God Of Our Fathers, Known Of Old

KIPLING 8s, 6 Lines.

1. God of our fathers, known of old—Lord of our far-flung battle-line—Beneath Whose awful Hand we hold

2. The tumult and the shouting dies—The captains and the kings depart—Still stands Thine ancient Sacrifice,
sinks the fire—Lo, all our pomp of yester-day

3. Far-called our navies melt away—On dune and headland Thee in awe—Such boasting as the Gentiles use iron shard—All valiant dust that builds on dust,

4. If, drunk with sight of pow’r, we loose Wild tongues that have not

5. For heathen heart that puts her trust In reeking tube and

Dominion o’er palm and pine—Lord God of Hosts, be
An humble and a contrite heart. Lord God of Hosts, be
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre! Judge of the Nations,
Or lesser breeds without the Law—Lord God of Hosts, be
And guarding calls not Thee to guard—For frantic boast and

with us yet, Lest we forget—lest we forget!
with us yet, Lest we forget—lest we forget!
spare us yet, Lest we forget—lest we forget!
with us yet, Lest we forget—lest we forget!
foolish word, Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord! Amen.

Words: Rudyard Kipling
Music: Frank N. Shepperd, 1899