



THE
LAND of THE WEST

Oh, come to the West, love, O come there with me,
 'Tis a sweet land of verdure that springs from the
 sea,

Where fair plenty smiles from her emerald throne ;
 Oh, come to the West and I'll make thee my own.
 I'll guard thee, I'll tend thee, I'll love thee the best
 And you'll say there's no land like the land of the
 West.

The South has its roses and bright skies of blue,
 But ours are more sweet with love's changeful hue.
 Half tears, half sunshine like the girl I love best,
 Oh, what is the South to the beautiful West,
 Then come there with me and the rose on thy mouth
 Will be fairer to me than the flowers of the South.

The North has its snow tow'rs of dazzling array,
 All sparkling with gems in the fair setting day,
 There the storm king may dwell in the halls he
 loves best,
 But the soft breathing zephyr he plays in the West
 Then come to the West, where no cold wind doth
 blow,
 And thy neck will seem fairer to me than the snow

The sun in the golden East chaseth the night,
 When he riseth refreshed in his glory and might,
 But where does he go when he seeks his sweet rest
 Oh, does he not haste to the land of the West.
 Then come there with me 'tis the land I love best,
 'Tis the land of my sires, 'tis my own darling West

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