**‘O Land of Our Birth’**

O land of our birth,

O gem of God's earth,

O Island so strong and so fair;

Built firm as Barrule,

Thy Throne of Home Rule

Makes us free as thy sweet mountain air.

When Orry, the Dane,

In Mannin did reign,

'Twas said he had come from above;

For wisdom from Heav'n

To him had been giv'n

To rule us with justice and love.

Our fathers have told

How Saints came of old,

Proclaiming the Gospel of Peace;

That sinful desires,

Like false Baal fires,

Must die ere our troubles can cease.

Ye sons of the soil,

In hardship and toil,

That plough both the land and the sea,

Take heart while you can,

And think of the Man

Who toiled by the Lake Galilee.

When fierce tempests smote

That frail little boat,

They ceased at His gentle command;

Despite all our fear,

The Saviour is near

To safeguard our dear Fatherland.

Let storm-winds rejoice,

And lift up their voice,

No danger our homes can befall;

Our green hills and rocks

Encircle our flocks,

And keep out the sea like a wall.

Our Island, thus blest,

No foe can molest;

Our grain and our fish shall increase;

From battle and sword

Protecteth the Lord,

And crowneth our nation with peace.

Then let us rejoice

With heart, soul and voice,

And in The Lord's promise confide;

That each single hour

We trust in His power,

No evil our souls can betide.