

# To England

Florence Hoare

Joseph Barnby

**Allegretto con spirito** (

)  $\text{♩} = 108$

Voice *mf* **>**

Where white her cliffs and

Piano *f* *sf* *p*

6

*A*

rid - ges gleam, Be - neath the nor - thern skies, The land that fills the pa - triot's dream, Our

11

*f* *D* *mf* **>**

own dear Eng - land lies, En - com - pass'd by a lord - ly sea, And wreathed with o - cean

*f* *sf* *p*

*Legato*  
D  
*mp*

16

A

*f*

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

21

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

*p*

25

*cresc.*  
F# minor

*f*

*Legato*  
D major  
*mf*  
*cato*

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

*cresc.*

29

*cresc.* *ff*

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

*p* *cresc.* *ff*

34

home so blest, God bless our land so dear!

*sf* *sf* *sf*

40

*mf* *A*

'Tis ours the great-ness of her past, The glo - ry she has known, And

*sf* *p*

45 *f* *mf* *D*

proud - ly still her strength shall last, Which trusts in God a - lone; The might - ty ones who

50

made her fame Be ours to e - mu - late, And live and toil in free - dom's name, As

55 *f* *D* *legato*

great as they were great; For us doth shine the gol - den rays, That have thro' a ges

60 *cresc.* *F# minor*

shone; Let's match them with a kin - dred blaze, Thro' a - ges to live

64 D major  
*mafcato* *cresc.*

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

69 *ff*

Eng - land might - i - est of pow'rs, God bless the dear old land.

74