Summoning, Across The Streaming Tide

In autumn when wind and the sea Rejoice to live and laught to be And scarce the blast the curbs and the tree And bids before it quail and flee

In winter when years when the years burn low As fire wherein no firebrands glow And winds disvel as they blow The stormy wings of snow

"(Refrain)"

The hearts of western elves burn bright With joy that mocks the spring To hear all heaven's keen clarions ring Music that bids the sprit sing

And wind by night in northern lands Arose, and lord it cried And drove the ships from ancient strands Across the streaming tide