

Oh God of Peace and Love, Who gave
An only Son, that we might learn to love,
Didst Thou not also give this instinct, old as life,
That tells us, we must keep inviolate our land,
And live our lives in our own way beneath Thy guiding Hand
And firmly hold the freedom, made sacred by the blood
Of countless generations gone before ?

Oh God of Peace, and God of Nature, we
Look on Thy works, and scan in helpless maze
Thy Book, in this, affliction's hour.
Have we then blindly through the ages wrought
Another Tower of Babel, thinking that we built
A temple unto Thee, and that the time was near
When peace and brotherhood would span the world ?

Thou art our only hope, and even now,
While striking for our lives and all we love,
We lift our faltering prayer, and ask that Thou
Wouldst touch the heart of man, and rend the veil
Of ignorance, that hides Thy face from him.

God of Mercy, God of Love
Hear us as we humbly cry,
Comfort those we leave behind us,
Closely hold us, who must die.

God of Battles, Give us courage,
Truth and Justice to maintain,
May our sacrifice be holy,
May it not be made in vain.

Belgium, July 1915.