

## 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