

Thou That Dost Save Through Pain  
Florence Coates, 1917.  
Herbert Oakeley, 1874.

Thou that dost save through pain,  
And dost, afflicting, bless,  
We offer Thee from prostrate hearts  
The greater thankfulness.

Lord, Thou hast humbled pride  
Hast shown the world at length  
What ruthlessness may dwell with power,  
What bankruptcy with strength.

And teaching us the scorn  
Of trifles that beguile  
Hast given us, dear God, to live  
When life is most worthwhile.

We thank Thee for the dream  
That heroes dreamed of yore,  
Their vision of the good, the will  
Earth's freedom to restore.

Spoiled children of the past,  
Today, more nobly blest,  
We thank Thee who hast wakened us,  
And asked of us our best.

God of the young and brave,  
Who nothing know of fear,  
Who hold the things that life outlast  
Than life itself more dear.

We thank Thee that our souls  
Are strong as theirs to give  
All, all we cherish most on earth,  
That liberty may live:

That we, O Good supreme,  
Still through our tears can see  
On death's pale brow an aureole  
Of immortality!