

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,
Do thou our country save
By thy great might.**

**2. For her our prayers shall rise,
To God above the skies,
On him we wait;
Thou, who are ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To thee 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 men should brothers be,
And form one family
The wide world o'er.**

**God Bless our native land.
Firm may she stand!**