

O Great Saint David, still we hear thee call on us,  
unto a life that knows no fear of death;  
yea, down the ages, will thy words enthral us,  
strong happy words: 'Be joyful, keep the faith.'

*On Cambria's sons stretch out thy hands in blessing;  
For our dear land thy help we now implore.  
Lead us to God, with humble hearts confessing  
Jesus, Lord and King for evermore.*

Christ was the centre rock of all thy teaching,  
God's holy will - the splendour of its theme.  
His grace informed, His love inflamed thy preaching;  
Christ's sway on earth, the substance of thy dream.

*On Cambria's sons ...*

In early childhood, choosing Jesus only,  
thy fervour showed His yoke was light and sweet!  
And thus for thee, life's journey was not lonely -  
the path made plain by prints of wounded feet.

*On Cambria's sons ...*

O glorious saint, we wander in the dark;  
with thee we seek our trusted guide in Rome.  
Help him to steer on earth Saint Peter's barque,  
that we may safely reach our heavenly home.

*On Cambria's sons ...*