

A SONG OF THE PROMISE OF DAWN.

With the swift-winged wind I fly,
Yet who my wings hath heard?
With the spray of the sea I gleam,
Yet who hath seen me shine?
I flash in the summer sky,
But who hath caught the word
That burns in the heart of the dream;
The dream that hath made thee mine?

I glow in the heart of the fire,
Yet who have I warmed indeed?
I splash in the cooling rain,
Yet whom have I saved from death?
I lie in the heart's desire;
I spring in the shooting seed;
Without me all is vain,
Yet who will spare me breath?

As the world is old, I am old;
But who at my shrine doth bend?
As spring is young, I am young;
And yet whose lyre is mine?
As death is cold, I am cold,
But never a man will lend
A note in the song he has sung,
A drop of his heart's red wine.