

A NATION ONCE AGAIN

WHEN BOYHOOD'S FIRE WAS IN MY BLOOD
I READ OF ANCIENT FREEMEN
OF GREECE AND ROME WHO BRAVELY STOOD
THREE HUNDRED MEN AND THREE MEN
AND THEN I PRAYED I YET MIGHT SEE
OUR FETTERS RENT IN TWAIN
AND IRELAND, LONG A PROVINCE, BE
A NATION ONCE AGAIN

AND FROM THAT TIME THROUGH WILDEST WOE
THAT HOPE HAS SHOWN A FAR LIGHT
NOR COULD LOVE'S BRIGHTEST SUMMER GLOW
OUTSHINE THAT DISTANT STARLIGHT
IT SEEMED TO WATCH ABOVE MY HEAD
IN FOREST, FIELD, AND FANE
ITS ANGEL VOICE SANG ROUND MY BED
A NATION ONCE AGAIN

IT WHISPERED TOO THAT FREEDOM'S ARK
AND SERVICE HIGH AND HOLY
WOULD BE PROFANED BY FEELINGS DARK
AND PASSIONS VAIN AND LOWLY
FOR FREEDOM COMES FROM GOD'S RIGHT HAND
AND NEEDS A GODLY TRAIN
AND RIGHTEOUS MEN MUST MAKE OUR LAND
A NATION ONCE AGAIN

SO AS I GREW FROM BOY TO MAN
I BENT ME TO THAT BIDDING
MY SPIRIT OF EACH SELFISH PLAN
AND CRUEL PASSION RIDDING
FOR THUS I HOPED SOME DAY TO AID
OH CAN SUCH HOPE BE VAIN?
WHEN MY DEAR COUNTRY SHALL BE MADE
A NATION ONCE AGAIN!