





These hills are not the hills of light;
no Zion here, no Lebanon.
 These skies are not the skies of peace,
nor this the everlasting sun.
 The crystal river flows not here,
nor on these plains blooms Sharon's rose;
not in this clime the tree of life,
with its fruit-laden beauty, grows.
Oh, hear the pleadings of thine own!
We have no refuge but the throne.

- 3. We look beyond these scenes of strife; we fix our longing gaze on thee,
 Father of peace: oh, fight for us, oh, give us more than victory!
 In every hour of conflict here, amid the tumult of this earth, we haste for shelter to thy side, the region of our heavenly birth.

 Oh, hear the pleadings of thine own!
 We have no refuge but the throne.
- 4. Amid this mass of human sin, in this the day of Satan's power; we cast ourselves on thee, O Lord, our shield, our hiding-place and tower. Help us to battle with the ill on every side that hems us in; to do thy work, to sow thy seed, for thee to fight, for thee to win.

 Oh, hear the pleadings of thine own!
 We have no refuge but the throne.

draws on, the day of victory;
meanwhile, as children of the light,
we walk in fellowship with thee.
Through clouds the star of morning shines;
we pass along in holy fear,
content to wait and to fulfil
our day of tribulation here.
Oh, hear the pleadings of thine own!
We have no refuge but the throne.

Words: Horatius Bonar. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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