

445

Lift Your Head, O Martyrs, Weeping

Deut. 31:6; Ps. 36:7; Matt. 8:23-26

Károly Jeszensky, 1890; based on a hymn by
Pauli Joachim (1636-1708); transl. William Tóth, 1938
Adapt. Theodore S. Horvath, 1994

1 Lift your heads, O mar-tyrs, weep - ing, God our Mak - er
2 Though the storms may rage and roil . . . o'er the vast and
3 Though the hills and vales be riv - en, once con-ceived by
4 Though in chains you now are griev - ing, though a tor - tured

still does reign! You are dai - ly in God's keep - ing,
fear - ful sea, Though you cry from wretch-ed toil, . . .
God's own hand, Though the signs of earth and heav - en
slave you die, Mar - tyrs, if you die be - liev - ing,

God is with you in your pain. Rise and be of val - iant heart,
"O my Sav - ior, res - cue me!" Though it seems that God does sleep,
sig - nal doom in ev - ery land, Yet, O mar - tyrs, have no fear;
heav-en's path shall o - pen lie. Up - ward gaze and trust a - new,

and with cour-age bear your part; Soon a - gain God's
hope and trust in God still keep; Calm your hearts though
ev - er is your help - er near; God has sought you,
God has not for - sak - en you; You are God's own

arms will fold you to God's lov - ing heart and hold you.
they be quak - ing, God is faith - ful, none for - sak - ing.
God has found you; God's pro - tec - tive wings sur-round you.
peo - ple, sure - ly God will fold God's own se - cure - ly.

For All the Saints

First Tune

William W. How, 1823-1897, alt.

SINE NOMINE 10.10.10.4.

R. Vaughan Williams, 1872-1958

In unison

1 For all the saints who from their labors rest, Who thee by faith be-
 2 Thou wast their rock, their fortress, and their might: Thou, Lord, their captain
 3 O may thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold, Fight as the saints who
 4 O blest communion, fellowship divine! We feebly struggle,
 5 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long, Steals on the ear the

fore the world confessed, Thy name, O Jesus, be forever blest.
 in the well-fought fight; Thou, in the darkness drear, their one true light.
 nobly fought of old, And win with them the victor's crown of gold.
 they in glory shine; Yet all are one in thee, for all are thine.
 distant triumph song, And hearts are brave a gain, and arms are strong.

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! A-men.

Unison

1 I sing a song of the saints of God, . . . faith-ful their whole lives
 2 They loved their God and they lived that love. It was lov-ing that made them
 3 They lived not on-ly in a-ges past, there are hun-dreds of thou-sands

through, who brave-ly la-bored, lived, and died for the God they
 strong. They did what was right, for Je-sus' sake, lived just-ly their
 still. The world is filled with liv-ing saints who choose to

loved and knew. And one was a doc-tor, and one was a queen, and an-
 whole lives long. And one was a proph-et, and one was a priest, and an-
 do God's will. You can meet them in school, on the road, or at sea, in a

oth-er a shep-herd in pas-tures green: they were saints of God, if you
 oth-er was slain by a fierce wild beast: there is no earth-ly rea-son,
 church, in a train, in a shop, or at tea: for the saints are folk like

know what I mean. God, help me to be one, too.
 none in the least, why I should-n't be one, too.
 you and like me, and I mean to be one, too.