1. All saints? How can it be? Can it be me, holy and good, walking with God?

How can we say that we’re all saints? O that we could!
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   Can it be me,  
   holy and good,  
   walking with God?  
   How can we say that we’re all saints?  
   O that we could!

2. All saints! — Crucified love  
   sings from above  
   what it will do  
   making us new,  
   naming and claiming us “all saints,”  
   till it comes true.

3. Some Saints touch the divine,  
   and as they shine,  
   candles at night,  
   holy and bright,  
   gladden the spirits of all saints,  
   giving us light.

4. All saints stumble and fall.  
   God, loving all,  
   knowing our shame,  
   longs to reclaim:  
   standing or falling we’re all saints.  
   Treasure the name!

5. Come, saints, crowds who have gone  
   beckon us on,  
   hindrances shed,  
   joy in our tread,  
   one in the Spirit with all saints,  
   looking ahead.

Brian Wren,  
for the parish of All Saints, Hunters Hill,  
New South Wales, Australia.