
SONG.

I SING of lovesick maidens,
Of men that for love were shent,
I sing, and still in unison
The wind moans like an instrument,
So that I e'en must think
The sighing wind did once love,
Perchance some graceful bending tree,
Perchance the sky above.

Perchance the wind a mayden was,
That lost her lover dear,
And the gods in pity changed her
To the breeze that searcheth everywhere,
But I doubt she found not her lover dear ;
For when leaves are green, and leaves are sere,
She seeketh her lover everywhere.
