

## A THANKSGIVING.

Nor for our harvest,  
Our fields' increase,  
Not for our safety,  
Our vaunted peace,  
Our word-clad justice,  
Our light-flung gift,  
But for hearts that waken,  
For dreams that lift—  
We praise Thee, O God!

For Belgium's sword  
That faltered never,  
For the splendid woe  
Of her lost endeavour;  
For the great free peoples  
In grim advance,  
For the might of England,  
The light of France—  
We praise Thee, O God!

For Italy's flower  
Of fearless youth;  
For Russia's waking  
From dream to truth;  
For the flame of Serbia  
That mounts in death,  
The fire that fails not  
With blood and breath—  
We praise Thee, O God!