

### MY MOUNTAIN HOME.

The trees have grown so stout and tall  
Around my dear old mountain home.  
The Pine, the Oak, the Maple--all  
That answer to the winds that roam.  
About the ivied hall.

Among their shadows long ago  
My youth, all passionate and wild,  
Chased phantoms I have learned to know  
Could only haunt a dreaming child  
Unreconciled to woe.

With wonder through their branches high,  
I looked on each mysterious star,  
And thought, if I were then to die,  
My soul would rise and soar afar  
Untrammelled through the sky.