

O-ver their heads the mists are rolled, Stained with pur - ple and cleft with
 Out of the sha - dows cool and sweet, Birds go sing - ing the morn to
 Pearl and ru - by and sapphire blue, Flooding the waves with a glo - ry

gold; Down from the cliffs of gra - nite cold, Slow-ly the sunshine thrills.
 greet; Wood and mea-dow and spring-ing wheat, Glisten with dew - y sheen.
 new, Like a blos - som - ing garden of trop - ic hue, Swayed by a summer breeze.

