

## NEBRASKA

With waving fields of corn and wheat; With fragrant meadows, cool and sweet, And humming wheels of industry– The favored one of all the states, You open wide your golden gates And welcome all who come to thee!

State of the golden sun-down west, Of all that's good you have the best, And less of misery and woe. The land of sunshine and good cheer, God smiles upon it all the year To make your harvests bloom and blow.

Come out from sterile eastern hills:

Come where a land with plenty fills The storehouse of all honest toil; Come, cast your lot where sun and rain Brings industry its richest gain From fair Nebraska's fertile soil.

-W. M. M.