

WE come unto our fathers' God:
Their Rock is our salvation:
The eternal arms, their dear abode,
We make our habitation:
We bring Thee, Lord, the praise they brought;
We seek Thee as Thy saints have sought
In every generation.

- 2 The fire divine, their steps that led,
Still brightly shines before us;
The heavenly shield, around them spread,
Is still held high, above us:
The grace those sinners that subdued,
The strength those weaklings that renewed,
Still humbles and restores us.
- 3 The cleaving sins that brought them low
Are still our souls oppressing;
The tears that from their eyes did flow
Fall still, our shame confessing;
As with Thee, Lord, prevailed their cry,
So our strong prayer ascends on high,
And gains for us Thy blessing.
- 4 Their joy unto their Lord we bring;
Their song to us descendeth:
The Spirit Who in them did sing
To us His music lendeth.
His song in them, in us, is one;
We raise it high, we send it on—
The song that never endeth!

PTO

5 Ye saints to come, take up the strain,
The same sweet theme endeavour!
Unbroken be the golden chain!
Keep on the song for ever!
Safe in the same dear dwelling-place,
Rich with the same eternal grace,
Bless the same boundless Giver!

Thomas Hornblower Gill, 1819-1906