

BELGIUM

Oh thou that liftest up thy hands in prayer,
Robed in the sudden ruin of glad homes,
And trampled fields which from green dreaming woke
To bring forth ruin and the fruit of death,
Thou pitiful, we turn our hearts to thee.

Oh thou that mournest thy heroic dead
Fallen in youth and promise gloriously,
In the deep meadows of their motherland
Turning the silver blossoms into gold,
The valor of thy children comfort thee.

Oh thou that bowest thy ecstatic face,
Thy perfect sorrows are the world's to keep!
Wherefore unto thy knees come we with prayer,
Mother heroic, mother glorious,
Beholding in thy eyes immortal tears.