

God of Our Youth, to Whom We Yield  
William Forbush, 1911.  
George Blanchard, 1898.

God of our youth, to whom we yield  
The tribute of our eager praise,  
Upon the well contested field,  
And mid the glory of these days,  
God of our youth, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

Sturdy of limb, with bounding health,  
Eager to play the hero's part,  
Grant to us each that greater wealth,  
An undefiled and loyal heart,  
God of our youth, be Thou our might,  
To do the right, to do the right.

When from the field of mimic strife,  
Of strength with strength, and speed with speed,  
We face the sterner fights of life,  
As then our strength in time of need,  
God of our youth, inspire us still,  
To do Thy will, to do Thy will.