

Above the far horizon the sun hath risen at last,  
And darkness vanishes away as when a dream hath passed;  
The forest rustles to his beams, the streams confess his might,  
And yonder hills have heard the words "Let there be light!"—be light.

But in the middle of the plain there towers up on high,  
One rugged mountain, mist-enwrapped, that frowns unto the sky;  
And on it droops one sad pale flower amid the rock and stone,  
And when it dies the hill must stand, as erst it stood, alone.

Sad hill! that while thou standest there hast neither love nor rest,  
No laughing morn shall come to thee and deck thy sombre crest;  
No bird shall sing sweet songs for thee, but still the chilly air  
Shall wail in everlasting notes of sorrow and despair.

But see!—the mist is torn aside,—the clouds are rolled away,  
A peak shoots up in rays of fire beneath the orb of day;  
The lark mounts o'er the sunlit crag, and poised on feeble wing  
Pours forth such notes of praise and joy as angels love to sing.

'Tis well—I knew the lesson when I heard the angels call,  
Though clouds be round about thy path yet God is over all;  
Though yonder rock rise lone and sad above the happy sod,  
Is it alone when round it moves an ever loving God?

All night I heard my rival's voice—I saw the funeral shroud,  
My soul was all too weak to pierce beyond the gloomy cloud;  
But now God's angels speak to me and teach me Hope and Faith,  
And to His love I trust my love, nor fear my rival, Death.