

I Vow To Thee, My Country



We would like to encourage all those lighting **Beacons and Lamp Lights of Peace at 9.30pm**, and indeed the whole country, to come together at this time, and sing the wonderful and uplifting British patriotic hymn - 'I Vow To Thee My Country'.

This has never been undertaken before, so it will bring the peoples, families and communities of our great Nation together at one moment in time, providing a wonderful 'tribute' to the many millions that paid the ultimate sacrifice during the dark days of WWII.

Vera Lynn entertaining the troops during WW2.



I VOW TO THEE, MY COUNTRY

I vow to thee, my country, all earthly things above
Entire and whole and perfect, the service of my love
The love that asks no question, the love that stands the test
That lays upon the altar, the dearest and the best
The love that never falters, the love that pays the price
The love that makes undaunted the final sacrifice

And there's another country, I've heard long ago
Most dear to them that love her, most great to them that know
We may not count her armies, we may not see her king
He fortress is a faithful heart, her pride is suffering
And soul by soul, and silently her shining bounds increase
And her ways are ways of gentleness, and all her paths are peace



I Vow to Thee, My Country

Sir Cecil Spring Rice, 1918

(Thaxted)

Gustav Holst, 1921

1 I vow to thee, my coun - try all earth - ly things a - bove;
And there's a - no - ther coun - try, I've heard of long a - go;

4 En - tire dear and whole and per - fect, the ser - vice of my love.
Most dear to them that love her, most great to them that know.

8 The love that asks no ques - tion, the love that stands the test,
We may not count her ar - mies, we may not see her King,

12 That lays up on the al - tar the dear - est and the best.
Her for - tress is a faithful heart, her pride is suf - fer - ing;

16 The love that nev - er fal - ters, the love that pays the price.
And soul by soul and si - lent - ly her shin - ing bounds in - crease,

20 The love that makes un - daunt - ed the fi - nal sac - ri - fice.
And her ways are ways of gen - tle - ness and all her paths are peace. A - men.