

Travelling round to see the sights, Viewing mountain peaks and pinnacle delights; Hearts in the mountains on this apple isle,

To climb to heights for my minds inspire.

Hearts in the mountains with streams and brooks,

Fresh mountain air clean and clear to write new books;

Hearts beating strongly with all the air you need.

A soft gentle breeze lets you know what to read.

Gods all around me, as a mountain rises over there,

Miracles creeping all around me, in high air;

Climbing to the highest point, I take a deep breath,

The awe inspiring majesty of life after death.

It's peaceful and lonely by yourself at the top,

No one around you and no thought of a shop;

Walking along across the top of it all,

Seeing far stray distant mountains and lakes everywhere.

A millionaire can't buy it and no price would do anyway,

Like so precious the earth, all on that day;

As I climbed to the summit and found a small piece of life,

A plant growing down in the crevice in strife.

So I stood up there like I was on top of the world,

Creation so beautiful all the stars had been hurled;

And in its secret kingdom of God all alone,
Coming though the heavens I saw God on a the throne.

Signed,

A Mans Solitude