

# HYMNS - WORSHIP SERVICE NOVEMBER 1, 2020

## THE HYMNAL 1982

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### OPENING HYMN *For all the saints, who from their labors rest* Hymnal 287

1 For all the saints, who from their la - bors rest, who  
 2 Thou wast their rock, their for - tress, and their might:—  
 3 O may thy sol - diers, faith - ful, true, and bold,—  
 4 O blest com - mun - ion, fel - low - ship di - vine!—

thee— by faith be - fore the world con - fessed, thy  
 thou, Lord, their Cap - tain in the well - fought fight;—  
 fight as the saints who no - bly fought of old, and  
 We fee - ly strug - gle, they in glo - ry shine; yet

Name, O Je - sus, be for ev - er blessed.  
 thou, in the dark - ness drear, the one true Light.  
 win, with them, the vic - tor's crown of gold.  
 all are one in thee, for all are thine.

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

\*5 And when the strife is fierce, the war-fare long, steals on the ear the  
 \*6 The gold-en eve - ning bright-ens in the west; soon, soon to faith-ful

dis - tant tri - umph song, and hearts are— brave a - gain, and arms are  
 war - riors com - eth rest;— sweet is the calm of par - a - dise the

strong.  
 blest. Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia!



\*7 But lo! there breaks a yet more glo - rious day; the  
 \*8 From earth's wide bounds, from o - cean's far - thest coast, through  
 saints tri - umph - ant rise in bright ar - ray; the  
 gates of pearl streams in the count - less host  
 King of glo - ry pass - es on his way.  
 sing - ing to Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost,  
 Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia!

Words: William Walsham How.  
 Music: *Sine Nomine*, Ralph Vaughan Williams.

## SEQUENCE HYMN

*Glorious things of thee are spoken*

Hymnal 522

*Descant*

4 Blest in - hab - it - ants of Zi - on, washed in the Re -  
 deem - er's blood! Whom their souls re -  
 of our God; he whose word can - not be  
 ter - nal love, well sup - ply thy sons and  
 fire ap - pear for a glo - ry and a  
 deem - er's blood! Je - sus, whom their souls re -



ly on, makes them kings and priests to God.

bro - ken formed thee for his own a - bode;  
 daugh - ters and all fear of want re - move.  
 cov - ering, show - ing that the Lord is near.  
 ly on, makes them kings and priests to God.

'Tis his love his peo - ple raise o - ver

on the Rock of A - ges found - ed, what can shake thy  
 Who can faint, when such a riv - er ev - er will their  
 Thus de - riv - ing from their ban - ner, light by night, and  
 'Tis his love his peo - ple rais - es o - ver self to

self to reign and as priests, his

sure re - pose? With sal - va - tion's walls sur -  
 thirst as - suage? Grace which, like the Lord, the  
 shade by day, safe they feed up - on the  
 reign as kings: and as priests, his sol - emn

sol - emn prais - es each an of - fering brings.

round - ed, thou may'st smile at all thy foes.  
 giv - er nev - er fails from age to age.  
 man - na which he gives them when they pray.  
 prais - es each for a thank - of - fering brings.

Words: John Newton.

Music: *Austria*, Franz Joseph Haydn; desc. Michael E. Young.



## CLOSING HYMN

*I sing a song of the saints of God*

Hymnal 293



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.

Words: Lesbia Scott.

Music: *Grand Isle*, John Henry Hopkins.