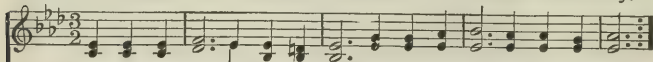


God of Our Fathers.

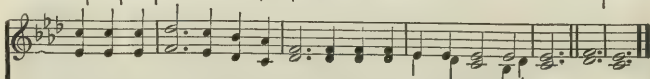
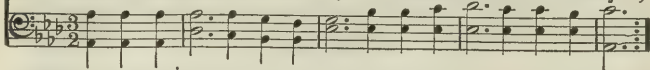
Rudyard Kipling.

Selena. L. M. 6l.

Isaac B. Woodbury.



1. { God of our fa-thers, known of old, Lord of our far-flung bat-tle line, }
 { Be-neath whose aw-ful hand we hold Do-min-ion o-ver palm and pine: }
2. { The tu-mult and the shout-ing dies, The cap-tains and the kings de-part; }
 { Still stands Thine ancient sac-ri-fice, An hum-ble and a con-trite heart. }
3. { Far called our na-vies melt a-way, On dune and headland sinks the fire, }
 { To all our pomp of yes-ter-day Is one with Nin-e-veh and Tyre. }



Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, Lest we for-get, lest we for - get.

Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, Lest we for-get, lest we for - get.

Judge of the nations, spare us yet, Lest we for-get, lest we for - get. A-MEN.

