

O God of Truth  
Thomas Hughes, 1859.  
Ralph Courteville, 1696.

O God of truth, whose living Word  
Upholds whate'er hath breath,  
Look down on Thy creation, Lord,  
Enslaved by sin and death.

Set up Thy standard, Lord, that we,  
Who claim a heavenly birth,  
May march with Thee to smite the lies  
That vex Thy groaning earth.

Ah! would we join that blest array,  
And follow in the might  
Of Him, the Faithful and the True,  
In raiment clean and white!

We fight for truth, we fight for God,  
Poor slaves of lies and sin!  
He who would fight for Thee on earth  
Must first be true within.

Then, God of truth, for whom we long,  
Thou who wilt hear our prayer,  
Do Thine own battle in our hearts,  
And slay the falsehood there.

Still smite; still burn; till naught is left  
But God's own truth and love;  
Then, Lord, as morning dew come down,  
Rest on us from above.

Yes, come: then, tried as in the fire,  
From every lie set free,  
Thy perfect truth shall dwell in us,  
And we shall live in Thee.