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ASPIRATION.

THOU Spirit of the Mountain make
Me one that never tires,
So that the colours of the sky
May mix with my desires,
So that at night the myriad stars
May be my homestead fires.

Thou Spirit of the Mountain catch
My hand in thy swift hand,
So that my lightened feet may know
The silent snowy land,
So that on free fire-fretted peaks
I may find place to stand.

Thou Spirit of the Mountain write
Thy lore in my heart's roll,
So that th' untrodden waste of ways
May soothe my shut-in soul,
So that I may transcend the parts
And find the world God's whole.