

Faith Of Our Fathers

Bing Crosby

Faith of our fathers, living still,
In spite of dungeon, fire and sword;
O how our hearts beat high with joy
Whene'er we hear that glorious Word!

(Faith of our fathers, holy faith)
(We will be true to thee till death)

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, holy faith)
(We will be true to thee till death)

Faith of our fathers, we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife;
And preach Thee, too, as love knows how
By kindly words and virtuous life.

(Faith of our fathers, holy faith!)
(We will be true to thee till death)