

Memories

OH! Western winds that softly blow
From dear lands far away,
O'er mountains white with spotless snow,
O'er prairies where the wild flowers grow
And rippling waters play,

Bring us the sound of rushing streams.
The scent of blossoms gay ;
Mem'ries to mingle with our dreams.
Of mountains bright with rosy gleams
That cheer the dying day.

For though we wander far, to thee
Our hearts turn back alway,
Dear Western land, and thou shalt be
Recalled by tender memory
Wherever we may stray.

