

## LEST WE FORGET.

## RECESSIONAL.

Words by RUDYARD KIPLING.

Music by WILLIAM SELBY.

*mf* 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—

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

2

*mp* The tumult and the shouting dies—  
The Captains and the Kings depart—  
*cres* Still stands thine ancient sacrifice  
An humble and a contrite heart.  
*mp* Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget—lest we forget !

3

Far called our navies melt away—  
On dune and headland sinks the fire,  
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday  
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre !  
Judge of the nations, spare us yet,  
Lest we forget—lest we forget !

4

*mf* If, drunk with sight of power, we loose  
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe—  
Such boasting as the Gentiles use  
Or lesser breeds without the law ;  
*mp* Lord God of Hosts be with us yet,  
Lest we forget—lest we forget !

5

*mf* For heathen heart that puts her trust  
In reeking tube and iron shard—  
All valiant dust that builds on dust  
And guarding calls not Thee to guard—  
*cr.* For frantic boast and foolish word  
*mp* Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord !

—Rudyard Kipling in *London Times*.