

# SWAN OF THE LAKE

CHARLES EDWARD EATON

Swan of the lake, hold back your flight  
Until day has past, until the night  
Gathers the shadow on your wings.  
Fly then to woods where the night bird sings  
And there is wind over dark grasses,  
And groves where only moonlight passes.  
There you will hear music, the swell  
Of clear tones from the hidden well.  
These are the songs that will not fade,  
Murmur of water, the tall grass blade  
Rustled by wind. Remember, wild bird,  
All the sounds of the wood you heard.  
With the sun shaft, at the dawn's break  
Leave the wood for the enchanted lake.  
Bring the enchanted forest near,  
I shall be up at dawn to hear.