

*His brow was sad; his eye beneath  
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath,  
And like a silver clarion rung  
The accents of that unknown tongue,  
Excelsior!*

*In happy homes he saw the light  
Of household fires gleam warm and bright;  
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,  
And from his lips escaped a groan,  
Excelsior!*

*„Try not the Pass!“ the old man said;  
„Dark lowers the tempest overhead,  
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!“  
And loud that clarion voice replied,  
Excelsior!*

*„O stay,“ the maiden said, „and rest  
Thy weary head upon this breast!“  
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,  
But still he answered with a sigh,  
Excelsior!*

*„Beware the pine-tree’s withered branch!  
Beware the awful avalanche!“  
This was the peasant’s last Goodnight.  
A voice replied, far up the height,  
Excelsior!*

*At break of day, as heavenward  
The pious monks of Saint Bernard  
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,  
A voice cried through the startled air,  
Excelsior!*

*A traveller, by the faithful hound,  
Half-buried in the snow was found,  
Still grasping in his hand of ice  
That banner with the strange device,  
Excelsior!*

*There in the twilight cold and gray,  
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,  
And from the sky, serene and far,  
A voice fell, like a falling star,  
Excelsior!*