God of Our Fathers, Known of Old

Words: Rudyard Kipling, 1897
Music: George F. Blanchard, 1898

1. God of our fathers, known of old, Lord of our far-flung battle line, Beneath whose awful hand we hold Dominion o'er palm and pine: Lord God of hosts, be with us yet, 1–4. Lest we forget, Lest we forget.

2. The tumult and the shouting dies; The captains and the kings depart; Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice, An humble and a contrite heart: Lord God of hosts, be with us yet, Judge of the nations, spare us yet, Tyre! Judge of the nations, spare us yet, and calls not Thee to guard; For frantic boast and foolish word, calls not Thee to guard; For frantic boast and foolish word,

3. Far-called our navies melt away, On dune and headland sinks the fire; Lo, all the pomp of yester-day is one with Thee in awe, Such boasting as the Gentiles use Or lesser i - ron shard; All val - iant dust that builds on dust, And, guarding,

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

5. For he - then heart that puts her trust In reek - ing tube and

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