

NATIONAL SONG

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Land to the Northland that cradles a nation,
Lusty and strong as the masts of her galleons,
Queen of her own, she reigns in her station,
Mother of freemen she sits in her throne.
God save the land we love,
Make her forever prove
Mother of men, and a home of the free,
Let every patriot son
Sing, while the stars are
Shining, Motherland! Our heart beats for thee.

Honor the land where the knightliest races
Fought as freemen to win her as prize,
Sons of these bold men we sit in their places,
Mother forever be sweet of face,
God guard the land we hold,
Firm as our sires of old,
Ladons of honor, and fearless, and free,
Standing with arms at rest,
Still we from east to west,
Sing, Motherland! Our heart beats for thee.

Best be our land that has written in story,
Names that are worthy, and deeds that inspire;
Long may her place in the roll-call of glory,
Make a true pride with the patriot's fire.
God ring the Empire round;
But let our sons be found
Marching forest forward, the best of the free,
True to the larger house,
Still shall we give the name;
Sing, Motherland! Our heart beats for thee.