Forget them not, O Christ, who stand



Forget the not, O Christ, who stand Thy vanguard in the distant land.

In flood, in flame, in dark, in dread, Sustain, we pray, each lifted head.

Exalt them over every fear, In peril come Thyself more near.

Thine is the work they strive to do, Their foes so many, they so few.

Be with Thine own, Thy loved, who stand, Christ's vanguard, in the storm swept land.

Margaret Elizabeth Sangster

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