

Noise of great cities hidden by the hills.
I am made free from fettering of tears
That instant when a bird is on the wing,
Or there is joyous piping from a tree.
Earth, sea and sky, in turn for love I give,
Grant me glad moments of their fellowship;
Tell what is happening above the stars;
Betray the planned surprises of the trees
Long ere the leafing time and let me find
How, underneath the moon, whatever draws
Soul from the soil—the flower and the fern—
Dances and makes low music with the wind.
So, harken to your brother of the lodge
Down by the river, playing on a harp
And singing of the secret of the sun,
The moon, the stars, the mountains and the sea;
Yea, harken, O my people, to the song
God taught me to the music of the stream!

The song of the river!
The song of the river that floweth
By Babylon out of the desert and into the desert:
O man that mourneth under the roof of thy lodge
Hard by the river called Chebar,
Why wilt thou weep with desolate tears
And crying of one who can not be comforted?
Thou who hast loved me from babyhood here on my banks,
Played in the sun and laughed when he smithied
My waters to brass when the wind floated a leaf
Of the palm on my flood; thou who hast watched