

The wind was on the withered heath,  
but in the forest stirred no leaf:  
there shadows lay by night and day,  
and inside dark things silent crept beneath.

The wind came down from mountains cold,  
and like a tide it roared and rolled;  
the branches groaned, the forest moaned,  
and leaves were laid upon the mould.

The wind went on from West to East;  
all movement in the forest ceased,  
but shrill and harsh across the marsh  
its whistling voices were released.

It left the world and took its flight  
over the wide seas of the night,  
The moon set sail upon the gale,  
and stars were fanned to leaping light.

The grasses hissed, their tassles bent,  
the reeds were rattling -- on it went  
o'er shaken pool under the heavens cool  
where racing clouds were torn and rent.

It passed the lonely Mountain bare  
and swept above the dragon's lair:  
there black and dark lay boulders stark  
and flying smoke was in the air.

It left the world and took its flight  
over the wide seas of the night,  
The moon set sail upon the gale,  
and stars were fanned to leaping light.