

1 O hap - py land, whose sons in youth, In stur - dy strength and  
no - ble truth, Like plants in vig - or spring; Whose daugh - ters fair, a  
queen - ly race, Are like the cor - ner - stones that grace  
The pal - ace of a king, The pal - ace of a king.

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[Stanzas 7-9]

2 O happy land, when flock and field  
Their rich, abundant increase yield,  
And blessings multiply;  
When plenty all thy people share,  
And no invading foe is there,  
And no distressful cry.

3 O happy people, favored land,  
To whom the Lord with liberal hand  
Hath thus His goodness shown;  
Yea, surely is that people blest  
By whom Jehovah is confessed  
To be their God alone.