

### **The Mountain Echo**

A voice from the Fountains,  
 A voice from the Sea,  
 Says come to the mountains,  
 Come, come unto me.

Fair visions are ours  
 Thou knowest full well,  
 And ours the powers  
 That thou mayest tell,

As we rove in the mist  
 Or glance on the snow  
 Disregarding the grist  
 Of mortals below.

And we take in our way  
 Each mark as it comes,  
 Or sadder or gay,  
 Or grottoes or tombs.

The lilies and flowers  
 That blow o'er the dead  
 We pluck in the hours  
 That by them we tread.