

By hollows and by seams that once were
filled

With rushing torrents. See! see how they lie
Fold upon fold, in cycles of the past,
Or wind or wave-swept into glorious shapes,
And piled against the azure of the heavens.
These undulating lines, like silenced waves
Taken in mid-course of their unrivalled leap,
To fix forever their unresting course,
Seem to my eyes, in the calm evenings, still
To palpitate away into the moving sky.