Great and Fair Is She, Our Land

ST. GEORGE’S, WINDSOR 7, 7, 7, 7, D

1. Great and fair is she, our land, High of heart and strong of hand;
Dawn is on her forehead still, In her veins youth’s arrowy thrill.
Hers are riches, might and fame; All the earth resounds her name;
In her roadsteads navies ride; Hath she need of aught beside?

2. Pow’r Unseen, before whose eyes Nations fall and nations rise;
Grant she climb not to her goal All forgetful of the soul.
Firm in honor be she found, Justice armed and mercy crowned,
Blest in labor, blest in ease, Blest in noiseless charities.

3. Unenslaved by things that must Yield full soon to moth and rust,
Let her hold a light on high Men unborn may travel by.
Mightier still she then shall stand, Moulded by Thy secret hand,
Pow’r Eternal, at whose call Nations rise and nations fall.