

## Hymn of Love to England.

**L**AND of the flaming gorse that Spring has  
lit,

Of cowslip field and leafy bluebell wood,  
Of quiet pools where summer's swallows flit  
In ecstasy of joy since life is good,  
By thy deep sea whose silver walls immure  
Heaven keep thee pure.

Dear scented soil, where multitudinous life  
With ours joins chorus to proclaim thee fair,  
Where birds sing songs in mad, melodious strife,  
And love and sweetness revel everywhere ;  
By thy deep valleys and thine hills' lone lure,  
Heaven keep thee pure.

Country of Shakespeare and the splendid host  
Of noble hearts who loved thy earth and sea,  
Drake's land and Nelson's, cherished more than  
most,

What wealth of sacrifice was poured for thee !  
So will we yield our all, howe'er obscure,  
To keep thee pure.