



Dear my country! thee I love  
Better than my tongue can tell:  
Land of peace and plenty, ever  
In my heart thy name shall dwell!  
Birds of evil omen many  
Croak of poverty and care,  
Fancy in them loves to wander  
Through the mazes of despair.  
Dear our country is and lovely,  
And though night be dark and long,  
Evening red-lit clouds betoken  
Morning sunshine bright and strong!