Forward! be our watchword

H. Alford, 1810-1871

Forward! be our watchword
6.5 (twelve lines)

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.

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.

Far o’er yon horizon rise the city towers
Where our God abideth; that fair home is ours:
Flash the streets with jasper, shine the gates with gold;
Flows the gladdening river shedding joys untold.
Thither, onward, thither, in the Spirit’s might;
Pilgrims to your country, forward into light!

Henry Alford

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