

POLAND INVICTA

SISTER MAURA

O storied land, lover of liberty!
In stress and storm, you hold that torch on high;
The dark floods cannot quench your valianey,
Nor black oppression quell your battle cry.

Once, when a foe battered the eastern gate,
You saved all Europe from the bolt he hurled;
And through the years, serene beyond war's fate,
Your music thrills the heart of listening world.

Now shines your light, a star against the gloom.
Alone, you dared the devil and the deep;
Alone, you fought; alone, you met your doom,
Nor recked the cost: you had your soul to keep.

Hail! victor in a strife more subtle than
The triumph of gorilla over man.