

Harsh is the voice of the sea ; and the fog on its face set with frowning,
Rolls away from the shore as with curses, not to return.
Well thou art silent and gone, here calm in the tumult is drowning ;
Tenderness lost like childhood in manhood, sullen and strong.

Many a heart like mine for thee perhaps is calling,
For the places of light and song have become a solitude ;
Where is thy summer of song that gladdened the sunbeams falling,
Filling the air afar, and echoing from the wood ?

Southward thy wing and thy warble flit among branches and flowers,
Born with a passion not dead, nor to sleep with the end of a song ;
Never to pause while the seasons garner the minutes and hours,
Frailest, and shyest of singers, shunning the dissonant throng.

Art thou forever gone ; or soon to return to my hearing ?
Never were fields and woods like the floor of our summer skies.
Teach me once more in the Spring ; teach me to utter unfearing,
Sweet as thou singest ever, the songs that often rise.