

THE ALPS  
(*Translated from the French*)

ALL hail ! ye glaciers splendid  
That meet the azure sky,  
Across you we have wended  
With joyous heart and high.  
The snow is tinged with morning,  
The air is keen and pure,  
Away ! to seek the dawning  
Upon the loftiest tower !

Below the silent passes  
The chamois browse in peace :  
The distant roar of masses  
And city clamours cease.  
'Tis here we leave the sadness  
Of cruel earth behind ;  
This is the land of gladness  
Of every noble mind !

This is the summit regal  
Of boldly-sculptured form.  
'Tis hence the audacious eagle  
Soars high to stem the storm  
Oh ! heavenly frozen fountains !  
O ! Nature ! vastly grand !  
Come ! sing upon the mountains  
The song of Freedom's land !