

# An Appalachian Morning

Jacob Stewart

A fragrant fog, a mountain mist  
Closely clings to springtime air  
Upon the scene, great evergreens  
Densely hug the landscape there

Down the path, a bubbling brook  
Is hidden, save to those who seek  
It sings a psalm with current calm  
Praising, without words, so sweet

And in the drear, a distant sound  
Grazing steer call, long and plain  
While deer scurry, without hurry  
Past the patter of the rain

Peace protrudes the place not touched  
Long by the infirm hand of man  
Where one can see God's majesty  
Smoky peak to creek bed sand