

FROM
"Among the Mountains."

The mountains whisper in the night :
I heard a sound from every height,
Like echoes falling from the sky,
Or like a flute-note's anxious sigh,
But with the first gray light of morn,
Their voice rang like a huntsman's horn :

Oh, come up higher, higher !
Why linger in the gloom !
The clouds are all on fire,
And crystal roses bloom.

Tis morning in the mountains :
The yet unrisen sun
Has all his golden fountains,
With glory overrun.

Each summit now is glowing,
A heap of burnished gold,
The yellow light o'erflowing,
Drives back the shadow cold.