

I Vow To Thee, My Country

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Gustav Holst

Maestoso

I vow to thee, my coun-try, all earth-ly things a - bove, En - tire and whole and
per-fect, the ser-vice of my love, The love that asks no ques-tion, the love that stands the
test, That lays up-on the al-tar the dear-est and the best. The love that ne-ver fal - ters, the
love that pays the price, The love that makes un - daun-ted the fi-nal sac - ri - fice.

2. I heard my country calling, away across the sea,
Across the waste of waters she calls and calls to me.
Her sword is girded at her side, her helmet on her head,
And round her feet are lying the dying and the dead.
I hear the noise of battle, the thunder of her guns,
I haste to thee my mother, a son among thy sons.

3. And there's another country, I've heard of long ago,
Most dear to them that love her, most great to them that know;
We may not count her armies, we may not see her King;
Her fortress is a faithful heart, her pride is suffering;
And soul by soul and silently her shining bounds increase,
And her ways are ways of gentleness and all her paths are peace.