THE PLEASANT LAND WE LOVE.

Words by N. P. Willis.

Air, Carrier Dove.

Joy to the pleasant land we love, The

The wife sits meekly by the hearth, Her

land our fathers trod! Joy to the land for

in-fant child beside; The father on his

which they won "Freedom to worship God." For

no-ble boy Looks with a fearless pride. The

peace on all its sunny hills, On

grey old man, beneath the tree, Tales
every mountain broods, And sleeps by all its
of his childhood tells; And sweetly in the
gushing rills, And all its mighty floods.
hush of morn Peal out the Sabbath bells.