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My Nature Land

Dashdorj Natsagdorj

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MY NATURE LAND

High stately mountains Khentei, Khangai, and Soyon,
Forests and thick-wooded ridges-the beauty of the North,
The Great Gobi desert-the spaces of Menen, Sharga, and Nomin,
And the oceans of sand deserts that dominate the South;
This, this is my native land,

The lovely country – My Mongolia.
The crystal rivers of sacred Kherlen, Onon, and Tuul,
Brooks, streams, and springs that bring health to all my people,
The blue lakes of Khovsgol, Uvs, and Buir-deep and wide,
Rivers and lakes where people and cattle quench their thirst;

This, this is my native land,
The lovely country – My Mongolia.
The most beautiful rivers of Orkhon, Selenge, and Khukhui,
Mountains and passes-the source of metals and stone,
Ancient structures and ruins of towns and fortresses,
Roads and highways running to distant countries;

This, this is my native land,
The lovely country – My Mongolia.
The high crowns of snow capped mountains shining from afar,
The endless virgin landscape under the clear blue sky,
The noble summits seen standing in the distance,
And the unbounded fields where one's soul at last finds peace;



MY HOMELAND, MY STEED (DETAIL)
Otgonbayar "Otgo" Ershuu
Collection Best Western Premier Tuushin Hotel, Ulaanbaatar

This, this is my native land,
The lovely country – My Mongolia.
The vast land of Khalkha among the deserts and highlands,
Land where we rode along and across from the green days of our youth,
Towering mountain chains where deer and wolf are hunted,
And the finest valleys where splendid horses run;

This, this is my native land,
The lovely country – My Mongolia.
The land of pure grasses waving in the breeze,
The land of open steppes full of fantastic mirages,
Firm rocks and out-of-reach places where Good men used to meet,
And the ancient ovoos-the cairns to gods and ancestors;

This, this is my native land,
The lovely country – My Mongolia.
Land of pasture heavy with grass thin and pure,
Country where all may ride and drive at will,
Country where people live freely in all seasons of the year,
And the land of fertile soil, the five grains that grow,

This, this is my native land,
The lovely country – My Mongolia.
The finest mountains-the cradles where our ancestors lie,
Where we grew up and flourished,
The land where five kinds of animals wander in the plains,
And the land saturated with the soul generations of Mongols;

This, this is my native land,
The lovely country – My Mongolia.
Land where all is covered with snow and ice in winter,
And the grasses twinkle like glass and crystal,
Land where all is a carpet of flowers in summer,
And full of songbirds from the distant lands of the South;

This, this is my native land,
The lovely country – My Mongolia.
The rich land between the Altai and Khingan mountains,
The land where my father and mother lived and blessed for us in their passing,
The land peacefully growing under the golden Sun,
And sparkling forever under the silver Moon;

This, this is my native land,
The lovely country – My Mongolia.
Land of my ancestors from the time of the Hun and Sung,
Glorious land where might of the Blue Mongols was felt,
Land that has fitted us since the morning of time,
And the land overspread by Red Banner of New Mongolia;

This, this is my native land,
The lovely country – My Mongolia.
Homeland, known from birth and growing up, is land that we dearly love,
With every invader we turned back at the very gates,
Let us increase the might of our new-born people,
And on our merits build a newer world,

This, this is my native land,
The lovely country – My Mongolia.

Dashdorj Natsagdorj (1906 – 1937) is a famous Mongolian poet, writer, and founder of modern Mongolian literature. Natsagdorj's best-known works are those of his beloved Mongolia.