

I walked alone upon the mountain path,
The long, dark pathway that was mine to tread;
My heart cried out for kindly human love,
My soul grew faint with loneliness & dread.

I opened wide the doorway of my heart
And prayed that love and joy might enter in,
Now cold-eyed strangers have their dwelling there,
And peace and freedom I shall never win.

My heart's deep holy places are profaned,
They eat and drink upon its altar stone,
I have no refuge from the raving winds,
My soul goes onward, friendless and alone.

I walked upon a lowly place,
And loved, with longing eyes, the high high hills,
The high high hills, whose farthest heights I know
Must look upon God's face.

And then, ~~you came~~ ^{as strong} in love & pride,
You came, and bade me scale the heights with you,
My heart grew brave, flung far its cares & ill,
We faced forth side by side,

No more the warring world appears,
Upon the white high peaks with you I stand,
The shining heights that touch the morning stars
Have smiled away my fears,

God's love broods on us from the blue,
The mystic silence folds us high and far,
On the white peaks, my hand within your hand,
We triumph, I and you.
