



Land of Hope and Glory

BM 258

orchestral intro

British patriotic song from 1902

Words by : Artur C. Benson

Music by : Edward Elgar

(H)

(A) until (G)

> *poco allarg.*

Cornets and trumpets

11

olim.

(I)

TRIO
Largamento

(legato e cantabile).

Sopr.
solo

Land of Hope and Glo- ry. Mother of- the Free-, How shall we ex-
tol Thee, who are born- of Thee ____? Wi- der still and wi- der shall thy
bounds be set ____; God, who made_ Thee migh- ty, make Thee mightier
yet ____, God, who made Thee migh- ty, make Thee migh- tier- yet- .

(K)

molto maestoso

Land of Hope and Glo- ry, Mother of- the Free -, How shall we ex-

(L)

tol Thee, who are born- of Thee ____? Wi- der still and wi- der

shall thy bounds be set ____; God, who made Thee migh- ty, make Thee

mightier yet ____ . God who made Thee mighty, make Thee mightier yet- .

(M) up to (R)

- interlude for orchestra -

61-Bars

1 2 3 4

sf

(R) Coda

Molto Maestoso

Soprano
Tenori
8 va.
Bassi

Land of Hope and Glo- ry. Mother of- the Free, How

15 20

shall we ex- tol Thee, who are born- of Thee —? Wi- der still and

mf

25 30

wi- der shall thy bounds be set —; God, who made_ Thee mighty,

allargando

35 40

make Thee migh- tier- yet —. God, who made_ Thee migh- ty, make- Thee

mf ritard

allargando *mf ritard*

45

Tempo I orchestra

migh — tier yet.

Orchestra

12-Bars

12-Bars

orchestra

Dear Land of Hope, thy hope is crowned,
God make thee mightier yet!
On Sov'ran^[1] brows, beloved, renowned,
Once more thy crown is set.
Thine equal laws, by Freedom gained,
Have ruled thee well and long;
By Freedom gained, by Truth maintained,
Thine Empire shall be strong.

Land of Hope and Glory, Mother of the Free,
How shall we extol thee, who are born of thee?
Wider still and wider shall thy bounds be set;
God, who made thee mighty, make thee mightier yet,
God, who made thee mighty, make thee mightier yet.

Thy fame is ancient as the days,
As Ocean large and wide:
A pride that dares, and heeds not praise,
A stern and silent pride;
Not that false joy that dreams content
With what our sires have won;
The blood a hero sire hath spent
Still nerves a hero son.