To Thee and to Thy Christ, O God
Words: Anne Cousin, 1876.
Music: Irvin Morgan, 1895.

To Thee and to Thy Christ, O God,
We sing, we ever sing;
For He the lonely wine press trod,
Our cup of joy to bring.
His glorious arm the strife maintained,
He marched in might from far;
His robes were with the vintage stained,
Red with the wine of war.

To Thee and to Thy Christ, O God,
We sing, we ever sing;
For He invaded death's abode,
And robbed him of his sting.
The house of dust enthralls no more,
For He, the Strong to save,
Himself doth guard that silent door,
Great Keeper of the grave.

To Thee and to Thy Christ, O God,
We sing, we ever sing;
For He hath crushed beneath His rod
The world's proud rebel king.
He plunged in His imperial strength
To gulfs of darkness down;
He brought His trophy up at length,
The foiled usurper's crown.

To Thee and to Thy Christ, O God,
We sing, we ever sing;
For He redeemed us with His blood
From every evil thing.
Thy saving strength His arm upbore,
The arm that set us free:
Glory, O God, forevermore
Be to Thy Christ and Thee.