

Know'st thou the land of the mountains that rise
Till their summits are lost in the depths of the skies?
Their granite foundations are far underground,
Where the gold and the coal and the iron abound;
And the sun on their white-headed majesty flings
The radiance of crowns and the purple of kings.
Know'st thou the land of these citadels tall,
With their ramparts and battlements, wall upon wall?

Know'st thou the land where the ice and the snow
On all things a magical beauty bestow?
Then the earth is a hride and the tingling air wine,
The frosty sky sparkles, the Pleiades shine,
And the bright "merry daneers" in gorgeous array,
Like ghosts of dead sunbeams, come forth to their play.
Know'st thou the land of the sleigh-bells, the land
Of the warm fireside and the welcoming hand?

Know'st thou the land where kind Nature has given
In earth's beauty and grandeur a foretaste of heaven;
Where History lingers, enthralled with the view
Of as splendid exploits as the world ever knew;
Where Industry reaps the rewards of her toil
In the wealth of the cities, the fruits of the soil?
Know'st thou the land which the Muses regard,
The land of the sculptor, the singer, the hard?

Know'st thou the land where the spell of the past
Is over the mind irresistibly cast;
Where the present fulfills the fond hopes of the years,
The dreams of romancers, the visions of seers;