

The Land of Dreams.

Free land of hosts that have not seen
 Mount Ida's snow, or Erin's green
 Or Cashmere's rose, or Timgal's roll
 Or Kileuea's lava shoal.

Free land of hosts that dwell afar
 With ice and mist and Polar star
 Where La Platte sees her lilies swoon
 By tiger reeds at musky noon.

Free land of monk on Carmel's height
 Of gin by Australasian bight
 Of Popes and Queens, and gifted bards
 And gamins of the boulevards.

Free land of heirs to wealth's sweet balms:
 Of Toil with stains on its rough palms:
 Of man and maid of youth and age,
 Dreamland! Free
 fairy heritage.

Roslyn