

## MY HILLS.

HAVE your theatres and halls,  
Have your shops and shows and balls, —  
All within your city-walls;  
Only let me have my hills, —  
My lone and silent hills,  
Where Nature, in my sight,  
Pours ever out and fills  
Her chalice with delight!  
Whisp'ring all the while,  
With a winsome smile,  
Such promise in my ear,  
As mortals seldom hear.  
For here no chancel-rail,  
No jealous screen or vail  
Divides me from my God;  
But, on this mossy sod,  
With the blue dome above  
And the green world below,  
I see, I hear, I know,  
I feel that God is Love!