“For All the Saints” **UMH No. 711**

1. For all the saints, who from their labors rest, who thee by faith before the world confessed, thy name, O Jesus, be forever blest.
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, their 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. 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!

WORDS: William W. How, 1864
MUSIC: Ralph Vaughan Williams, 1906

“PEOPLE NEED THE LORD” **TFWS NO. 2244**

People need the Lord, People need the Lord
At the end of broken dreams, He's the open door.

People need the Lord, People need the Lord
When will we realize, People need the Lord.

WORDS: John Thornburg
MUSIC: Jane Marshall

“I Sing a Song of the Saints of God” **UMH No. 712**

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, on the street, in the store, in church, by the sea, in the house next door; they are saints of God, whether rich or poor,
and I mean to be one too.

WORDS: Lesbia Scott, 1929
MUSIC: John H. Hopkins, Jr., 1940