

From shrieking shell and fertile fields laid low,
From sacrilege of sacrament and shrine,
From malice, greed, and every inner foe
That would our country's honour undermine,
By spiritual ramparts made secure,
Heaven keep thee pure.

Mists, moors and mountains, rains and diamond
dews,
Thy varying moods, thine hair of salty spray,
Thy teeming cities where the giant thews
Of Labour pay thee homage. These we
pray
May be inviolate, their peace be sure,
Heaven keep thee pure.

God! how we love thee, we who first drew
breath
By mothering hills that gave us strength and
joy,
We ask for courage to face hell and death
To save thee from all terrors that destroy.
Fired by our love to work, watch and endure,
To keep thee pure.