

Our Country

Frances Jane (Fanny) Crosby, 1868

Philip Phillips

♩=103



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



love - ly thy hills and thy wood-lands, Ar - rayed in a sun - light of gold. The
sang in the isles of the for - est Their hymn of thanks-giv - ing to God; Their
states-men that crowned thee with lau - rel, The he - roes and vet - 'rans that bled. Mount
Him be the strength of our na - tion, His laws and its coun-sel our guide. Our



ea - gle, proud king of the mount-ain, Is soar - ing, ma - jes - tic and free; Thy
bark they had moored in the har - bor, No more on the o - cean to roam; And
Ver - non, where Wash - ing - ton slum - bers, The soul of thy free - dom for years, A
ban - ner, that time - hon - ored 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; Roll
there in the wilds of New Eng - land, They found-ed a coun - try and home, They
wil - low droops ten - der - ly ev - er, Go hal - low his grave with thy tears, Go
keep them un - sul - lied for - ev - er, Our stan - dard, our un - ion, our home, Our



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