## Forward! be our watchword



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