

# God Bless Our Native Land

WORDS: Siegfried A. Mahlmann

- 1. God bless our native land,  
Firm may she ever stand,  
Through storm and night;  
When the wild tempests rave,  
Ruler of wind and wave,  
O God, our country save  
By your great might.**

**2. For her our prayer shall rise,  
To God above the skies,  
On whom we wait;  
Lord, you are ever nigh,  
Guarding with watchful eye.  
To you aloud we cry,  
God save the state!**

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Lord, you are ever nigh,  
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To you aloud we cry,  
God save the state!**

**3. Not for this land alone,  
But be God's mercies shown  
From shore to shore;  
And may the nations see  
That all should neighbors be,  
And form one family  
The wide world o'er.**