

O Great Saint David, still we hear thee call 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 ...