

Balm of peacefulness ingliding,  
Dream we through our riding, riding,  
As we homeward, homeward fare;  
Riding, riding, ever home,  
Wild, white children of the foam.

Under pallid moonlight beaming,  
Under stars of midnight gleaming,  
And the ebon arch of night;  
Round the rosy edge of morning,  
You may hear our distant horning,  
You may mark our phantom flight;  
Riding, riding, ever faster,  
Driven by our demon master,  
Under darkness, under light;  
Ride we, ride we, ever home,  
Wild, white children of the foam.

### How One Winter Came in the Lake Region

For weeks and weeks the autumn world stood still,  
Clothed in the shadow of a smoky haze;  
The fields were dead, the wind had lost its will,  
And all the lands were hushed by wood and hill,  
In those grey, withered days.

Behind a mist the bleary sun rose and set,  
At night the moon would nestle in a cloud;  
The fisherman, a ghost, did cast his net;  
The lake its shores forgot to chafe and fret,  
And hushed its caverns loud.

Far in the smoky woods the birds were mute,  
Save that from blackened tree a jay would  
scream,