

## THE MAJESTY

Have you ever gazed out and over  
The acres of space, past the lesser ones,  
With your eyes traveling ever upward  
Away from the toil of a world below,  
To the summits, the heights, the greatness  
Of the mountain that stands  
Looking majestically over the valley far below?

This is it! A stately being never before  
Witnessed by mankind  
Through all the ages of kings.

This is nobility—  
Lasting from a moment when the earth pushed it up and  
Left it standing to rule its land.

It will rule!  
The mountain that stares at all its land with a quiet awe  
That leaves nothing—everything—to be desired.

What is it?  
It is the majesty,  
The queen of the hosts—  
The greatness of the heavens.  
It stands tall and straight,  
Leaving the lesser ones below.

Its crown is of pure gold  
Touched upon its head the first light of the dawn  
Born to it,  
And lasting as the day, and disappearing  
As the darkness shrouds it.

Continue! Her greatness remains through the storm,  
The hate, the love.  
She is the greatness of all things;  
She will reign for eternity.

What is it?  
It is  
The majesty—  
The mountain.

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