

THE MINERS' JOURNAL.

Clippings.

Our Country.
Our country—“a glorious land, With wide arms stretched out to shore; The ocean waves are around us, She bears the dark Atlantic roar; And nurtured in her ample breast, Nature's wildst grandeur dresses, Embellished with her toylike dress!

Rich prairies deck'd with flowers of gold, Like sun—days oceans roll after; Earth takes the hand of her sister, And gently rocks, and trembling star; And mighty rivers, mountain-born, Go sweeping down the bounding plain;

The forest fills the bounding boughs, Beneath the sheltering branches lead;

And cradled under her clustering hills, Sweet vales in dream-like beauty hide,

Where love the heart, and peace abides,

A pure, a simple, and peaceful bower;

For plenty here her fullness pour;

In rich profusion o'er the land;

And all the world is her bower;

There bows to it a laurel-clad land.

Great God! we thank thee for this—

This boundless birthland of the free;

Where heroes from afar may come,

Still may lowers untrammel'd sing;

Her voice to we, for e'er to sing;

And all the world is her bower;

Beneath earth's loveliest spreading boughs;

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