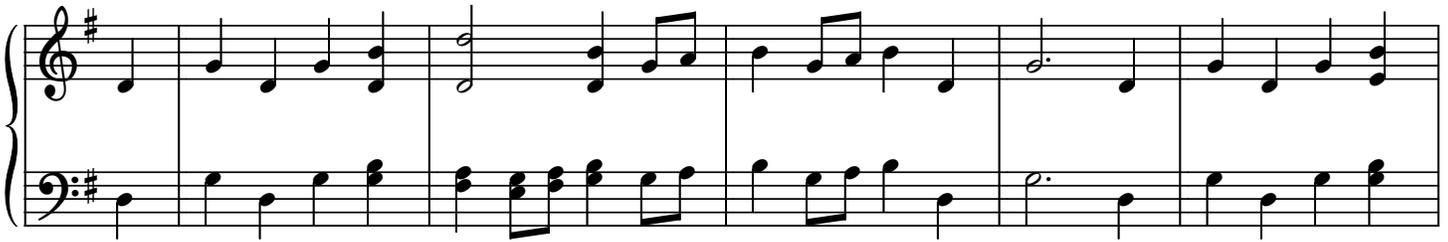


# For thee, O dear, dear country

T. Tertius Noble, 1895

Ely Cathedral  
76.76.D



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.

O one, O only mansion,  
O 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 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.

And now we fight the battle,  
But then shall wear the crown  
Of full and everlasting  
And passionless renown:  
But He whom now we trust in  
Shall then be seen and known;  
And they that know and see Him  
Shall have Him for their own.

O sweet and blessèd country,  
The home of God's elect!  
O sweet and blessèd country,  
That eager hearts expect!  
Jesus, in mercy bring us,  
To that dear land of rest;  
Who art, with God the Father,  
And Spirit, ever blest.

Bernard of Morlaix