

## The "Wind on the Heath."

YOU come so swift, belovèd,  
You run straight from the sea ;  
Your salty breath that quickeneth,  
Flows like new wine through me.  
So strong you are, the grass afar,  
Beneath your footfall bows ;  
And leaves you met are trembling yet  
To hear your careless vows.

You come so fresh, belovèd,  
From leagues of curling foam,  
The seaweed clings about your wings,  
Mid-ocean is your home ;  
Your whisper tells to woody dells  
The secrets of the deep,  
To blossom-drifts your magic lifts  
The little clouds that weep.

You come so cool, belovèd,  
So passionless your kiss,  
Your soft caress is happiness,  
Your lashing fury, bliss.  
You sing a song of hope grown strong,  
Joy follows to your lure,  
Your spell is such that all you touch  
Becometh clean and pure.