

A SONG OF THE SUNSET LAND.

IN the far-off hills of the sunset land ;
In the land where the long grass bends and
quivers,
Where the ghosts of night and morning stand
By the gleams and dreams of the lonely
rivers,
There the brown sedge waving, stoops and
shivers
At the water's edge in the sunset land.

Through the trackless paths of the sunset land ;
Where the silence broods under far skies
rounded
And the days slip by like grains of sand,
There the song unsung and the chord un-
sounded
Seem like a part of the desert, bounded
By the wild gray wastes of the sunset land.