

Hymns

I Vow to Thee My Country

I vow to thee, my country, all earthly things above,
Entire and whole and perfect, the service of my love;
The love that asks no question, the love that stands the test,
That lays upon the altar the dearest and the best;
The love that never falters, the love that pays the price,
The love that makes undaunted the final sacrifice.

I heard my country calling, away across the sea,
Across the waste of waters she calls and calls to me.
Her sword is girded at her side, her helmet on her head,
And round her feet are lying the dying and the dead.
I hear the noise of battle, the thunder of her guns,
I haste to thee my mother, a son among thy sons.

And there's another country, I've heard of long ago,
Most dear to them that love her, most great to them that know;
We may not count her armies, we may not see her King;
Her fortress is a faithful heart, her pride is suffering;
And soul by soul and silently her shining bounds increase.



Lord of the Universe and Space

This hymn is traditionally sung to the tune of the Naval Hymn, "Eternal Father, strong to save."

Lord of the Universe and Space
Creator of the human race,
Whose stars took place within Your plan
Before our time on earth began.
Be with us, Father, as we rise
To brave the challenge of the skies

Lord of the Heavens, by Whose might
Mankind has learned the skill of flight,
To span the world from land to land
Released from earth's restraining hand,
Be with us, Father, as we rise
To brave the challenge of the skies

Through sunlit days and darkest night,
We dare to face the risks of flight.
In speeding craft we soar to fly
On hidden highways in the sky.
Be with us, Father, as we rise
To brave the challenge of the skies

We thank You, Father, for the days
Of golden dawns and sunsets' rays
Accept our praise, O Lord we pray
And guide us on Your chosen way.
Be with us, Father, as we rise
To brave the challenge of the skies.



God is Strength and Refuge

This hymn is sung to the tune of the Dambusters.

God is our strength and refuge,
Our present help in trouble;
and we therefore will not fear,
though the earth should change!
Though mountains shake and tremble,
though swirling floods are raging,
God the Lord of hosts is with us evermore!

There is a flowing river,
Within God's holy city;
God is in the midst of her -
she shall not be moved!
God's help is swiftly given,
thrones vanish at his presence -
God the Lord of hosts is with us evermore!

Come, see the works of our maker,
learn of His deeds all powerful;
wars will cease across the world
when He shatters the spear!
Be still and know your creator,
uplift Him in the nations -
God the Lord of hosts is with us evermore!



The Airman's Hymn

O Ruler of the earth and sky
Be with our airmen when they fly;
And keep them in Thy loving care
Amid the perils of the air.

O let our cry come unto Thee
For those who fly o'er land and sea.

Strong son of man, save those who fly
Swift-winged across the unchartered sky;
Each anxious hour and lonely flight
Serenely challenged, day and night.
O'er land and ocean safely bear
All those in peril in the air.

O Holy Spirit, God's own power,
Give peace in sudden danger's hour
Bring calm of heart and be Thou near
To those who watch and those who fear.

To Thee will rise the grateful prayer
Of those who serve Thee in the air.
O Trinity of love and grace,
True guide of all who fly through space;
In peace or war, mid friend or foe,
Be with them whereso'er they go.
So shall our praise with heaven blend
And joyful hearts to Thee ascend.

O Valiant Hearts

O valiant hearts who to your glory came
Through dust of conflict and through battle flame;
Tranquil you lie, your knightly virtue loved,
Your memory hallowed in the land you loved.

Proudly you gathered, rank on rank, to war
As who had heard God's message from afar;
All you had hoped for, all you had, you gave,
To save mankind—yourselves you scorned to save.

Splendid you passed, the great surrender made;
Into the light that nevermore shall fade;
Deep your contentment in that blest abode,
Who wait the last clear trumpet call of God.

Long years ago, as earth lay dark and still,
Rose a loud cry upon a lonely hill,
While in the frailty of our human clay,
Christ, our Redeemer, passed the self same way.

Still stands His Cross from that dread hour to this,
Like some bright star above the dark abyss;
Still, through the veil, the Victor's pitying eyes
Look down to bless our lesser Calvaries.

These were His servants, in His steps they trod,
Following through death the martyred Son of
God: Victor, He rose; victorious too shall rise
They who have drunk His cup of sacrifice.

O risen Lord, O Shepherd of our dead,
Whose cross has bought them and Whose staff
has led,
In glorious hope their proud and sorrowing land
Commits her children to Thy gracious hand.