To
The Church of
The Covenants

Owen J. Thompson
THE CALL—
The stones of Scotland mark our rest,
Not laid in rows nor tended well,
But scattered over hill and dell;
Like wind-blown flowers we fell. We fell
Beneath His banner, gave our best.
We stood the test!
Yes, we have died. Among the dead
We lie. O Christ, we died for Thee!
We died for men, to make them free,
Oh, may our dying fruitful be
To rear a race, who'll hold instead
Christ's Kingly Banner o'er our head.
All dead are we? Nay, Spirits live!
And of our spirit to you we give.
Be true, Ye Coming Race, be true!
Ye Soldiers of the Crown!—BE TRUE!

THE ANSWER—
O Covenant dust in Scotland's hills,
We hear thy prayer. God grant our wills
May falter not nor pass the call;
O Lord our Christ, we offer all,
And may our fathers' vow of old,
Be now our Covenant.—let it hold!
Ye cloud of Witnesses, be near;
We need thy presence with us here.
Thou Christ our King, for whom they died,
Leave not Thy place at our right side;
And in Thy strength we'll carry on,
Till all the kings of earth are won,
And kingdoms of the world shall be
One mighty Kingdom unto Thee.
Then, from all lands a wondrous throng
Shall sing eternal praise in song.
“Let us hold fast the profession of our faith without wavering; for he is faithful that promised.”

Heb. 10:23

“The avowal of the Scriptures as the only rule of faith and action:

“The promotion of the Kingdom of God by every possible and lawful method:

“Adherance to the Covenanted Reformation of the Presbyterian Church:

“The disowning of all authority which opposes the Word of God:

“We bind and oblige ourselves to—overcome or send them down under debate to posterity, that they may begin where we end.”

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