

Sursum The old sea hunger to herd them,
Corda The old spring fever to drive,
Within them the thrust of an impulse
To wander and joy and thrive;

Below them the lift of the sea-kale,
Before them the fate that shall be;
As it was when the first white summer
Drew the fog from the face of the sea.

11

*The wind on the hills,
The breath of God over the tops of the trees,
Whispers a word
The tribes of his airy dominion rejoice having heard.*

Last night we saw the curtain
Of the red aurora wave,
Through the ungirded heaven
Built without joist or trave,

Fleeting from silence to silence,
As a mirror is stained by a breath,—
The only sign from the Titan
Sleeping in frosty death.

Yet over the world this morning
The old wise trick has been done;
Our legions of rovers and singers,
Arrived and saluting the sun.

The myriad wings atremble,
The marvellous throats astrain,
Come the airy migrant people
In the wake of the purple rain.

One joy that needs no bidding,
One will that does not quail;
The whitethroat up from the barren,
The starling down in the swale;