

Across the Streaming Tide

Summoning

In autumn when wind and the sea
Rejoice to live and laught to be
And scarce the blast the curbs and the tree
And bids before it quail and flee

In winter when years when the years burn low
As fire wherein no firebrands glow
And winds disvel as they blow
The stormy wings of snow

The hearts of western elves burn bright
With joy that mocks the spring
To hear all heaven's keen clarions ring
Music that bids the sprit sing

And wind by night in northern lands
Arose, and lord it cried
And drove the ships from ancient strands
Across the streaming tide