LAND OF HOPE AND GLORY.

Dear Land of Hope, thy hope is crowned,
    God make thee mightier yet!
On Sov'ran brows, beloved, renowned,
    Once more thy crown is set.
Thine equal laws, by Freedom gained,
    Have ruled thee well and long;
By Freedom gained, by Truth maintained,
    Thine Empire shall be strong.

Thy fame is ancient as the days,
    As Ocean large and wide;
A pride that dares, and heeds not praise,
    A stern and silent pride;
Not that false joy that dreams content
    With what our sires have won;
The blood a hero sire hath spent
    Still serves a hero son.

Land of Hope and Glory, Mother of the Free,
How shall we extol thee, who are born of thee?
Wider still and wider shall thy bounds be set;
God, who made thee mighty, make thee mightier yet.

Words by
ARThUR C. BENSON.

Music by
EDWARD ELGAR.

Maestoso.

Dear

Land of Hope, thy hope is crowned, God make thee mightier yet!
On

Copyright MCMII by Boosey & Co.
Sov'ran brows, be-loved, re-nowned, Once more thy crown is set. Thine

e-qual laws, by_ Free-dom gained, Have ruled thee well and long;_ By

largamente.

Free-dom gained, by_ Truth main-tained, Thine Em-pire shall be strong.

Molto maestoso.

Land of Hope and Glo-ry, Mo-ther of_the free,
How shall we extol thee, who are born of thee?

Wider still and wider shall thy bounds be set;

God, who made thee mighty, make thee mightier yet,

allargando.

God, who made thee mighty, make thee mightier yet.
CHORUS.

Land of Hope and Glory, Mother of the Free,

How shall we exalt thee, who are born of thee?

Wider still and wider shall thy bounds be set;

God, who made thee mighty,
make thee might-i-er yet

God, who made thee

allargando.

mighty, make thee might-i-er yet.

Thy fame is an cient

as the days, As O cean large and wide; A
pride that dares, and needs not praise,—A stern and silent pride. Not that false joy that dreams content With what our sires have won;—The blood a hero sire hath spent Still nerves a hero son.
Molto maestoso.

Land of Hope and Glory, Mother of the

Free, How shall we ex-tol thee, who are born of

thee? Wider still and wider shall thy bounds be

set; God, who made thee might-y,
make thee might - ier yet; God, who made thee

allargando.

might - y, make thee might - ier yet.

CHORUS.

Land of Hope and Glo - ry, Mo-ther of the Free,

How shall we ex - tol thee, who are born of thee?
Wi - der still and wi - der shall thy bounds be set;

God, who made thee might - y, make thee might - ier yet;

solenne.

God, who made thee might - y, make thee might - ier yet.

allargando.