

THE MOUNTAINS OF THE NORTH.

GLORIOUS mountains of the North !
Blazing forth
Electric whiteness, crystalline splendor,
From your sword-like peaks,

Rugged, bold and supremely grand
Still ye stand ;
As, age upon age, ye have stood and withstood
The bombardment of time.

Ye of the land where the rivers hold
Such wealth of gold ;
Where the midnight sun looks across the night,
Like a spirit dethroned ;

Tell me, ye crags, where the winds ever hlow,
And the snow
Folds her glistening veil over turret
And pinnacled temple ;