



THE SONG OF THE WANDERER.

THE wind is calling.

The wind of the heath, with the hum of the bee in it,
 The wind of the hill, with the voice of the free in it,
 The wind of the pines, with the sound of the sea in it,
 Calling all wanderers to their wandering.

The dusk is falling.

The dusk of the heath with the plover's cry in it,
 The dusk of the wood, with the leaves that sigh in it,
 The dusk of the sea, with white wings that fly in it,
 Calling all wanderers to their wandering.

Whither? Whither?

Down the road, where the clear stars gleam on it,
 Through the fern, with the glow-worms' beam on it,
 Over the stream, where the moon-shadows dream on it,
 Pass we, road-wanderers on our wandering.

Thither! Thither!

Over the moor, when the lightning plays on it,
 Over the sea, with the sunrise blaze on it,
 Into the mist, with the last sunrays on it,
 Pass we, road-wanderers, on our wandering.

UNA ARTEVELDE TAYLOR.