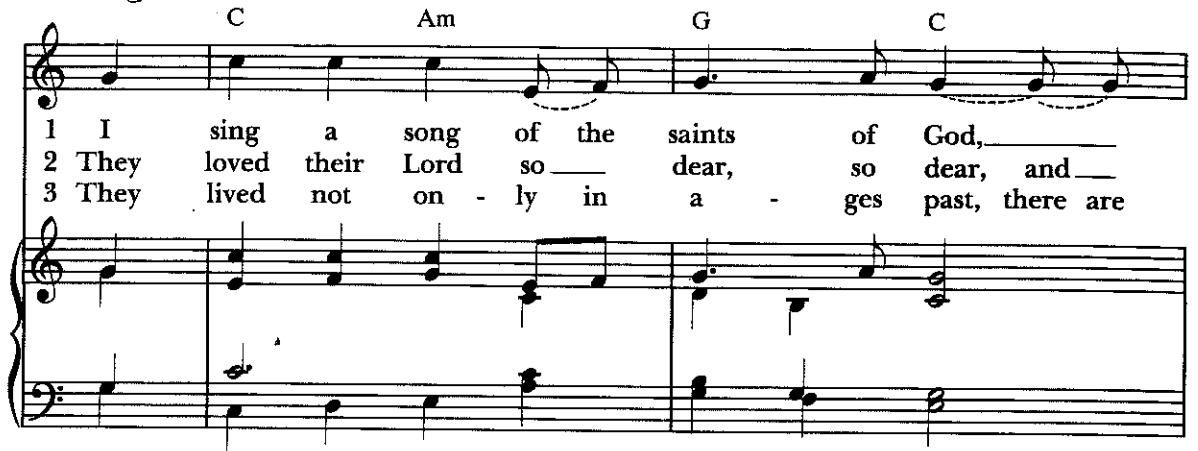


C Am G C




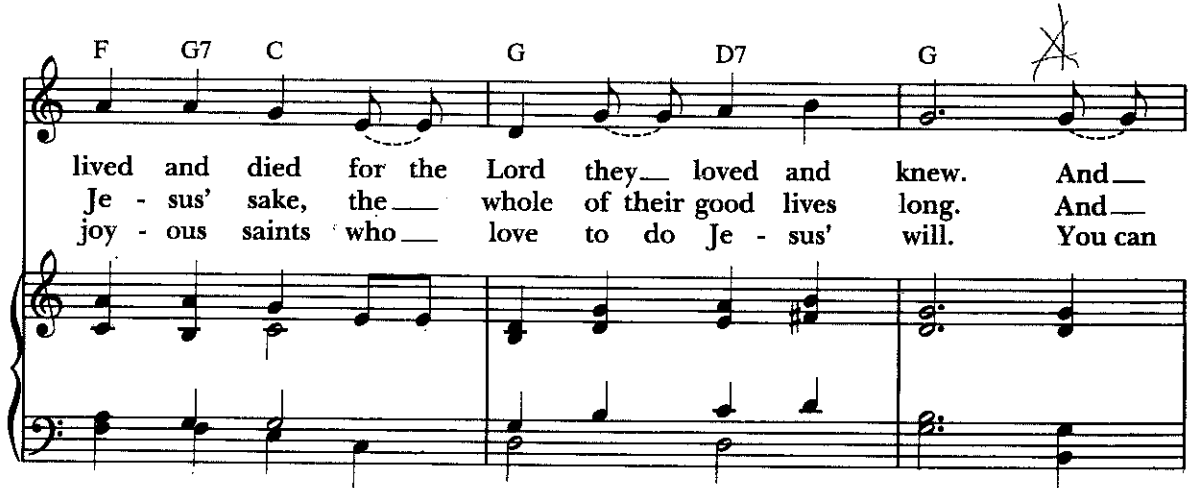
1 I sing a song of the saints of God,  
 2 They loved their Lord so dear, so dear, and  
 3 They lived not on - ly in a - ges past, there are

Am C G C G Am Em



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

F G7 C G D7 G 



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

C F Dm G C

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

Am F G7 C Em

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

F G7 C \* F Dm C G7 C

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)