Faith of Our Fathers

1 Faith of our fathers, living still in spite of dungeon,
fie, and sword. Oh, how our hearts beat high with joy

2 The martyrs, chained in prisons dark, were still in heart and
conscience free; and blest would be their children’s fate

3 Faith of our fathers! We will love both friend and foe in
all our strife; proclaim thee too, as love knows how,

Refrain

when-e’er we hear that glorious word.
if they, like them, should die for thee. Faith of our fathers,

by saving word and faithful life.

holy faith, we will be true to you till death.

Text: Frederick W. Faber, 1814–1863, alt