

God of the Nations, Who Hast Led
Frederick Edwards, 1906.
Horatio Parker, 1918.

God of the nations, who hast led
Thy children since the world began,
Through doubt and struggle, pain and tears,
Unfolding Thy eternal plan;
From countless hilltops as of old
The fire upon the altar flares;
Through countless rites, in countless tongues,
Men offer their imperfect prayers;
Hasten the time of our release,
Bring in Thy reign of truth and peace.

O Jesus Christ, incarnate Son,
Who bore our flesh that men might see
The vision of the perfect life
Fashioned in their humanity;
By all Thy words of heavenly truth,
By all Thy deeds of mercy wrought,
By all the passion of Thy cross,
By the redemption Thou hast brought;
Hasten the time of our release,
Bring in Thy reign of truth and peace.

O Holy Spirit, who dost touch
The prophets with Thy sacred fire
Eternal wisdom to whose light
All seekers after truth aspire;
Behold the warring sons of men,
The helpless by the strong oppressed,
The truth with error still concealed,
The evil grudgingly confessed;
Hasten the time of our release,
Bring in Thy reign of truth and peace.

O God triune, Thy Church today
In penitence before Thee kneels
Mourning her years of slothful ease,
Her deafness to the world's appeals;
Divided where she should be one,
Enamored of a lesser strife,
Tithing the mint and cummin while
Men perish for the Bread of Life;
Hasten the time of our release,
Bring in Thy reign of truth and peace.

Restore to us the vision, Lord,
Descend with fires of Pentecost;
Our tongues unloose, our hearts inflame,
To preach the Gospel to the lost:
Here at Thy feet our prayer is made,
Here life and wealth we dedicate;
Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done,
Lord, Thy anointing we await;
Hasten the time of our release,
Bring in Thy reign of truth and peace.