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For thee, O dear, dear country

For thee, 0 dear, dear country, mine eyes their vigils keep; for very love, beholding thy happy name, they weep. The mention of thy glory is unction to the breast, and medicine in sickness, and love and life and rest.

0 one, 0 only mansion! 0 Paradise of joy! Where tears are ever banished, and smiles have no alloy; the Lamb is all thy splendor, the Crucified thy praise; his laud and benediction thy ransomed people raise.

With jasper glow thy bulwarks, thy streets with emeralds blaze; the sardius and the topaz unite in thee their rays; thine ageless walls are bonded with amethyst unpriced; the saints build up thy fabric, thy cornerstone is Christ.

Thou hast no shore, fair ocean! Thou hast no time, bright day! Dear fountain of refreshment to pilgrims far away! Upon the Rock of ages they raise thy holy tower; thine is the victor's laurel, and thine the golden dower.