O THOU, MY AUSTRIA.

Arr. from P. von Seckendorff.

1. Where snow-crowned mountains rear their summits to the sky, As they converse held with clouds in heaven on high, Where from sparkling springs flow waters, crystal clear. Where chamois fleet are chased by youths who never know fear. Who aim when far above on rocky steep they stand.

2. Yes, there, where Alpine maids the gayest ditties sing, Where youths the sweetest flow'res to blushing maidens bring, Where cohoes far and near ring clearly, Where faith and love go hand in hand in union fair, The land where far above on rocky steep they stand; Yes, there is my Austria! That is my hand in hand; Yes, there is my Austria! There is my Austria! That is my Austria, my father-land.

Austria! There is my Austria, my father-land.