

Mad Song

Beltaine

The wild winds weep,

And the night is a-
cold;

Come hither, Sleep,

And my griefs unfold:

But lo! the morning peeps

Over the eastern steeps,

And the rustling beds of dawn

The earth do scorn.

Lo! to the vault

Of paved heaven,

With sorrow fraught

My notes are driven:

They strike the ear of night,

Make weep the eyes of day;
They make mad the roaring winds,

And with tempests play.

Like a friend in a cloud,

With howling woe

After night I do crowd,

And with night will go;

I turn my back to the east

From whence comforts have increas'd;
For light doth seize my brain

With frantic pain.