Chamouni

The wreathing clouds are fleeting fast

Deep shade upon the hills they cast

While through their openings ever shew

Charmous pyramids of snow

Scarce can you tell in oniddle air

If cloud or mountain rises there

Yet may you mark the glittering light

That glances from the glaciered height

Any you may mark the shades that sever

The throne where winter sits for ever

The avalanches thunder rolling

No summer heat his reign controlling

The gloomy tyrant in his pride

Spread his dominion far <<and symbol>> wide

Til set with many an icy gem

Rises his cliffy diadem

A bow a steepy crag we wound

Where gloomy pines his forehead crowned

And heard we with a sullen swell

The turbid Arve dash through the dell

You might have thought it moaning by

Wait for the lofs of liberty

For high the rocks whose mighty screen

Lonfined the narrow pafs between

And many a pafs of granite grey

The headlong rushed the lightning tiole

No pafs was there for aught beside

And we high oer those cliffs so sheer

Must climb the mountain barrier

Until unfolded to the eye.

The fruitful fields of Chamouni

It lay before us as a child

Of beauty in the desert wild

Full strange it seemed that thing so fair

So fairy like could harbour there

For fields of bending corn there grew

Close to the glaciers wintry blue

And saw we the sane sunray shine

Oh pasture gay and mountains pine

Whose dark << and symbol>> spiry forests rose

Tile mingled with eternal snows

That climbed into the clear blue sky

In peaked impending majesty

Tis pafsing strange that such a place

In all its native lovelineys

Should, pent within those wilds so lone

For many ages pafs unknown

Unknown save by a simple few

Who there own valley only knew

Nor dared the mountains ridge that bound

That lovely vale within terrors round

That lived secluded from mankind

Bouleaded yet in heart and mind

That lived within that world alone

A world of beauty of their own

And now Helvetias cliffy reign

Boutaias not in her Alpine chain

In valley deep, on mountain high

A race like those of Chamouni

For they have loved at dawn of day

To trace the chamois fearful way

Or on the toppling shelf of snow

With crags above and clouds below

Or on the peak whose opury head

Its beeting oer abyses dread

Where place for foot and grasp for hand

Is all the hunter can command

Or on the glaciers rigid wave

Where he may find a chassay graue

Keturaiag with his spoils at each

Ere the real sun hath left the heaven

1833.