

All Saints Service Lyrics

November 1, 2020

*Materials to be used only with Franconia United Methodist Church's virtual services
and adhere with published licensing guidelines.*

For All the Saints

For all the saints who from their labors rest,
who thee by faith before the world confessed,
thy name, O Jesus, be forever blest.
Alleluia! Alleluia!

Thou wast their rock, their fortress, and their might;
thou, Lord, their captain in the well-fought fight;
thou, in the darkness drear, their one true light.
Alleluia! Alleluia!

O may thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
and win with them the victor's crown of gold.
Alleluia! Alleluia!

Be Still

Be still and know that I am God.
Be still and know that I am with you.
Be still and know that I will comfort you
When you come to me in your hour of
need.

Be still and know that I am God
Be still and know that I am here for you;
And I will wipe your tears;
You will be renewed.

Come unto Me, My child, be still,
And know that I will give you rest.
I am present in your pain
And I always will remain
Your Comforter and Friend.

Be still and know that I am God.
Be still and know that I am with you.
Be still and know that I will come to you
In your hour of need.

Be still and know that I am God
Be still and know that I am here for you;
And I will wipe your tears;
You will be renewed.

My Peace I leave with you;
My Peace I give unto you.
Peace. Peace. Peace.

Be still and know that I am God.
Be still.

In Unity We Lift Our Song

1 In unity we lift our song
of grateful adoration,
for brothers brave and sisters strong.
What cause for celebration!
For those whose faithfulness
has kept us through distress,
who've shared with us our plight,
who've held us in the night,
the blessed congregation.

2 For stories told and told again
to every generation,
to give us strength in time of pain,
to give us consolation.
Our spirits to revive
to keep our dreams alive,
when we are far from home
and evil seasons come;
how firm is our foundation.

3 For sacred scriptures handed down,
a blessed trust and treasure,
which give us hope when hope is gone
and make us weep with pleasure.
And when our eyes grow blind
and death is close behind,
we shall recite them still
whose words our hearts can fill
with hope beyond all measure.

4 For God our way, our bread, our rest,
of all these gifts the Giver.
Our strength, our guide, our nurturing breast
whose hand will yet deliver.
Who keeps us till the day
when night shall pass away,
when hate and fear are gone
and all our work is done,
and we shall sing forever.

Come, Let Us Join Our Friends Above

Come, let us join our friends above
who have obtained the prize,
and on the eagle wings of love
to joys celestial rise.

Let saints on earth unite to sing
with those to glory gone,
for all the servants of our King
in earth and heaven are one.

One family we dwell in him,
one church above, beneath,
though now divided by the stream,
the narrow stream of death;
one army of the living God,
to his command we bow;
part of his host have crossed the flood,
and part are crossing now.

Ten thousand to their endless home
this solemn moment fly,
and we are to the margin come,
and we expect to die.
E'en now by faith we join our hands
with those that went before,
and greet the blood-besprinkled bands
on the eternal shore.

Our spirits too shall quickly join,
like theirs with glory crowned,
and shout to see our Captain's sign,
to hear this trumpet sound.
O that we now might grasp our Guide!
O that the word were given!
Come, Lord of Hosts, the waves divide,
and land us all in heaven.