

Our Thought of Thee Is Glad with Hope

John Whittier, 1890.

Peter Lutkin, 1905.

Our thought of thee is glad with hope,  
Dear country of our love and prayer;  
Thy way is down no fatal slope,  
But up to freer sun and air.

Tried as by furnace fires, and yet  
By God's grace only stronger made;  
In future tasks before thee set  
Thou shalt not lack the old-time aid.

Great, without seeking to be great  
By fraud or conquest; rich in gold  
But richer in the large estate  
Of virtue which thy children hold.

With peace that comes of purity,  
And strength to simple justice due,  
So runs our loyal dream of thee.  
God of our fathers! make it true.

O land of lands! to thee we give  
Our love, our trust, our service free;  
For thee thy sons shall nobly live,  
And at thy need shall die for thee.