

Forward! be our watchword

Caradog Roberts, 1878-1935

Rachie
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Forward! be our watchword, steps and voices joined;
Seek the things before us, not a look behind;
Burns the fiery pillar at our army's head;
Who shall dream of shrinking, by our Captain led?
Forward through the desert, through the toil and fight;
Jordan flows before us; Zion beams with light.

Forward! flock of Jesus, salt of all the earth,
Till each yearning purpose spring to glorious birth:
Sick, they ask for healing; blind, they grope for day;
Pour upon the nations wisdom's loving ray.
Forward, out of error, leave behind the night;
Forward through the darkness, forward into light!

Glories upon glories hath our God prepared,
By the souls that love Him one day to be shared;
Eye hath not beheld them, ear hath never heard;
Nor of these hath uttered thought or speech a word;
Forward, marching eastward, where the
heaven is bright,
Till the veil be lifted, till our faith be sight.

Henry Alford