

THE ELM TREE.

Old giant from the days we call primeval,
In solitary greatness rooted there;
Lifting thy splendid head in pride coeval
With the dark mountain to the higher air.

A grand old elm, but not an elm tree only,
For in thee dwells the spirit of the years.
The passer sees thee standing vast and lonely—
To him no awful presence there appears.

He does not see the phantoms thee surrounding.
Nor hear the voices from thy branches call.
Nor the low echoes from the rocks resounding:
Thy myst'ry cannot be resolved by all.