

# 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

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