

OUR COUNTRY

I KNOW of a land where the summer
 Gilds it with bright, golden glow;
I know of a land where the winter
 Shrouds it with crystalline snow.

Long ere the dim eyes of our fathers
 These distant shores had yet scanned,
The Norseman has told in his sagas
 The wonders of this verdant land.

For long as it slept in the primitive,
 The redman roamed through its wide vales;
The coyote, the bear and the panther
 Crept by on their deep, lonely trails.

But now 'tis a land of rich commerce,
 Of all peoples and tongues that be;
A great and a mighty dominion
 That stretches from sea to sea.