

# Strong-Heart

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Strong-heart, Strong-heart, I have found you in the days of long ago;  
The wind was whistling through the pines, the sky was all aglow.  
The red sun sank behind the hills, a breeze came from the west;  
All nature was at peace, Strong-heart, and then I was at rest.

Strong-heart, Strong-heart, I never knew, till you had left my side,  
The meaning of the living Space, nor how the world was wide!  
A melody of endless life through all the breezes blew;  
I send my soul among the stars, and it returned to you.

I found you on the dewy moors, in the bright haze's sheen;  
I lost you in the summer days, when all the woods were green.  
The earth sent forth her scented breath; as at her breast I lay,  
I caught your voice, strong-heart, and heard anew the sound of day.

And as the summer faded, and the earth her mantle doffed,  
The winter crept upon the land the summer had left soft:  
The branches of the pines stood bare against the faded sky,  
And when the earth was all ahush, I knew that you were by.

The stars have echoed earth's love-song; the wondrous Song of Life  
Is deeper than the depths of love, above the sound of strife;  
All nature sings a passion-song that echoes my desire:  
You come to me, Strong-heart, in wind and rain and sea and fire.

The winter's blast is passing now: the summer's song is done;  
And now there is no land of joy to greet the rising sun.  
Cities have sprung upon the land where once the song of birds  
Filled all the sky with music, echoing to Nature's words.

Strong-heart, Strong-heart, I have not sought for you, I know, in vain,  
For I have learned the song of life, and echoed the refrain.  
And you have found the hidden land whence love came creeping low;  
Your voice comes to me softly from the days of Long-ago.