

On the snow-clad peaks of the sunset land ;
As they rise in the clouds so near to heaven
In shadowy vastness, stern and grand ;
There gaunt old pines by the lightning riven,
Moan in the winds through their branches
driven,
On the crags and cliffs of the sunset land.

Mid the rolling plains of the sunset land,
Where the echoes drift on the tufted heather
In the wake of breezes sweet and bland ;
There the shadows go in a troop together
Across the haze of the fair June weather
In the grassy dells of the sunset land.

By the wand'ring streams of the sunset land,
Where the ripples rise mid the tall reeds
bending
And float away to an unknown strand ;
There the shade and the sunlight slow de-
scending
Fall where the voice of the waters blending
Sings of the sunset land.