

THE CRANE

THE Crane has lost his way across the heaven,
From yonder stormy cloud I hear him cry,
A traveller o'er an unknown pathway driven,
In a cold world unheeded he doth fly.
Ah, whither leads this pathway long and dark,
My God, where ends it, thus with fears obsessed?
When shall night end this day's last glimmering spark?
Where shall my weary feet to-night find rest?
Farewell, beloved bird, wherer thou roam
Spring shall return and bring thee back once more,
With thy sweet mate and young ones, to thy home-
Thy last year's nest upon the sycamore.
But I am exiled from my ruined nest,
And roam with faltering steps from hill to hill,
Like to the fowls of heaven in my unrest
Envyng the boulders motionless and still.
Each boulder unassailed stands in its place,
But I from mine must wander tempest tossed--
And every bird its homeward way can trace,
But I must roam in darkness, lone and lost.
Ah, whither leads this pathway long and dark,
My God, where ends it, thus with fears obsessed?
When shall night end this day's last glimmering spark?
Where shall my weary feet to-night find rest?