

A BALLADE OF CYCLING.

My slender steed of steel is manned,
His rapid mood with mine agrees,
Each other's hearts we understand,
Our spirits scorn repose and ease.
We speed the valley and the trees
Are murmuring above us high,
But soon they die away and cease,
For with the birds we soar and fly.

The sun's eyes glow, his beams expand,
His welcome laughter warms my knees,
And all my brow grows moist and tanned,
Yet on my flashing cycle flees—
On with a heart of health and ease,
With whistling lips and laughing eye,
And not a soul to vex or please,
For with the birds we soar and fly.

Evening droops down upon the land,
On wooing brooks and bowing trees,
But waving high a joyful hand,
I hail the ever-bounding breeze,
The stars—innumerable bees—
Now chase the clouds along the sky.
Rider and wheel—one spirit these,
For with the birds we soar and fly.

L'ENVOI.

Prince, if thy Highness only please—
O Prince, and thou shalt never die!
Deign to accept, these handles seize,
For with the birds we soar and fly.