

**Ad Ecclesiam  
Anglicanam**

CHURCH of our heart and Empire,  
Upon thy queenly head  
There broods the living Spirit  
Whom Christ Himself has shed ;  
No more the dark dissensions,  
The day of doubt is done,  
When dangers gather round thee  
Thy children stand as one.

Church of our heart and Empire,  
Forgive the shameful past,  
The worldly hearts that chilled thee,  
The chains that bound thee fast ;  
Behold, from the horizon  
The clouds have rolled away,  
And now with clearer vision  
Men own thy gracious sway.