

SKYLINE DRIVE

Oh Blue Ridge mountains
towering high,
You clasp the clouds close
to your breast--
And as forever
pierce the sky,
To its fair altitudes
of rest.

But man jealous is--
he has sought
To find your soul. With
keen-edged tool
And things he made, see--
he has wrought
An entrance to your
shadows cool.

Through your rocks where the
water drips,
He cut his path: through
your sweet pines
His road now rolls and
climbs and dips,
Now curves in
fascinating lines.

Mesmeric peaks, your
beauty binds
Earth and heaven--where
Skyline winds.

Written by Miss Martha Williamson of Hollins College following
a trip over the Skyline Drive in the fall of 1933.