

Exaltation.

FOR me the hill-tops laughing up to Heaven,
Where ample distance makes the spirit
free :

Upon these spacious mountains it is given
To know Life's purest joy of ecstasy.
The tremulous world, soft shadowed, lies below
In semitones of purple, blue and grey,
What though amid those shadows I must go ?
Sufficient now this breadth of splendid day.

I drink full-deep this wine of rushing air,
My senses reel before the mighty spell,
I seem to soar to high empyrean, where
The holy fires dissolve this earthy shell.
I find that path no bird hath ever known,
That track no foot of man hath ever trod,
Where love and high desires arise alone,
The highway of the soul that leads to God.

Down from the hills, exultant I descend
To this deep vale of transitory grief.
Dim shadows gather round, the mountains bend
From flaming skies outlined in stern relief.
Here, in the gloom by those great boulders cast,
Shall I for level sweeps, sun-haunted, pine ?
Nay, mine the joy when this dark hour is past,
To rise again to heights so near divine !