

O'er the Trackless Ocean Guided

William Adams, 1917.

John Zundel, 1870.

O'er the trackless ocean guided
By Thy hand our fathers came;
They, O Lord, in Thee confided,
Loved Thy day, revered Thy name;
Nor would we, their faith despising,
False to their devotion be,
But, on wings of pray'r arising,
Lift our contrite hearts to Thee.

In the new land, wild and lonely,
Rude the homes which they upraised;
There they sought unto Thee only,
There Thy love and mercy praise;
In our fairer habitations,
May their zeal in us increase,
While Thy gracious consolations
Prove our everlasting peace.

Destined for their fathers' places,
Age on until the end,
Keep, O keep, our children's faces
Turned to Thee, our changeless Friend;
And may all who boon of Heaven
Now or evermore shall crave,
Know on earth Thy blessing given,
Glory find beyond the grave.