

TO A MOUNTAIN, IN COLORADO.

Warder of Heaven's lore, well dost thou tame  
The too aspiring earth, with boundless weight,  
Immovable as law and stern as fate,  
Yet with the aureole of hope aflame,  
For snow and sunshine thou hast giv'n one name,  
'Tis writ upon thy brow in bright estate:  
Yet human thou art not, nor love nor hate  
Quickens thy steadfast heart with joy or blame.

Patient, thou pointest evermore to God,  
Communing with the moon and morning star,  
That from thy crest to thy foundation broad  
Utter the tidings of the things that are.  
Thy peaks are prayers. All day God answers yes,  
And sunset ardors breathe his gentleness.