

Sun Of The Sleepless

"Thou, Whose Face Hath Felt The Winter's Wind"

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O thou, whose face hath felt the winter's wind,
Whose eyes has seen the snow-clouds hung in mist,
And the black elm tops 'mong the freezing stars,
To thee the spring will be a harvest time.

O thou, whose only book has been the light
Of supreme darkness which thou feddest on

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Of supreme darkness which thou feddest on
Night after night when phaebus was away,
To thee the spring shall be a triple morn.

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And the black elm tops 'mong the freezing stars,
To thee the spring shall be a harvest time.

O thou, whose face hath felt the winter's wind,

Whose eyes has seen the snow-clouds hung in mist,

O thou, whose only book has been the light
Of supreme darkness which thou feddest on
Night after night when phaebus was away,
To thee the spring shall be a triple morn.

O fret not after knowledge - I have none,
And yet my song comes native with the warmth.
O fret not after knowledge - I have none,
and yet the evening listens.
He who saddens at thought of idleness cannot be idle,
And he's awake who thinks himself asleep.

O thou who bent in all the autumn-storms,
Like the trees at the moor amidst the woeful winds.
To thy wretched heart the spring shall be a triple morn -
Alas! I still long for it! I long for it!

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