

Our Country

Frances Jane (Fanny) Crosby, 1868

Philip Phillips

$\text{♩} = 103$

1. Our coun - try, un - ri - valed in beau - ty And splen - dor that can - not be
2. Our coun - try, the birth - place of free - dom, The land where our for - fa - thers
3. Our coun - try, the past, and its glo - ry, Still hon - or the names of thy
4. Our coun - try, with ar - dent de - vo - tion, In God may thy child - ren a -

told, How love - ly thy hills and thy wood - lands, Ar -
trod, And sang in the isles of the for - est Their
dead; The states - men that crowned thee with lau - rel, The
- bide; In Him be the strength of our na - tion, His

- rayed in a sun - light of gold. The ea - gle, proud king of the
hymn of thanks - giv - ing to God; Their bark they had moored in the
he - roes and vet - 'rans that bled. Mount Ver - non, where Wash - ing - ton
laws and its coun - sel our guide. Our ban - ner, that time - hon - ored

mount - ain, Is soar - ing, ma - jes - tic and free; Thy
har - bor, No more on the o - cean to roam; And
slum - bers, The soul of thy free - dom for years, A
ban - ner, That floats o'er the o - cean's bright foam, God

riv - ers and lakes in their grand-eur, Roll on to the arms of the sea;
 there in the wilds of New Eng - land, They found-ed a coun - try and home,
 wil - low droops ten - der - ly ev - er, Go hal - low his grave with thy tears,
 keep them un - sul - lied for - ev - er, Our stan - dard, our un - ion, our home,

Roll on to the arms of the sea.
 They found-ed a coun - try and home.
 Go hal - low his grave with thy tears.
 Our stan - dard, our un - ion, our home.