We come unto our father's God



We come unto our fathers' God, Their Rock is our Salvation; Th'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.

The fire divine their steps that led Still goeth bright before us; The heavenly shield around them spread Is still high holden o'er us; The grace those sinners that subdued, The strength those weaklings that renewed, Doth vanquish, doth restore us. 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.

Ye saints to come, take up the strain, The same sweet theme endeavor; Unbroken be the golden chain! Keep on the song forever! Safe in the same dear dwelling place, Rich with the same eternal grace, Bless the same boundless Giver.

Thomas H. Gill