

The hills and the valleys awoke,
And with joyous strain
The birds of the woodlands broke
Into song again.

IV.

And now the full glory of day
Reigned over earth and sea,
And morn in her mantle fair
Was glad as a bride could be;
For night had faded away;
And the glorious light of the sun
Had filled all her being with joy
And made her and the Sun-king one.

I.

O land of sunshine and shadows,
Fair land of the glowing East,
Where many a hope lies buried
In graves we expect the least;
And yet with what power hath thy magic enthralled,
For we long to return when the East hath called.