Our Fathers, Lord, to Seek a Spot

Doh is F · 4/4 Tune: ST. FLAVIAN

| d - | d - t, - d - m - | r - r - d - d - |
Our fathers, Lord, to seek a spot Where

| f - m - d - r - | m - - - - - m - |
they might kneel to thee, Their

| m - f - s - m - | d - r - m - m - |
own fair heri- tage forgot, And

| r - d - d - t, - | d - - - - - |
braved an unknown sea.

The other verses

2 Here found their pilgrim souls repose
Where long the heathen roved;
And here their humble anthems rose
To bless the Power they loved.

3 They sleep in dust, — but where they trod,
A feeble, fainting band,
Glad millions catch the strain, O God,
And sound it through the land.

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