Thomas Hornblower Gill

We come unto our fathers' God

Joseph Barnby



- 1. 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 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.
- 3. The cleaving sins that brought them low Are still our souls oppressing; The tears that from their eyes did flow Fall fast, our shame confessing; As with Thee, Lord, prevailed their cry, So our strong prayer ascends on high, And bringeth down 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!
- 5. Ye saints of God, take up the strain The same sweet theme endeavour! Unbroken be the golden chain! Ring out the song for ever! Safe in the same dear dwelling-place, Rich with the same eternal grace, Bless the same boundless Giver!