God Of Our Fathers, Known Of Old

KIPLING 8s, 6 Lines.

With motion and accent

1. God of our fathers, known of old—Lord of our far-flung
   battle-line—Beneath Whose awful Hand we hold
   Do—min—ion o—ver palm and pine—Lord God of Hosts, be
   with us yet, Lest we for-get—lest we for-get!

2. The tumult and the shouting dies—The captains and the kings
de—part—Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
   An humble and a contrite heart. Lord God of Hosts, be
   with us yet, Lest we for-get—lest we for-get!

3. Far—called our navies melt away—On dune and head—land
   sinks the fire—Lo, all our pomp of yester—day
   Or less—er breeds without the Law—Lord God of Hosts, be
   spare us yet, Lest we for-get—lest we for-get!

4. If, drunk with sight of pow’r, we lose Wild tongues that have not
   iron shard—All valiant dust that builds on dust,
   Is one with Nineveh and Tyre! Judge of the Na—tions,
   with us yet, Lest we for-get—lest we for-get!

5. For hea—then heart that puts her trust In reeking tube and
   i—ron shard—All valiant dust that builds on dust,
   And guard—ing calls not Thee to guard—For frantic boast and
   spare us yet, Lest we for-get—lest we for-get!

Words: Rudyard Kipling
Music: Frank N. Shepperd, 1899