

Hymn Lyrics

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Our Father, by whose servants

Our Father, by whose servants
our house was built of old,
whose hand hath crowned her children
with blessing manifold,
for thine unfailing mercies
far-strewn along our way,
with all who passed before us,
we praise thy Name today.

The changeful years unresting
their silent course have sped,
new comrades ever bringing
in comrades' steps to tread;
and some are long forgotten,
long spent their hopes and fears;
safe rest they in thy keeping,
who changest not with years.

They reap not where they labored;
we reap what they have sown;
our harvest may be garnered
by ages yet unknown.
The days of old have dowered us
with gifts beyond all praise;
our Father, make us faithful
to serve the coming days.

Before us and beside us,
still holden in thine hand
a cloud unseen of witness,
our elder comrades stand:
one family unbroken,
we join, with one acclaim,
one heart, one voice uplifting
to glorify thy Name.

(1875 - 1959) 1920