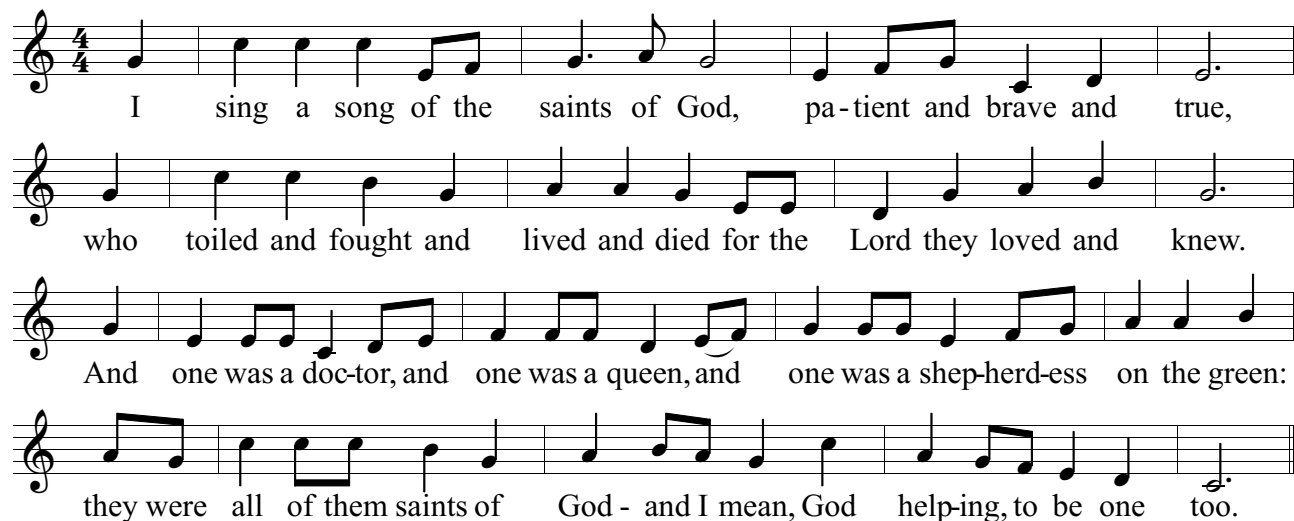


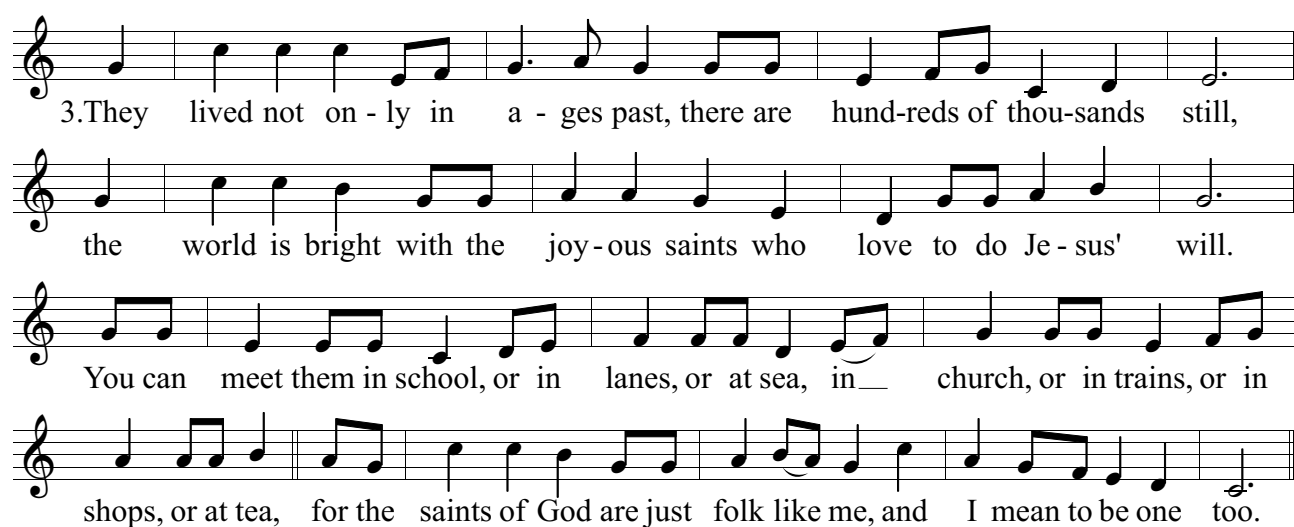
Words: Lesbia Scott (1898-1986) **I sing a song of the saints of God** Music: John Henry Hopkins (1861-1945)



I sing a song of the saints of God, pa-tient and brave and true,
who toiled and fought and lived and died for the Lord they loved and knew.
And one was a doc-tor, and one was a queen, and one was a shep-herd-ess on the green:
they were all of them saints of God - and I mean, God help-ing, to be one too.



2.They loved their Lord so— dear, so dear, and his love made them strong;
and they fol-lowed the right, for Je-sus' sake, the whole of their good lives long.
And one was a sol-dier, and one was a priest, and one was slain by a fierce wild beast:
and there's not an-y rea-son - no not the least, why I should-n't be one too.



3.They lived not on - ly in a - ges past, there are hund-reds of thou-sands still,
the world is bright with the joy-ous saints who love to do Je - sus' will.
You can meet them in school, or in lanes, or at sea, in— church, or in trains, or in
shops, or at tea, for the saints of God are just folk like me, and I mean to be one too.

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This edition produced by Andrew Sims, 2019.