



DWELL where golden prairies bloom,
Where streams and inland seas renew
The thirsty loam,
Where virgin forests sigh in gloom,
And snow-coned mountains cleave the blue
Resplendent dome.

I dwell where the voice of hopeful morn
Awakes a nation, youthful, free,
To grasp the hand
Of earth-transforming Energy,
And lo! industrious hands adorn
Our gladdened land.

We praise our God for the golden scene,
For freedom's breath from sea to sea,
For our glad land;
And grateful praise we give for thee—
Among the nations thou art queen—
My Motherland.