

# Land of Hope and Glory

Gary Barlow

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!

Truth and Right and Freedom, each a holy gem,  
Stars of solemn brightness, weave thy diadem.

Tho' thy way be darkened, still in splendour drest,  
As the star that trembles o'er the liquid West.

Throned amid the billows, throned inviolate,  
Thou hast reigned victorious, thou has smiled at fate.

Land of Hope and Glory, fortress of the Free,  
How may we extol thee, praise thee, honour thee?

Hark, a mighty nation maketh glad reply;  
Lo, our lips are thankful, lo, our hearts are high!

Hearts in hope uplifted, loyal lips that sing;  
Strong in faith and freedom, we have crowned our King!