Our Country Is Immanuel's Ground

Doh is F · 4/4 Tune: ST. FLAVIAN

| d - | d - t, - d - m - | r - r - d - d - |
Our country is Im- manuel's ground; We

| f - m - d - r - | m - - - - - m - |
seek that promised soil; The

| m - f - s - m - | d - r - m - m - |
songs of Zion cheer our hearts, While

| r - d - d - t, - | d - - - - - |
strangers here we toil.

The other verses

2 Oft do our eyes with joy o'erflow,
And oft are bathed in tears;
But only heaven our hopes can raise,
And sin alone, our fears.

3 We tread the path our Master trod;
We bear the cross he bore;
And every thorn that wounds our feet
His temples pierced before.

4 The flowers that spring along the road
We scarcely stoop to pluck;
We walk o'er beds of shining ore,
Nor waste one wishful look.

5 We purge our mortal dross away,
Refining as we run;
And while we die to earth and sense,
Our heaven is here begun.

Melody from the Open Hymnal Project (public domain), edited by Brian J. Dumont; tune ST. FLAVIAN (From Day's Psalter, 1563); words by Anna Laetitia Barbauld (1743–1825). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.