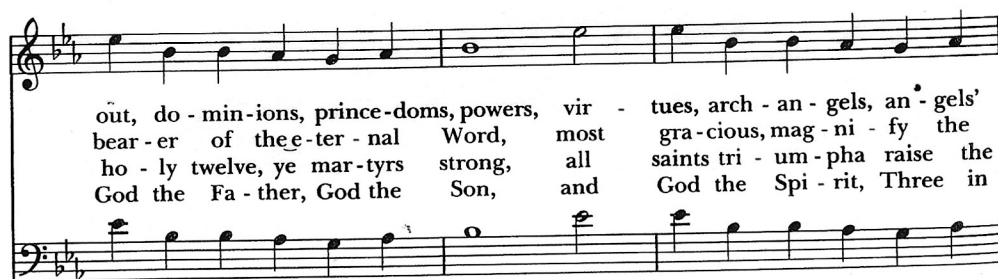


1 Ye watch-ers and ye ho - ly ones, bright ser - a - phs, cher - u -
 2 O high - er than the cher - u - bim, more glo - rious than the
 3 Re - spond, ye souls in end - less rest, ye pa - tri - archs and
 4 O friends, in glad - ness let us sing, su - per - nal an - thems

Harmony *Unison*



bim, and thrones, raise the glad strain, Al - le - lu - ia! Cry
 ser - a - phim, lead their prais - es, Al - le - lu - ia! Thou
 pro - phets blest, Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia! Ye
 ech - o - ing, Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia! To



out, do - min - ions, prince - doms, powers, vir - tues, arch - an - gels, an - gels'
 bear - er of the e - ter - nal Word, most gra - cious, mag - ni - fy the
 ho - ly twelve, ye mar - tyrs strong, all saints tri - um - pha raise the
 God the Fa - ther, God the Son, and God the Spi - rit, Three in

Harmony



choirs, Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, al - le -
 Lord, Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, al - le -
 song, Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, al - le -
 One, Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, al - le -

Unison



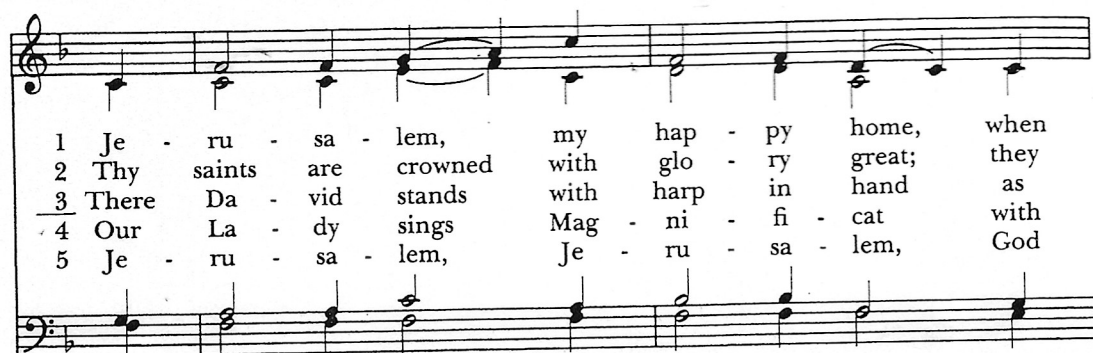
lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia!
 lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia!
 lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia!
 lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia!

Words: John Athelstan Laurie Riley (1858-1945)

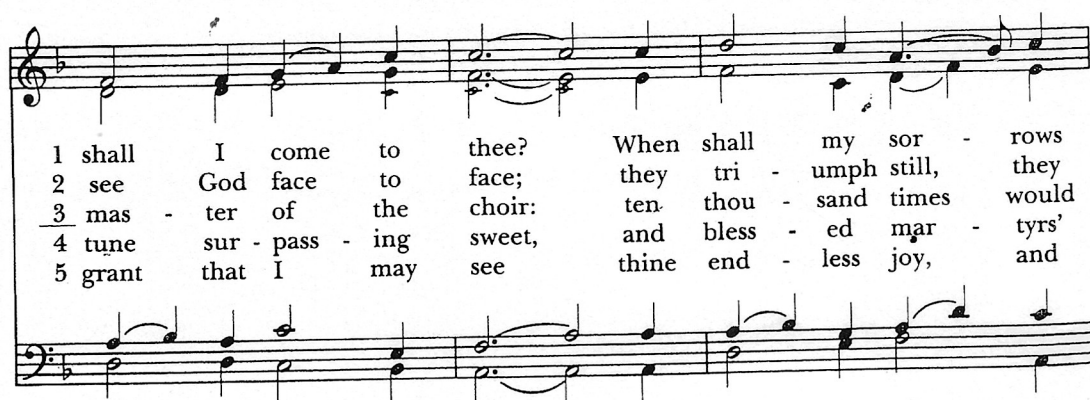
Music: *Lasst uns erfreuen*, melody from *Auserlesene Catholische Geistliche Kirchengeseng*, 1623;
 adapt. and harm. Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)

88. 44. 88 with Refrain

620 Jerusalem, my Happy Home The Church Triumphant



1 Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, when
 2 Thy saints are crowned with glo - ry great; they
 3 There Da - vid stands with harp in hand as
 4 Our La - dy sings Mag - ni - fi - cat with
 5 Je - ru - sa - lem, Je - ru - sa - lem, God



1 shall I come to thee? When shall my sor - rows
 2 see God face to face; they tri - umph still, they
 3 mas - ter of the choir: ten thou - sand times would
 4 tune sur - pass - ing sweet, and bless - ed mar - tyr's
 5 grant that I may see thine end - less joy, and



1 have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?
 2 still re - joice in that most hap - py place.
 3 one be blest who might this mu - sic hear.
 4 har - mo - ny doth ring in ev - ery street.
 5 of the same par - ta - ker ev - er be!

Words: F. B. P. (ca. 16th cent.), alt.

Music: *Land of Rest*, American folk hymn; adapt. and harm. Annabel Morris Buchanan (1889-1983)

CM