

Introduced: 1/9/90  
Referred: State Affairs

6-1797A

BY SEN. FAIKS BY REQUEST

1 IN THE SENATE

2

SENATE BILL NO. 379

3

IN THE LEGISLATURE OF THE STATE OF ALASKA

4

SIXTEENTH LEGISLATURE - SECOND SESSION

5

A BILL

6 For an Act entitled: "An Act adopting a state poem."

7 BE IT ENACTED BY THE LEGISLATURE OF THE STATE OF ALASKA:

8 \* Section 1. AS 44.09 is amended by adding a new section to read:

9           Sec. 44.09.048. STATE POEM. The poem, "Great Land," by Brady D.  
10 Jackson II, is the official poem of the state. The words of the poem  
11 are as follows:

12

GREAT LAND

13

You call me "The Great Land," and yes I am.

14

A country that measures how tall you stand.

15

A land that takes judgment keen to survive;

16

A land that takes good men, strong and alive.

17

18

I hold in my bowels the riches of kings.

19

My mountains, my valleys, are God-made things.

20

From boundary to border vastly I span;

21

I stand in today - tomorrow in hand.

22

23

At my feet there grow trees, higher than most;

24

My head crowns America's northernmost coast.

25

My shores a far rugged line to unfurl -

26

If straight, it would reach half-way round the world.

27

28

My waters are stocked with multiple fish,

29

Wild game abundant for royalty's dish.

1 My mountains so high few eyes ever seen,  
2 My valleys in summer, fertile and green.  
3  
4 You came first in numbers with traps in hand,  
5 Stole the rich furs of my seas and my land.  
6 You came back with ships of nets by the ton,  
7 Plundered my shores where the king salmon run.  
8  
9 Returning in hoards, with picks in your hand,  
10 Scraping my outsides, then scarring my land  
11 To dig for my gold you wanted so bad;  
12 Left families, friends, and good manners you had.  
13  
14 There were leeches, gamblers, crooks in your crowd,  
15 Women with whiskey and games I allowed.  
16 Strong ones among you my history shows,  
17 Weak ones forgotten as last winter's snows.  
18  
19 Back there in Forty, protecting my shore,  
20 Vowed me wasteland, would return nevermore.  
21 Smart ones among you could dream what I held,  
22 You brought back your wives and children as well.  
23  
24 I know - you'll cut my chest - rails and roads,  
25 Break trails - build new towns - forget my old codes.  
26 But my land is vast - my arms out-reaching,  
27 I need new breed, Cheechakos need teaching!  
28  
29 You came from Georgia, California, Maine,

1                   The highlands, lowlands, and forgotten names;  
2                   Now dubbed Alaskans! So tall you must stand!  
3                   Remember my weather, first law of my land.  
4  
5                   There's still platinum, jade, and oil in my skin,  
6                   More riches than man can dream of within.  
7                   Come now, Alaskans, the strongest of friends!  
8                   Take naught for granted - I'm still  
9                                   "The Great Land"!