

- Have I stood there amazed and asked as I gazed If their glory exceeds that of ours.
- 3. Where the air is so pure and the zephyrs so free, And the breezes so balmy and light; Oh, I would not exchange my home on the range For the glittering cities so bright.
- Oh, give me a land where the bright diamond sand Flows leisurely down with the stream, Where the graceful white swan glides slowly along, Like a maid in a heavenly dream.

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