

Where the bright wand of the Springtime
Cannot work its magic change,
Even there, upon the bosom
Of the white, perpetual snow,
From a plant with blood-red petals
Shines a ceaseless, crimson glow.
But that weird and wondrous blossom
Is a thing of ice and fire ;
For, when torn from out its birthplace,
All its glowing charms expire.
In the daring hand that plucks it
Lo ! the severed bloom appears
As it lieth, dimmed and melting,
Like a clot of gory tears !
Vain all effort to transplant it
To the verdant fields below :
Only on that snowy surface
Will it shed its crimson glow ;
Only to the rock's chill bosom
Can its roots securely cling,
Only thence, in mystic splendour,
Will its bright corolla spring.

Long before the selfish legions
Of the miners, rough and bold,
Rudely tore the shining treasure
From the cavern's jealous hold,
" Beautiful upon the mountains "
Were the feet of those who brought
Gladsome tidings of Salvation
To the lands with darkness fraught.
Thither, by its Western gateway,
From the far Pacific strand,
Came the sons of blessed Francis,
Came Loyola's hero band.
And they marked their path of conquest,
Not with forts of granite dread,
But with calm adobe temples,
Where the Holy Mass was said.
One from out the brown-robed army,
As he crossed a peak of snow,
Near its cloud-encircled summit,