

THE SONG OF THE WINDS

ALL the bright day we wandered and were
proud
As the free winds, and with them stormed the
height
And swayed the thrilling grasses in our flight,
So swift were we to press against the cloud
Our happy faces. Riotous and loud
We roused the lonely mountain with our might
Until he laughed with us in our delight
And crest to crest threw back the vows we
vowed.

Oh, love is of the mountains ; old as they,
Torn and triumphant as the riven crest
That fingers to the sky ; the ancient prey
Of every wind that strikes the open breast.
Our love is of the mountains, furious, strong,
And every wind of heaven is our song.