

Church of our heart and Empire,
So bright thine annals shine,
The ages hold no triumphs
More wonderful than thine
Thou didst in old times cradle
Our rude and warlike race,
Thy sons are kings of honour,
Thy daughters queens of grace.

Church of our heart and Empire,
The new dawn rises fair,
And broader paths of glory
Are opening everywhere ;
Beyond the ocean's thunders,
As in the olden days,
Thy creeds give faith her utterance,
Thy voice her prayer and praise.

Church of our heart and Empire,
God's wings are o'er thee spread,
And loyal sons are ready
For thee their blood to shed ;
No more the dark dissensions,
The day of doubt is done,
And round thee in the battle
Thy children stand as one.