

Before I find you once again
How many autumns shall it take
Of quiet winds across the lake,
Of cool vicissitudes of rain?

I think that I can bear the sight
Of peaceful autumn hills alone
But what of when the breezes moan
In longing on a winter night?

Only since last week
You are gone so long,
Leaving me to seek
Quiet in your song.

I cannot thank you half enough
For having found for me my soul.