

Faith of our fathers! living still
in spite of dungeon, fire and sword;
oh, how our hearts beat high with joy
whene'er we hear that glorious word!

*Faith of our fathers! Holy Faith!
We will be true to thee till death,
we will be true to thee till death.*

Our fathers, chained in prisons dark,
were still in dark and conscious free;
how sweet would be their children's fate,
if they, like them, could die for thee!

Faith of our fathers, Mary's prayers
shall win our country back to thee;
and through the truth, that comes from God
We all shall then indeed be free.

Faith of our fathers, we will love
both friends and foe in all our strife,
and preach thee too, as love knows how,
by kindly words and virtuous life.