

+ ALL SAINTS DAY +

November 03, 2024

982 BLEST ARE THEY



1 Blest are they, the poor in spir - it; Theirs is the
2 Blest are they, the low - ly ones; They shall in -
3 Blest are they who show mer - cy; Mer - cy
4 Blest are they who seek peace; They are the
5 Blest are you who suf - fer hate, All be -



king - dom of God. Blest are they, full of
her - it the earth. Blest are they who hun - ger and
shall be theirs. Blest are they, the pure of
chil - dren of God. Blest are they who suf - fer in
cause of Me. Re - joi - ce and be glad, yours is the



sor - row; They shall be con - soled.
thirst; They shall have their fill.
heart; They shall see God!
faith; The glo - ry of God is theirs.
king - dom; Shine for all to see.



Re - joi - ce and be glad! Bless - ed are you,



ho - ly are you. Re - joi - ce and be glad! Yours is the



king - dom of God.

Text and tune: David Haas, 1957

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677 FOR ALL THE SAINTS

sts. 1-6



1 For all the saints who from their la - bors rest,
 2 Thou wast their rock, their for - tress, and their might;
 3 Oh, may Thy sol - diers, faith - ful, true, and bold,
 4 Oh, blest com - mu - nion, fel - low - ship di - vine!



Who 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 - bly strug - gle, they in glo - ry shine; Yet



name, O Je - sus, be for - ev - er blest.
 Thou, in the dark - ness drear, their 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!
 Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!
 Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!
 Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

5 And when the fight 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 The golden evening brightens in the west;
 Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest;
 Sweet is the calm of paradise the blest.
 Alleluia! Alleluia!

Text: William W. How, 1823-97, alt.

Tune: Ralph Vaughan Williams, 1872-1958

Text and tune: Public domain

932 JESUS SAT WITH HIS DISCIPLES



1 Je - sus sat with His dis - ci - ples On a
 2 "Bless-ed are the meek and hum - ble, All the
 3 "Bless-ed are God's sons and daugh - ters, Mak - ing



moun - tain - side one day; As the crowds of peo-ple
 earth to them is willed. Those who hun - ger to be
 peace where there is strife. Bless - ed are the per - se -



gath - ered, He be - gan to teach and say:
 ho - ly, They are bless'd and will be filled.
 cut - ed, Who for righ - teous-ness lose life;



"Bless-ed are the poor in spir - it, Heav - en's
 Yes, the mer - ci - ful are bless - ed, Mer - cy
 Their re - ward is great in heav - en, In the



king - dom they will share. Bless-ed are the sad and
 will to them be shown. And the pure in heart are
 king - dom up a - bove— So be glad to share My



mourn - ing, Joy and com - fort will be theirs.
 bless - ed, They have eyes for God a - lone.
 suf - f'ring And re - joice to know My love."

Text: Stephen P. Starke, 1955

Tune: Marty Haugen, 1950

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563 JESUS, THY BLOOD AND RIGHTEOUSNESS



1 Je - sus, Thy blood and righ - teous - ness My beau - ty
 2 Bold shall I stand in that great day, Cleansed and re -
 3 Lord, I be - lieve Thy pre - cious blood, Which at the
 4 Lord, I be - lieve, were sin - ners more Than sands up -



are, my glo - rious dress; Midst flam - ing worlds, in
 deemed, no debt to pay; Ful - ly ab - solved through
 mer - cy seat of God Pleads for the cap - tives'
 on the o - cean shore, Thou hast for all a



these ar - rayed, With joy shall I lift up my head.
 these I am From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.
 lib - er - ty, Was al - so shed in love for me.
 ran - som paid, For all a full a - tone - ment made.

- 5 When from the dust of death I rise
 To claim my mansion in the skies,
 This then shall be my only plea:
 Jesus hath lived and died for me.
- 6 Jesus, be endless praise to Thee,
 Whose boundless mercy hath for me,
 For me, and all Thy hands have made,
 An everlasting ransom paid.

Text: Nicolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf, 1700-60; tr. John B. Wesley, 1703-91, alt.
 Tune: George J. Elvey, 1816-93
 Text and tune: Public domain

677 FOR ALL THE SAINTS

sts. 7-8



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 - um - phant 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!
 Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

Text: William W. How, 1823-97, alt.
 Tune: Ralph Vaughan Williams, 1872-1958
 Text and tune: Public domain