

HYMN FOR HIGH PLACES.

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In darkened days of strife and fear,
When far from home and hold,
I do essay my soul to cheer
As did wise men of old ;
When folk do go in doleful guise
And are for life afraid,
I to the hills will lift mine eyes
From whence doth come mine aid.

I shall my soul a temple make
Where hills stand up on high ;
Thither my sadness shall I take
And comfort there descry ;
For every good and noble mount
This message doth extend—
That evil men must render count
And evil days must end.

For, sooth, it is a kingly sight
To see God's mountain tall
That vanquisheth each lesser height
As great hearts vanquish small :
Stand up, stand up, ye holy hills,
As saints and seraphs do,
That ye may bear these present ills
And lead men safely through.

Let high and low repair and go
To where great hills endure ;
Let strong and weak be there to seek
Their comfort and their cure ;
And for all hills in fair array
Now thanks and blessings give,
And, bearing healthful hearts away,
Home go and stoutly live.

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