

EXCELSIOR

11

The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"
And loud that clarion voice replied,
Excelsior!

20

"O! stay," the maiden said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!"
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered, with a sigh,
Excelsior!

25

"Beware the pine-tree's withered branch!
Beware the awful avalanche!"
This was the peasant's last Good-night,
A voice replied, far up the height,
Excelsior!

30

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint Bernard¹
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
Excelsior!

35

A traveller, by the faithful hound,
Half-buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

40

There in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star,
Excelsior!

45

¹ **Saint Bernard**—A French monk who was celebrated during the second Crusade. The monastery of St. Bernard in the Alps is famous for the assistance that the monks give to travellers. The monks are aided in their work of rescue by their faithful dogs.