



A SUMMER AIR

O WAVING trees
And waving wind
And waving seas
And waving mind—
Where, far and wide,
Am I to roam
To find my bride,
To reach my home?

My soul is my Bride :
Ah, whither fled ?
She hath not died,
Nor am I dead :
But somehow, somewhere,
A song she heard,
And she flashed thro' the air
A sunfire bird.

My bride, she is
Where the rainbows are ;
Sweet, sweet her kiss
Awaits afar :

My goal is where
 The sea-waves meet
 The Sands of Youth
 Stirred by her feet.

O waving leaves,
 O waving grass,
 My heart grieves
 That it may not pass.
 'Summer is fleet,
 Summer is long,'—
 I know not, Sweet,
 'Tis an empty Song.

Where, far and wide,
 Across what foam,
 On what strange tide,
 Shall I be come?
 Meet me, O Bride,
 Where, lost, I roam:
 Leap to my side
 And lead me home!

FIONA MACLEOD.

