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The Western
AMERICAN

CONTINUING THE NORTHMAN

A MAGAZINE OF GOOD CITIZENSHIP

AMERICA

By W. J. Pabodie

America! 'Tis a glorious land;
With broad arms stretched from shore
to shore!

The proud Pacific chafes her strand;
She hears the dark Atlantic's roar;
And nurtured on her ample breast
How many a goodly prospect lies
In Nature's wildest grandeur drest,
Enameled with her loveliest dyes!

Rich prairies decked with flowers of gold
Like sunlit oceans roll afar;
Broad lakes her azure heavens behold,
Reflecting clear each trembling star;
And mighty rivers, mountain born,
Go sweeping onward, dark and deep,
Through forests where the bounding fawn,
Beneath their sheltering branches leap.

And cradled 'mid her clustering hills,
Sweet vales in dream-like beauty hide,
Where love the air with music fills,
And calm content and peace abide;
For Plenty here her fullness pours
In rich profusion o'er the land,
And sent to seize her generous stores,
There prowls no tyrant's hireling band.

Great God! We thank Thee for this home—
This bounteous birth-land of the free
Where wanderers from afar may come
And breathe the air of liberty!
Still may her flowers untrampled spring,
Her harvest wave, her cities rise!
And yet, till Time shall fold his wing,
Remain Earth's loveliest Paradise!

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