

EVENING AND THE HILLS

Lo ! the mountains.
Grandly they glow and face the dying sun,
Immense and calm ; and little shadows, one by
 one,
Fill all their hollows with mystery, and grow
 Imperceptibly across the face of the hills,
As the shadows creep and gather slow
Round the mouth and eyes of a stricken man
 Who muses on his ills
And mourns the stern world's melancholy plan.

These are for ever.
Yea, though in labour one should rise and rise
And front the day with unbeckoned eyes,
Then in a season pass again to rest ;
 Though æons hence our children should beget
Fresh perishable folk, and kingdoms still un-
 guessed
Should live and fade to nothingness again,
 Still suns would set,
And hills, the everlasting hills, remain.