

Father of All, from Land and Sea  
Christopher Wordsworth, 1871.  
Henry Gauntlett, 1871.

Father of all, from land and sea  
The nations sing, "Thine, Lord, are we,  
Countless in number, but in Thee  
May we be one."

O Son of God, whose love so free  
For men did make Thee man to be,  
United to our God in Thee  
May we be one.

Thou, Lord didst once for all atone;  
Thee may both Jew and Gentile own  
Of their two walls the corner stone,  
Making them one.

In Thee we are God's Israel,  
Thou art the world's Emmanuel,  
In Thee the saints forever dwell,  
Millions but one.

Thou art the fountain of all good,  
Cleansing with Thy most precious blood,  
And feeding us with angels' food,  
Making us one.

Join high and low, join young and old  
In love that never waxes cold;  
Under one shepherd, in one fold,  
Make us all one.

O Spirit blest, who from above,  
Cam'st gently gliding like a dove  
Calm all our strife, give faith and love;  
O make us one.

O Trinity in Unity,  
One only God, in Persons Three,  
Dwell ever in our hearts; like Thee  
May we be one.

So, when the world shall pass away,  
May we awake with joy and say,  
"Now in the bliss of endless day  
We all are one."