

Poem—

My Native Land The Beautiful

My Native land the beautiful
And the Natives are beautiful,
All the Natives welcome all
directions by:

"Share our land the beautiful,
Because you find as good no
more."

There is a windsong that chant
a tune

From past, present and future;
That chant from chill
to morning cold.

Come share our land
the beautiful,
Because you find as good no
more.

—By JOHN ANGAIK