

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.

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