

ELAINE.

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HOLD my hands out to you, winds, wild winds,—  
Hurrying over the fields of grain,—  
Brushing the lawns where the lilies have lain,  
And implore you tread lightly,—  
Softly and lightly,—

The mosses that cover Elaine.

hold my hands out to you, clouds, far clouds,—  
And pray, when you pour out your chalice of rain  
Over the valleys, the hills and the plains,  
You will sprinkle but slightly,—  
Softly and lightly,—

The grasses that shelter Elaine.

hold my hands out to you, earth, fair earth,—  
Who gatherest into thy bosom, the slain,—  
And keepest them safe in the wind and the rain,  
I pray you hold tightly,—  
Softly and lightly,—

The white narrow bed of Elaine.

hold my hands out to you, sea, sad sea,—  
Singing forever the same refrain  
Of the dead who will never come home again,—  
And pray you sing nightly,—  
Softly and lightly,—

our soft lullabies for Elaine.