

# The Loud Music of the Sky

## Summoning

What I am, I must not show  
What I am thou could (not know)  
Something between heaven and hell  
Something that neither stood nor fell  
Something that through thy wit or will  
May work thee good, may work thee ill

Neither substance quite, nor shadow  
Haunting lonely moor and meadow  
Dancing by the haunted spring  
Riding on the whirlwinds wing

Far less happy, for we have  
Help nor hope beyond the grave  
Man awakes to joy or sorrow  
Ours the sleep that knows no morrow  
This is all that I can show  
This is all that you may know

A year there is a lifetime  
And a second but a day  
And an older would will meet you  
Each morn' you come away

The thunder's noise is our delight  
And lightning makes us day by night  
And in the air we dance on high  
To the loud music of the sky