



1. Sing with all the saints in glo - ry, Sing the res - ur -  
2. Oh, what glo - ry, far ex - ceed - ing All that eye has

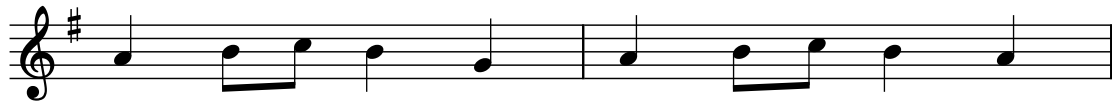
*Introit.* Lord you have be - come my strong-hold, The pro - tec - tor



rec - tion song! Death and sor - row, earth's dark sto - ry,  
yet per - ceived! Ho - liest hearts for ag - es plead - ing  
of my life; To a place of hope and free - dom,



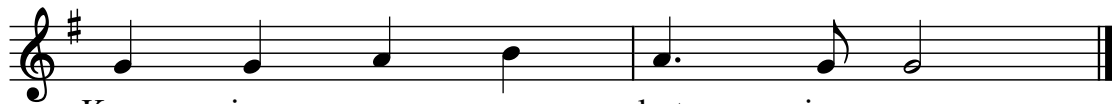
To the form - er days be - long. All a - round the  
Nev - er that full joy con - ceived. God has prom - ised,  
You have saved my soul from strife. I will there - fore



clouds are break - ing; Soon the storms of  
Christ pre - pares it; There on high our  
al - ways love you, Lord, my strength and



time shall cease; In God's like - ness we a - wak - en,  
wel - come waits. Ev - 'ry hum - ble spi - rit shares it,  
sur - e - ty; God is my sup - port and ref - uge,



Know - ing ev - er - last - ing peace.  
Christ has passed th'e - ter - nal gates.  
Guard - ian of my lib - er - ty.

*Text: William J. Irons, 1873. Psalm 18: 19, 20, 2, 3; Factus est Dominus; Introit, Ordinary Time 8; adapted Greg Heislman, © 2017.*  
*Tune: HYMN TO JOY, 8 7 8 7 D; Ludwig van Beethoven*