



TO ENGLAND.

FLORENCE HOARE.

SIR JOSEPH BARNBY.

Allegretto con spirito. ♩ = 108. *mf*

VOICE. *mf* Where

PIANO. *f* *sf*

white her cliffs and rid - ges gleam, Be - neath the northern skies, *A* The

land that fills the pat - riot's dream, Our own dear Eng - land lies, *D* *mf* En -

com - pass'd by a lord - ly sea, And wreathed with o - cean foam, *A* The

London: J. Curwen & Sons Ltd., 24 Berners St., W. I

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Made in England

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D Legato. mp

land of truth and lib - er - ty, Our trea - sure and our home. The

Fate per - chance our feet may set Up - on a far off strand, Our

p

F# minor. cresc. *D major. marcato*

hearts, thank God! are En - glish yet; God bless the dear old land! To

cresc. *f*

Eng - land then, with mer - ry voice Send forth the old, old cheer,

p *cresc.*

cresc.

ff England our best, our home so blest, God bless our land so dear!

ff

mf
'Tis ours the greatness

p

A
of her past, The glo - ry she has known, And proud - ly still her

D
mf
strength shall last, Which trusts in God a - lone; The might - ty ones who

p

A
made her fame Be ours to em - u - late, And live and toil in

D
mp *Legato.*
free - dom's name, As great as they were great; For

us doth shine the gol - den rays, That have thro' a - ges shone; Let's

F# minor.
cresc.

match them with a kin - dred blaze, Thro' a - ges to live

D major.
marcato *cresc.*

on; Thank God! her great free tongue is ours, That shall the world com -

ff

mand, To Eng-land might - i - - est of pow'r's, God bless the dear old

land.