

# I vow to thee, my country

Text by Emily!

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



ov - er all, the ru - ler of the skies. A ta - pes - try of co - lours, this



throne be - set in space; a crown of moons o - bey him with ma - je - sty and



grace. Though his eye con - tains a ra - ging storm that burns with swir - ling



fire, He calm - ly sits in judge - ment, the arch - i - tect of power.

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Yet be - neath this gi - ant's watch - ful gaze, our lives on Earth seem small; no hu - man grasp of



time and space can hope to fath - om all, The in - fin - ite ex - pan - sion of a



world that has no end; the vast - ness of the u - ni - verse we can - not com - pre -



hend. And with - in this vault of end - less time our lives are but a



breath; as we gaze at might - y Ju - pi - ter, mag - ni - fi - cence and strength.