

XI

LOVE, let the wind cry on the dark mountain,
Bending the ash trees and the tall hemlocks,
With the great voice of thunderous legions,
How I adore thee.

Let the hoarse torrent in the blue canyon,
Murmuring mightily out of the gray mist
Of primal chaos, cease not proclaiming
How I adore thee.

Let the long rhythm of crunching rollers,
Breaking and bellowing on the white seaboard,
Titan and tireless, tell while the world stands,
How I adore thee.

Love, let the clear call of the tree-cricket,
Frailest of creatures, green as the young grass,
Mark with his trilling resonant bell-note,
How I adore thee.

Let the glad lark song over the meadow,—
That melting lyric of molten silver,—
Be for a signal to listening mortals,
How I adore thee.

But more than all sounds, surer, serener,
Fuller with passion and exultation,
Let the hushed whisper in thine own heart say,
How I adore thee.