

Land of Hope and Glory

Melody - Pomp and Circumstance from
Edward Elgar's "Coronation Ode", 1902

A. C. Benson 1862-1925

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.

**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. :|**

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 nerves a hero son.

Parry:**Jerusalem**
(From Milton, Prelude)
by William Blake 1804

And did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England's mountains green?
And was the holy Lamb of God
On England's pleasant pastures seen?

And did the Countenance Divine
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here
Among these dark Satanic Mills?

Bring me my Bow of burning gold:
Bring me my Arrows of desire:
Bring me my Spear: O clouds unfold!
Bring me my Chariot of fire.

I will not cease from Mental Fight,
Nor shall my Sword sleep in my hand
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green & pleasant Land.

Rule Britannia

a song by Thomas Augustine Arne, 1740

When Britain first at Heav'n's command
Arose from out the azure main;
(Arose from out the azure main)
This was the charter, the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sang this strain;

**Rule, Britannia! Britannia, rule the waves:
Britons never will be slaves.**

The nations not so blest as thee,
Shall in their turns to tyrants fall;
(Shall in their turns to tyrants fall)
While thou shalt flourish, shalt flourish great and
free,
The dread and envy of them all.

Rule, Britannia! Britannia, rule the waves:
Britons never will be slaves.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke;
(More dreadful from each foreign stroke)
As the loud blast, loud blast that tears the skies,
Serves but to root thy native oak.

Rule, Britannia! Britannia, rule the waves:
Britons never will be slaves.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame,
All their attempts to bend thee down
(All their attempts to bend thee down)
Will but arouse, arouse thy generous flame;
But work their woe, and thy renown.

Rule, Britannia! Britannia, rule the waves:
Britons never will be slaves.

The Muses, still with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair;
(Shall to thy happy coast repair)
Blest Isle! With matchless beauty crowned,
And manly hearts to guide the fair.

Rule, Britannia! Britannia, rule the waves:
Britons never will be slaves.

Auld Lang Syne

Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And never brought to min'?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And days of auld lang syne?

Refrain

For auld lang syne, my dear
For auld lang syne
We'll tak a cup o'kindness yet
For auld lang syne

We twa hae run about the braes
And pou'd the gowans fine
But we've wander'd mony a weary foot
Sin' auld lang syne.

We twa hae paidl'd in the burn
Frae morning sun till dine
But seas between us braid hae roar'd
Sin' auld lang syne.

And there's a hand, my trusty feire
And gie's a hand o' thine
And we'll tak a right gude-willie
waught
For auld lang syne.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp
And surely I'll be mine
And we'll tak a cup o'kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

„Nehmt Abschied Brüder“ (Auld Lang Syne)

1. Nehmt Abschied, Brüder, ungewiss
ist alle Wiederkehr,
die Zukunft liegt in Finsternis
und macht das Herz uns schwer.
Der Himmel wölbt sich übers Land,
ade, auf Wiedersehn.
Wir ruhen all' in Gottes Hand,
lebt wohl, auf Wiedersehn!
2. Die Sonne sinkt, es steigt die Nacht,
vergangen ist der Tag.
Die Welt schläft ein, und leis erwacht
der Nachtigallen Schlag.
Der Himmel wölbt sich übers Land...
3. So ist in jedem Anbeginn
Das Ende nicht mehr weit,
wir kommen her und gehen hin,
und mit uns geht die Zeit.
Der Himmel wölbt sich übers Land...
4. Nehmt Abschied, Brüder, schließt den
Kreis,
das Leben ist ein Spiel;
und wer es recht zu spielen weiß,
gelangt ans große Ziel.
Der Himmel wölbt sich übers Land...

God save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King!
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us;
God save the King!

O Lord, our God arise,
Scatter her enemies
And make them fall;
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks,
On Thee our hopes we fix,
God save us all!

Thy choicest gifts in store
On him be pleased to pour;
Long may he reign;
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice
God save the King!