God Bless Our Native Land

1. God bless our native land! Firm may she ever stand,
   Thru storm and night! When the wild tempests rave,
   wind and wave, Do Thou our country save
   watchful eye, To Thee aloud we cry,

2. For her our prayers shall rise To God, above the skies,
   On Him we wait; Thou who art ever nigh, Guarding with
   do Thou our country save By Thy great might.
   God save the state!

Words: C. T. Brooks, 1834 & J. S. Dwight, 1844
Music: Henry Carey, (1663-1743), 1740. Har. 1745

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