


## A Song of the West

 Oh! wind that comes out of the West.  
The land of the sunset skies,  
Where far o'er yon mountain's crest  
Those glorious colors rise,

You bring me the fragrance of pine,  
The coolness of mountain snow,  
The music of falling streams,  
By the hill where the lilies grow.

Oh! wind that comes out of the West,  
You sigh on your way to the plain,  
"The mountain land is best,  
Will you not come back again?"

Glow skies, with your golden light ;  
Blow softly, dear wind from the hill :  
For my heart has a longing to-night  
That only the West can fill.

