

A MOUNTAIN SCENE.

We started—and he led me toward the hills,  
Up through an ample vale, to higher hills  
Before us, mountains stern and desolate ;  
But, in the majesty of distance, now  
Set off, and to our ken appealing fair  
Of aspect, with aerial softness clad,  
And beautiful with morning's purple beams.

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We scaled, without a track to ease our steps,  
A steep ascent ; and reached a dreary plain,  
With a tumultuous waste of huge hill tops  
Before us ; savage region ! which I paced  
Dispirited : when, all at once, behold !  
Beneath our feet, a little lowly vale,  
A lowly vale, and yet uplifted high  
Among the mountains ; even as if the spot  
Had been from eldest time by wish of theirs  
So placed, to be shut out from all the world !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

—“The Excursion” (Book Second).