For Thee, Oh, Dear, Dear Country

CHIGNELL

1. For thee, oh, dear, dear country, Mine eyes their vigils keep;
   For every love beholding Thy holy name, they weep.

2. Oh, one, oh, only mansion! O Paradise of joy!
   Where tears are ever banished And smiles have no alloy;

3. With jasper glow thy bulwarks, Thy streets with emeralds blaze;
   The savior and the to-paz Unite in thee their rays;

4. The Cross is all thy splendor, The Crucified thy praise;
   His laud and benediction Thy ransomed people raise:

The mention of thy glory, Isunction to the breast;
Thy love-li-ness oppresses All human thought and heart,
Thine age-less walls are bond-ed With ame-thyst unpriced;
Up-on the Rock of Ages They build thy holy tow'r;

And medicine in sickness, And love, and life, and rest.
And none, O Peace, O Zion, Can sing thee as thou art.
The saints build up thy fabric, And the corner-stone is Christ.
Thine is the victor's laurel, And thine the golden dow-er.

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