

The Poet bids Farewell to the Mountain.

Farewell, old Mountain ! From thy wood-crown'd heights
I bear away a deeper, dearer sense
Of "God-with-me " than e'er I knew before.
Mounts of Transfiguration still there are,
That lift us far above the influence
Of time and sense, and bring us nearer heaven :
And such thou art to me.—When in the valley
We feel our limitations, grieve, and fret ;
And then, in wild despair, look to the hills ;
For there are wisdom, strength, and boundless love.
Thou blessed mountain-teacher. Fare-thee-well !

