

Far round the world your children sing their song;
From East and West their voices sweetly blend,
Praising the Lord in whom young lives are strong,
Jesus our guide, our hero, and our friend.

Where your wide ocean, wave on rolling wave,
Beats through the ages on each island shore,
They praise their Lord, whose hand alone can save,
Whose sea of love surrounds them evermore.

Still there are lands where none have seen your face,
Children whose hearts have never shared your joy:
Yet you would pour on these your radiant grace,
Give your glad strength to every girl and boy.

All round the world let children sing your song,
From East and West their voices sweetly blend;
Praising The Lord in whom young lives are strong,
Jesus our guide, our hero, and our friend.