

Hymn 17. 6s. & 4s.

TUNE—AMERICA.

1. My country! 'tis of thee, Stronghold of slavery, Of thee I sing:
 2. My native country! thee, Where all men are born free, If white their skin;
 3. Let waving swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees, The black man's wrong;
 4. Our father's God! to thee, Author of Liberty, To thee we sing;

Land where my fathers died, Where men man's rights decide,
 I love thy hills and dales, Thy mounts and pleasant vales,
 Let every tongue awake, Let bond and free partake,
 Soon may our land be bright, With holy freedom's right,

Hymn 17.

(CONTINUED.)

From every mountain-side, Thy deeds shall ring.
 But hate thy negro sales, As foulest sin.
 Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.
 Protect us by thy might, Great God, our King.

HYMN.

It comes, the joyful day,
 When tyranny's proud sway,
 Stern as the grave,
 Shall to the ground be hurl'd,
 And freedom's flag, unfurl'd,
 Shall wave throughout the world—
 O'er every slave.

Trump of glad jubilee!
 Echo o'er land and sea
 Freedom for all.
 Let the glad tidings fly,
 And every tribe reply,
 "Glory to God on high,"
 At Slavery's fall.