

Heimat vieler Kulturen (Land of Hope and Glory)

14



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Bearbeitung: Andreas Burghardt / Klaus Levermann

♩ = 84



1. Hei - mat vie - ler Kul - tu - ren, reich an Herz - lich - keit,
2. Land der Ar - beit und Küns - te, Le - ben rund um die Uhr,
Land of hope and glo - ry mo - ther of the free



bist Kul - tur - me - tro - po - le durch den Wan - del der Zeit.
Men - schen hal - ten zu - sam - men hier am U - fer der Ruhr.
how - shall we ex - tol thee, who are born - of thee.



Ei - sen, Erz und Koh - le, un - ser grü - nes Re - vier,
Du lebst Tra - di - tio - nen und gehst doch mit der Zeit
Wi - der still and wi - der shall thy bounds be set;



Du prägst un - se - re Spu - ren „Glück auf“ sin - gen wir dir!
Hei - mat vie - ler Kul - tu - ren, reich an Herz - lich - keit
God, who made thee migh - ty - make the migh - ti - er yet



Du prägst un - se - re Spu - ren „Glück auf“ sin - gen wir dir!
Hei - mat vie - ler Kul - tu - ren, reich an Herz - lich - keit.
God, - who made thee migh - ty make the migh - ti - er yet.

Original

Dear Land of Hope, thy hope is crowned.

God make thee mightier yet!

On Sov'ran 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.

Chorus:

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. : |

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.