



OUR LAND; OR, THE SONG OF THE FINNISH PATRIOTS.

(Translated from the Swedish of Runeberg.)

Our land, our land, our Fatherland !
Thou glorious word, ring forth !
No mountain rises, proud and grand,
Nor slopes a vale, nor sweeps a strand,
More dear than thou, land of the North—
Our fathers' native earth.

Our land is poor, as all can tell ;
No gold our rivers hold ;
A stranger scorns its heath and fell,
And yet this land we love full well ;
For us—with mountain, wood, and wold—
'Tis still a land of gold.

We love our rivers' thundering tide,
Our streamlets sparkling bright ;
The murmuring of our forests wide ;
Our starry nights, our summer's pride ;
All, all that e'er, with sound or sight,
Has fill'd us with delight.

'Twas here our fathers fought the fight,
With thought, and sword, and plough ;
Here—here in moments dark or bright,
'Mid Fortune's smile, or Fortune's spite,
The Finnish people's heart would glow,
'Twould bear both weal and woe.