Trumpets, before each stanza

God of our fathers, Thy love divine hath From war's alarms, From refresh thy people

whose almighty hand leads forth in beauty all the stars led us in the past, in this free land by thee our lot is dead-ly pes-ti-ence, be thy strong arm our ev-er sure de-on their toil-some way. lead us from night to nev-er-end-ing

band of shin-ing worlds in splen-dor through the skies, cast; be thou our ru-ler, guard-ian, guide, and stay. fense; thy true re-li-gion in our hearts in-crease, day; fill all our lives with love and grace di-vine,

our grate-ful songs be-fore thy throne a-rise. thy word our law, thy paths our cho-sen way. thy boun-teous good-ness nour-ish us in peace. and glo-ry, laud, and praise be ev-er thine.