

## **Hills**

I never loved your plains,  
Your gentle valleys,  
Your drowsy country lanes  
And pleached alleys.

I want my hills—the trail  
That scorns the hollow—  
Up, up the ragged shale  
Where few will follow.

Up, over wooded crest,  
And mossy boulder,  
With strong thigh, heaving chest,  
And swinging shoulder.

So let me hold my way,  
By nothing halted,  
Until, at close of day,  
I stand exalted.

High on my hills of dream—  
Dear hills that know me!  
And then how fair will seem  
The land below me!

How pure, at vesper-time  
The far bells chiming!  
God, give me hills to climb  
And strength for climbing!

**Arthur Guiterman (1871–1943)**