

Text by Emily!
Cecil Spring Rice

I vow to thee, my country

Tune: Thaxted

Melody by Gustav Holst
arr. Paul Hayward
(b. 1984)

Look up a - cross a star - ry night, a speck to hu - man eyes; proud Ju - pi - ter reigns
Yet be -neath this gi - ant's watch-ful gaze, our lives on Earth seem small; no hu - man grasp of

6
ov - er all, the ru - ler of the skies. A ta - pes - try of co - lours, this
time and space can hope to fath - om all. The in - fin - ite ex - pan - sion of a

11
throne be - set in space; a crown of moons o - bey him with ma - je - sty and
world that has no end; the vast - ness of the u - ni - verse we can - not com-pre-

16
grace. Though his eye con - tains a ra - ging storm that burns with swir - ling
hend. And with - in this vault of end - less time our lives are but a

20
fire, He calm - ly sits in judge - ment, the arch - i - tect of power.
breath; as we gaze at might - y Ju - pi - ter, mag - ni - fi - cence and strength.

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