

“WHENCE COMETH MY HELP?”

Let me sleep among the shadows of the mountains
when I die,
In the murmur of the pines and sliding streams,
Where the long day loiters by
Like a cloud across the sky
And the moon-drenched night is musical with
dreams.

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All the wisdom, all the beauty, I have lived for
unaware
Came upon me by the rote of highland rills;
I have seen God walking there
In the solemn, soundless air
When the morning wakened wonder in the hills.

I am what the mountains made me of their green
and gold and gray,
Of the dawnlight and the moonlight and the foam.
Mighty mothers far away,
Ye who washed my soul in spray,
I am coming, mother mountains, coming home.

When I draw my dreams about me, when I leave
the darkling plain
Where my soul forgets to soar and learns to plod,
I shall go back home again
To the kingdoms of the rain,
To the blue purlieus of Heaven, nearer God.

Where the rose of dawn blooms earlier across the
miles of mist,
Between the tides of sundown and moonrise,
I shall keep a lover's tryst
With the gold and amethyst,
With the stars for my companions in the skies.

ODELL SHEPARD.

—“A Lonely Flute.”