

## Our Country

Fanny Crosby, 1868.

Philip Phillips.

Our country, unrivaled in beauty  
And splendor that cannot be told,  
How lovely thy hills and thy woodlands,  
Arrayed in a sunlight of gold.  
The eagle, proud king of the mountain,  
Is soaring, majestic and free;  
Thy rivers and lakes in their grandeur,  
Roll on to the arms of the sea;  
Roll on to the arms of the sea.

Our country, the birthplace of freedom,  
The land where our forefathers trod,  
And sang in the isles of the forest  
Their hymn of thanksgiving to God;  
Their bark they had moored in the harbor,  
No more on the ocean to roam;  
And there in the wilds of New England,  
They founded a country and home,  
They founded a country and home.

Our country, the past, and its glory,  
Still honor the names of thy dead;  
The statesmen that crowned thee with laurel,  
The heroes and vet'rans that bled.  
Mount Vernon, where Washington slumbers,  
The soul of thy freedom for years,  
A willow droops tenderly ever,  
Go hallow his grave with thy tears,  
Go hallow his grave with thy tears.

Our country, with ardent devotion,  
In God may thy children abide;  
In Him be the strength of our nation,  
His laws and its counsel our guide.  
Our banner, that time-honored banner,  
That floats o'er the ocean's bright foam,  
God keep them unsullied forever,  
Our standard, our union, our home,  
Our standard, our union, our home.