

*First
Croak*

Well I see,
You and I
By-and-by
Shall get free.

Only now,
Beat away
As we may
Best know how!

Never soar
We, nor float;
But one note,
And no more.

Northward, crow,
Croak and fly!
Would that I
Too might go!

Lark or thrush
Some day, you
Up the blue
Cleave the hush.

O the joy
Then you feel,
Who shall steal
Or destroy?

Have not I
Known how good
Field and wood,
Stream and sky?—

Longed to free
Soul in flight,
Night by night,
Tree to tree?

Northward, crow,
Croak and fly
You and I,—
Striving, go.