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The Arrow and the Song.

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For so swiftly it flew the sight,
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who hath sight so keen and strong
That it can follow the flight of song.

Long, long afterward, in an oak,
I found the arrow still unbroke,
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

Henry W. Longfellow