

God of our fathers, unto thee

A.M. Goodhart

Etona  
88.88.88.88.88

God of our fathers, unto Thee  
Our fathers cried in danger's hour,  
And then Thou gavest them to see  
The acts of Thine almighty power.  
They cried to Thee, and Thou didst hear;  
They called on Thee, and Thou didst save;  
And we their sons today draw near  
Thy name to praise, Thy help to crave.

Thine is the majesty, O Lord,  
And Thine dominion over all;  
When Thou commandest, at Thy word  
Great kings and nations rise or fall.  
For eastern realms, for western coasts,  
For islands washed by every sea,  
The praise be giv'n, O God of hosts,  
Not unto us, but unto Thee.

If in Thy grace Thou should'st allow  
Our fame to wax through coming days,  
Still grant us humbly, then as now,  
Thy help to crave, Thy name to praise.  
Not all alike in speech or birth,  
Alike we bow before Thy throne;  
One fatherland throughout the earth  
Our Father's noble acts we own.

Refrain

Refrain

*Refrain*

*Lord God of hosts, uplift Thine hand,  
Protect and bless our fatherland.*

Arthur Ainger