

TO A SWALLOW

LAURENCE DARIN

Wild wings in the wild warm air,
Wings and a joyous cry;
Fair as the Summer sun fair,
And swift as the eye;
Elusive and happy there
Against the sky.

II

On high in the deep blue deep,
With sunlight on thy wings:
Out of the season of sleep,
Thy Summer note rings,
A joy in the June winds' keep
A June joy brings.

III

A soul of a lyrist borne,
Blue silver in the light,
Soaring aloft in the morn,
In the white day white,
O jubilant rapture born,
O joyous sprite.

IV

Afar in the sky's deep ocean,
Far as the eyes can see;
Essence of music in motion,
This only they see,
Afar in the sky's deep ocean,
Music is thee.

V

No need to sorrow and sing,
The world thy lover is,
To cry for love and to cling,
Not for thee is this:
To sigh and to stay thy wing,
Devoid of bliss.

VI

For swift as the winds art thou,
And love holds fast in flight,
Content with hope and a vow,
Of further delight,
To follow in happiness now,
Follow thy flight.

VII

And thou who art fleet and fair,
Does grief haunt thee in vain?
Art thou too swift for a tear,
Too swift for life's pain;
To fail and to falter here,
Fail and remain?

VIII

Thou soul of a thought once sweet,
On memory's wing aflight,
All things we see cannot meet,
Desires all unite,
To-day, to-morrow repeat,
The Past requite.

IX

For restless the hours and swift,
A dream of dawn and eves;
The quick thoughts quicken and sift,
As Autumn her leaves,
A burden of years as gift,
The heart receives.

X

But thou, O my joy, art one
With beauty's dawn and noon,
Too bright for setting thy sun,
And thy soul too soon;
O vision of beauty won,
O joy of June.

XI

And this, is it not enough,
This dream of her and thee,
The hue and colour of love
In an airy sea;
To flicker and float above
In ecstasy?

XII

And there where the white light bends,
My soul takes hands with thine,
Makes passionate speech and blends
As passion and wine;
Grows one when the white light ends,
Thy soul and mine.