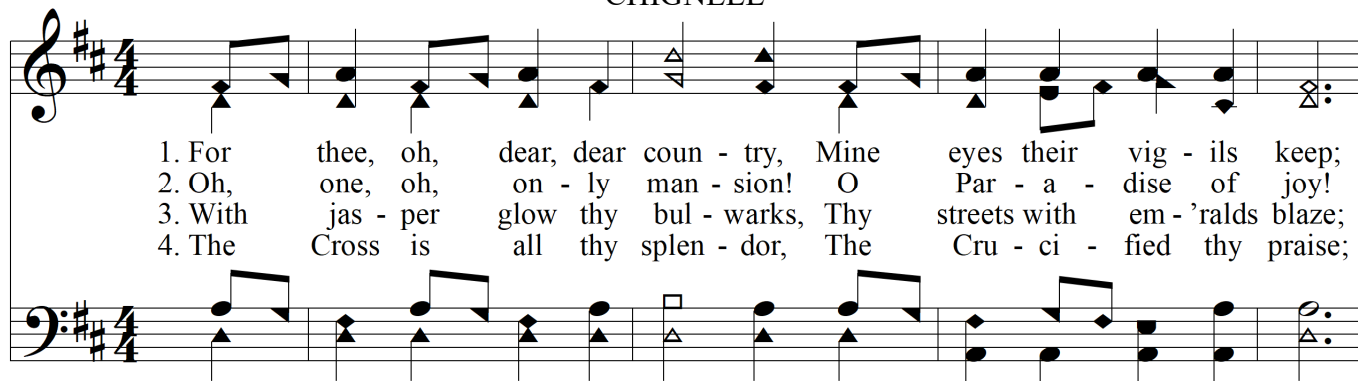
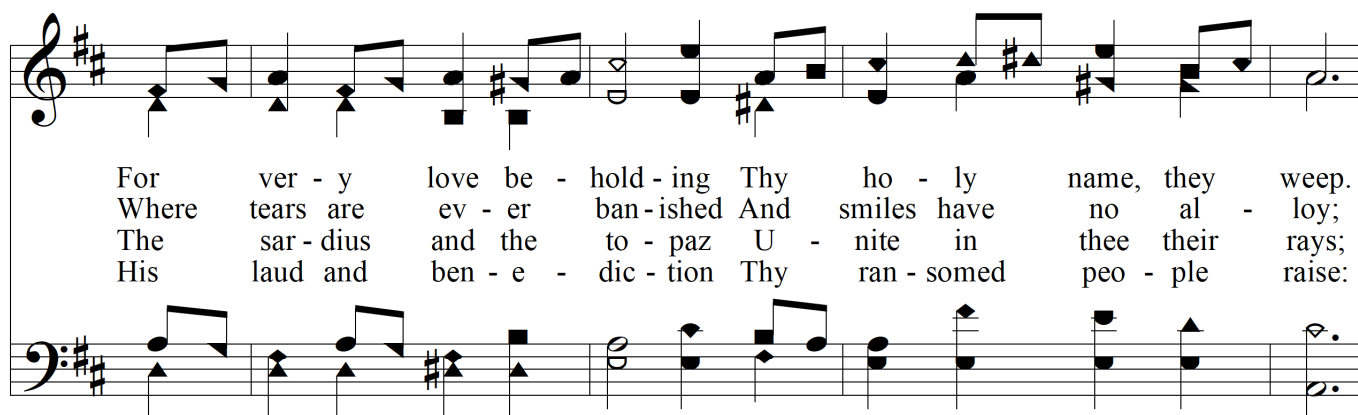


For Thee, Oh, Dear, Dear Country

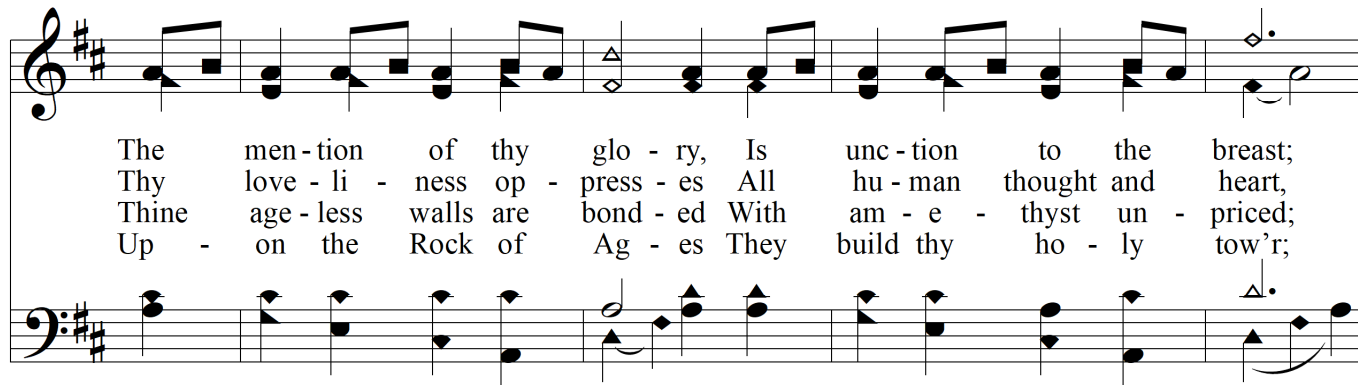
CHIGNELL



1. For thee, oh, dear, dear coun - try, Mine eyes their vig - ils keep;
2. Oh, one, oh, on - ly man - sion! O Par - a - dise of joy!
3. With jas - per glow thy bul - warks, Thy streets with em - 'rals blaze;
4. The Cross is all thy splen - dor, The Cru - ci - fied thy praise;



For ver - y love be - hold - ing Thy ho - ly name, they weep.
Where tears are ev - er ban - ished And smiles have no al - loy;
The sar - dius and the to - paz U - nite in thee their rays;
His laud and ben - e - dic - tion Thy ran - somed peo - ple raise:



The men - tion of thy glo - ry, Is unc - tion to the breast;
Thy love - li - ness op - press - es All hu - man thought and heart,
Thine age - less walls are bond - ed With am - e - thyst un - priced;
Up - on the Rock of Ag - es They build thy ho - ly tow'r;



And med - i - cine in sick - ness, And love, and life, and rest.
And none, O Peace, O Zi - on, Can sing thee as thou art.
The saints build up thy fab - ric, And the cor - ner - stone is Christ.
Thine is the vic - tor's lau - rel, And thine the gold - en dow - er.