Faith Of Our Fathers

1. Faith of our fathers! living still, In spite of dungeon,
   Fire, and sword; O how our hearts beat high with joy.
   When 'er we hear that glorious word:
   Holy faith! We will be true to thee till death!

2. Our fathers, chained in prisons dark, Were still in heart and conscience free;
   How sweet would be their children's fate, If they, like them, could die for thee! Faith of our fathers,
   By kindly words and virtuous life:

3. Faith of our fathers! we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife; And preach thee, too, as love knows how,
   Chorus
   We will be true to thee till death!

Words by Frederick W. Faber
Music by Henri F. Hemy / Arrangement by James G. Walton