

Great and Fair Is She
William Watson, 1910.
George Elvey, 1858.

Great and fair is she, our land,
High of heart and strong of hand;
Dawn is on her forehead still,
In her veins youth's arrowy thrill.
Hers are riches, might and fame;
All the earth resounds her name;
In her roadsteads navies ride:
Hath she need of aught beside?

Power Unseen, before whose eyes
Nations fall and nations rise,
Grant she climb not to her goal
All-forgetful of the Soul!
Firm in honor be she found,
Justice-armed and mercy-crowned,
Blest in labor, blest in ease,
Blest in noiseless charities.

Unenslaved by things that must
Yield full soon to moth and rust,
Let her hold a light on high
Men unborn may travel by.
Mightier still she then shall stand,
Molded by Thy secret hand,
Power Eternal, at whose call
Nations rise and nations fall.