

WHAT CALLED ME TO THE HEIGHTS ?

What called me to the heights ?
Was it the wind ?
One of those finer airs
That play around the mountain tops,
Over grey rocks
And lichen-covered stones,
Stirring the tufted grass
That grows upon the edge ?

What called me to the heights ?
Was it the wish
To rise above the plain,
And climb by scar and spire and crag
To some outstanding peak,
Where sight may range,
Past rocky ridge and crest
Far over hill and dale,
Down to the silver sea ?

What calls me to the heights ?
Is it a dream ?
Or vision flashing clear
Seen through a parting in the clouds
That veil this present life ?
A sudden view,
Far o'er the hills of time,
Of that which lies beyond
The range of mortal sight ?

Who calls me to the heights ?
Is it strong death ?
God's messenger, who comes
To bear the soul to highest Heaven ?
There on some pinnacle
To rest awhile,
And resting there behold
Across unmeasured space
The Majesty of God ?

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