

And who could count the struggles dire
Which that brave people stood,
When battle raged with sword and fire,
And frost and famine spent their ire ?
And who could mete their outpour'd blood—
Their patient, dauntless mood ?

It was for us their life-blood flow'd,
Here, here upon this shore ;
'Twas here with joy their bosoms glow'd,
'Twas here in sorrow they abode ;
Long ere we lived, in days of yore
Our burdens here they bore.

How blest, how precious, is this spot,
All that we love is here ;
Howe'er hard fate may cast our lot,
A land—a fatherland—we 've got ;
Oh, what on earth can e'er
Be to our hearts more dear ?

And here, yes here, we see the land—
O sight, how full of bliss !
We need but stretch our good right hand,
And joyous point to sea and strand,
And say, " Behold this country—this—
Our fatherland it is."

And were we call'd to dwell in light,
'Midst golden clouds of morn,
Where thousand stars are glittering bright,
Where tears ne'er flow, nor sorrows blight ;
Still, for this land so poor, so stern,
Our longing hearts would yearn.

O land ! thou land of thousand lakes,
Of song and constancy ;
Against whose strand life's ocean breaks,
Where dreams the past, the future wakes ;
Oh, blush not for thy poverty—
Be hopeful, bold, and free.