

---

---

**F**OR the transport in their rhythm  
Was the throb of thy desire,  
And thy lyric moods shall quicken  
Souls of lovers yet unborn.

**W**HEN the golden days arrive,  
With the swallow at the eaves,  
And the first sob of the south wind  
Sighing at the latch with spring,

**L**ONG hereafter shall thy name  
Be recalled through foreign lands,  
And thou be a part of sorrow  
When the Linus songs are sung.