

"See'st thou the plashy brink  
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,  
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink  
On the chafed ocean side ?

"There is a Power whose care  
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast, —  
The desert and illimitable air, —  
Lone, wandering, but not lost.

"All day thy wings have fanned  
At that far height the cold, thin atmosphere,  
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,  
Though the dark night is near.

"And soon that toil shall end ;  
Soon shalt thou find a summer home and rest  
And scream among thy fellows : reeds shall bend  
Soon o'er thy sheltered nest.

"Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven  
Hath swallowed up thy form ; yet on my heart  
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given  
And shall not soon depart.

"He, who from zone to zone  
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight  
In the long way that I must tread alone,  
Will lead my steps aright."