

R.  
And the self-communing raven,  
And the long-winged tercil hawk,  
With the buzzard, bald and shaven,  
But the bird of which you talk  
Hath no nest, that we know, 'mong the mighty hills."

To the vales descended he :  
"Have ye seen the Fiery Bird?"  
But the clowns in clumsy glee  
At the stranger 'gan to gird :  
"Yes! we have young Robin Red,  
And the nightingfinch that sings,  
Whip-poor-willy, go-to-bed,  
Magpie that says naughty things,  
And swallow-swifts that build in the eaves of mills."

Baffled Guyon, sick of jokes,  
Went beside the sounding sea,  
Said he to the fisher folks :  
"Know ye where this Bird may be?"  
"Nay. We know where skims the skimmer,  
Caves in coves where builds the owl,  
Where murre swim,—where makes a shimmer  
Peter's ne'er-alighting fowl—  
Mother Evermurmur's bird that bodeth storm."

Humbly patient Guyon turns  
To the sand-land lone and lorn,  
"Have ye here a Bird that burns?"  
Said he to the desert-born :  
"We have here the ostrich fleet,  
Fleet as mare of Zadi's tribe,  
And the sand-rail and te-wheet,  
And we have the scarlet ibe  
That, when slants the sunlight, seems a fiery form."

Then he to the realm of snow,  
And to dwellers on the ice  
Said : "Salvages! do you know,  
Builds here Bird of paradise,  
Fire-fowl called?" Cried they in wrath :