

## THE CHILDREN'S SONG

Land of our Birth, we pledge to thee  
Our love and toil in the years to be,  
When we are grown and take our place,  
As men and women with our race.

Father in Heaven who lovest all,  
Oh help Thy children when they call;  
That they may build from age to age,  
An undefiled heritage!

Teach us to bear the yoke in youth,  
With steadfastness and careful truth;  
That, in our time, Thy Grace may give  
The Truth whereby the Nations live.

Teach us to rule ourselves always,  
Controlled and cleanly night and day;  
That we may bring, if need arise,  
No maimed or worthless sacrifice.

Teach us to look in all our ends,  
On Thee for judge, and not our friends;  
That we, with Thee, may walk uncowed

By fear or favour of the crowd.

Teach us the Strength that cannot seek,  
By deed or thought, to hurt the weak;  
That, under Thee, we may possess  
Man's strength to comfort man's distress.

Teach us Delight in simple things,  
And Mirth that has no bitter springs;  
Forgiveness free of evil done,  
And Love to all men 'neath the sun!

Land of our Birth, our Faith our Pride,  
For whose dear sake our fathers died;  
O Motherland, we pledge to thee,  
Head, heart, and hand through the years to be!