

Yolla Bolly Song

How good to rest in mountain light.
By tumbling brook and jagged mount.
The war torn cities far below
Know nothing of a world so right.

How good to feel the june-warm sun,
The cool caress of mountain breeze,
As tired muscles and mind unwind
And life's illusions are undone.

How good to watch the dance of light
On lake and rock and trembling leaf.
Warbler and bunting sing their joy
As shadows lengthen toward night.

This is the mountains, this my home,
The refuge where all care does fade
And I may once and ever be
Just me, a man, below the throne.

Felice Pace at Black Rock Lake,
Yolla Bolly Wilderness, early June 2009