

# For thee, O dear, dear country

German Mediaeval Melody, 16th Cent

Magdalena  
76.76

For thee, O 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.

With jasper glow thy bulwarks,  
Thy streets with emeralds blaze;  
The sardis and the topaz  
Unite in thee their rays;

Thine ageless walls are bonded  
With amethyst unpriced;  
The saints build up thy fabric,  
The cornerstone is Christ.

O one, O only mansion,  
O paradise of joy,  
Where tears are ever banished  
And smiles have no alloy!

The Cross is all thy splendor,  
The Crucified thy praise;  
His laud and benediction  
Thy ransomed people raise.

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.

O mine, my golden Sion!  
O lovelier far than gold!  
With laurel-girt battalions,  
And safe victorious fold.

O fields that see no sorrow!  
O state that fears no strife!  
O princely bowers!  
O land of flowers!  
O realm and home of life.

Bernard of Morlaix