

FROM

**"For God and Home and
Native Land"**

We labor for our Native Land,
We love its forest, stream and plain,
Its mountains, like cathedrals grand,
Its pleasant homes and fields of grain.
But most we love the dwellers there,
For them we lift our hands in prayer,
We ask a land redeemed from wrong,
A nation grown, in God's strength, strong

But every land's a native land
For which some patriot hath died ;
In every home a household band,
With all their loves and griefs abide,
And God hath harvest-fields all white,
That everywhere our toil invite
He giveth work to every hand
For God and Home and Native Land.