

For the Might of Thine Arm

Charles Horne, 1909.

Irish tune.

For the might of Thine arm we bless Thee, our God, our fathers' God;  
Thou hast kept Thy pilgrim people by the strength of Thy staff and rod;  
Thou hast called us to the journey which faithless feet ne'er trod;  
For the might of Thine arm we bless Thee, our God, our fathers' God.

For the love of Christ constraining, that bound their hearts as one;  
For the faith in truth and freedom in which their work was done;  
For the peace of God's evangel wherewith their feet were shod;  
For the might of Thine arm we bless Thee, our God, our fathers' God.

We are watchers of a beacon whose light must never die;  
We are guardians of an altar that shows Thee ever nigh;  
We are children of Thy freemen who sleep beneath the sod;  
For the might of Thine arm we bless Thee, our God, our fathers' God.

May the shadow of Thy presence around our camp be spread;  
Baptize us with the courage Thou gavest to our dead;  
O keep us in the pathway their saintly feet have trod;  
For the might of Thine arm we bless Thee, our God, our fathers' God.