1 God of our fathers, whose almighty hand
leads forth in beauty all the story band
past, in this free land by thee our lot is cast;

2 Thy love divine hath led us in the lore,
be thy strong arm our ever sure defense;

3 From war's alarms, from deadly pestilence,
way, lead us from night to never-ending day;

4 Refresh thy people on their toilsome way,
of shining worlds in splendor through the skies,
thy true religion in our hearts increase,

Words: Daniel Crane Roberts (1841-1907)