

THE ALPINE HORN.

" Besides that of tuning the Kuhreihn, or *Raus des Faches* the Alpine Horn in Switzerland has another—a more solemn and religious use."—*From the German of Reichard.*

What moves the Swiss to tend his flocks,
Invites to freedom, ever dear?

What wakes the warrior, mid his rocks,

When, downward, in his wild career

He bursts, like glacier from its height,

Entombs the foe he meets in fight,

Himself estranged to fear?

'Tis not the pipe, the harp, the lute;—

For these may leave him still and mute!

Lo, from the vallies deep and wide,

The sun withdraws his evening ray.

The snow clad mountains slowly hide

Their swelling base from parting day;—

That day, whose gleams repose would seek,

But travel on from peak to peak,

Till they, too, fade away;

And leave, with Alpine range on high,

The herdsman lost to every eye.

But hark,—'tis his, thus highest born,

Whose Eyrie cot is in the cloud,

To take the sacred, vesper horn,*

While evening shadows thus enshroud,

And pour—distinctly pour around—

" Praise God the Lord"—in heavens of sound

Through stillness yet more loud,

Till far away—through depths below—

He wakes in all devotion's glow.

No sooner heard, than every swain,

With lightsome heart steps from his cot,

Repeats the word—and forth the strain—

From lip to ear—from spot to spot—

Through every horn—from every tongue—

Along the clefts—by old and young

The notes of praise are caught;

The echoes, starting, stir abroad,

And all respond the name of God.

And often, ere the hour can tell,

In mellow chime, its quarter gone,

The horn and echo still will swell—

In sweetest concert wander on,

Join, in the vale, the hymning rill,

Or climb the Alpine summits, till

In heaven,—and one by one—

They enter each cherubic ear,

Who love from earth such tones to hear.