

FROM

"Among the Mountains."

I've lived among the mountains,
And gathered up their lore,
The voices of their fountains
To me speak evermore.

The wisdom they have taught me
Is writ on memory's scroll,
The wealth their beauty brought me,
Is treasured in my soul.

A pupil, silent, waiting,
To catch the teacher's word ;
My lips fail in repeating
The language I have heard.

Then come and see the mountains
While sunset's crimson beam,
O'er pinnacles and fountains,
Has shed its ruddy gleam.

A bright rose hue is crowning
Each crest of drifted snow
While all the base is drowning
In sapphire tints below.