O MY NATIVE LAND IS FAIR.

1. O my native land is fair! Sweet its breezy mountain air; O my
2. O my native land is fair! Fresh the winds that wander there; O my
3. O my native land is fair! In its breezy mountain air; O my

native land is fair! Sweet its breezy mountain air; On the wild paths of her
native land is fair! Fresh the winds that wander there; Pure the hill brook's silver
native land is fair! In its breezy mountain air; 'Mong her mountains, brooks, and

mountains, By the clear waves of her fountains, On her verdant pastures
gushing, Down from rock to rock swift rushing; And my father's cot stands
wild wood, Passed my care less days of childhood; Swift the moments fleeted

rare; O my native land is fair, O my native land is fair!
there; O my native land is fair, O my native land is fair!
there; O my native land is fair, O my native land is fair!