**I Sing a Song of the Saints of God**

I sing a song of the saints of God,

patient and faithful too

who toiled and served and lived and died

for the Lord they loved and knew.

And one was a doctor, and one fought fires,

and one was a sparky there fixing wires:

they were all of them saints , seemed never got tired

God help me to be one too.

They loved their Lord with all their heart

and God’s love - it made them strong;

and they followed the right, for Jesus’ sake,

the whole of their good lives long.

And one was a painter, and one taught at school

and one was a builder with all their tools

and there’s not any reason, not any rules

why I shouldn’t be one too.

They lived not only in ages past;

there are hundreds of thousands still;

the world is bright with the joyful saints

who love to do Jesus’ will.

You can meet them in school, on the street, in the store

in the church, at the beach, in the house next door;

They are saints of God, whether rich, whether poor

and I want to be one too!

*Lesbia Scott*   
adapted by David MACGREGOR

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