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America

Reborn

PRAYER

OF

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Archbishop of New York

Delivered at Holy Name Religious and Patriotic
Gathering in the Polo Grounds, New York City,

October 3, 1943



Lord, lift this mighty host that is America;
Reconsecrate us in devotion to Thee.

Too oft have we forgot our heritage of
faith—

The mess of pottage to our eyes was dear,
The gold within our coffers deadened us;
We, who by nature are between the earth
and sky;

Earthward have sunk, and drunk of miraged
visions.

But now, reborn,

We lift again to Thee our nation's soul.

Behold, we are Thy wheat,

Nurtured beneath the sunshine of the plains;

We are Thy grapes from vineyards in the
sun,

And timber from Thy forests;

Ours are the iron sinews torn from earth's
deep breast,

And oil from her rich arteries.

O God, we build anew and dedicate again
to Thee

The host and temple of America—

Many we are, in space wide worlds apart,

But we are one today,

Made one by this, our common will:





That righteousness again shall walk among
the sons of men.

Now, welded of our pain,
We would again be what our forebears were,
Men who did worship Thee,
And mindful of Thy Fatherhood,
Could reach to brothers o'er the sea a
brother's hand.

In every man we found Thy image then,
And, finding, wrote our nation's creed,
A pledge that made us the Samaritan
To the oppressed and lowly of the earth.
In those far days, our soul was young and
clear

We opened arms to all who suffered wrong;
We bowed not, in our youth, however strong
the foe,

For we were strong in loyalty to Thee.
And strong in faith that all men should be
free

And worship Thee in liberty, as conscience
should direct.

And now,
Amidst the ruins of a world that strove
To prosper and to live apart from what was
bought





On Calvary by Christ, Thy Son—
Now we come back by that well-trodden
way
That prodigals of every age have walked,
Back to our higher destiny—to Thee,
Our Father and our God.
And, kneeling in the valley of our grief,
Rededicate (both we who here must work
And those, our sons and brothers overseas,
Who still perhaps must die,)
Rededicate ourselves to the great task that
still remains,
That on the altar of our common victory,
Not to a god of war,
But to the Lord of Peace,
We give ourselves anew within the wounds
Of Him in Whom all men are one—
For all may yet redeem their faulty past,
Held in these wounded Hands of Christ, our
Great High Priest.

We are a single host of grateful love for
Thee,
A single will for universal peace for men,
A single soul of righteousness to come!
Lord, lift this mighty host that is America,
Reconsecrate us now in Thy Son's Holy
Name. Amen.

