

God Of My Fathers

Andrew Peterson

God of my fathers
Huddled in the harbor
Every man an ocean from his home
Their captors could not keep them
When they heard the drums of freedom
The dream of a kingdom
In a land they've never known

And God of my fathers
Strangers in this country
Pilgrims on these dusty roads
Across the great plains
In the bellies of the steel trains
To stake a new claim
In that wilderness of hope

Like my fathers I am looking for a home
Looking for a home beyond the sea
So be my God and guide me
Till I lie beneath the hills
Then let the great God of my fathers
Be the great God of my children still

God of my grandfathers
Gone these many years now
I guess they're shining like the sun
And I envision them
Grinning at the finish
And they smile and they smile,
'Cause they love to see me run

CHORUS

Now we're counting stars and counting sand
Little feet and little hands
We're counting joys
We pray you'll know them
As you knew us when you wove us
As you hold us
Hold them, please hold them

Like their father, they are looking for a home
Looking for a home beyond the sea
So be their God and guide them
Till they lie beneath these hills
And let the great God of their father
Be the great God of their children,
Let the great God of my fathers
Be the great God of my children still