

The Adventuring Soul,

Everywhere men ^{are} bent over sordid toil,
Selling themselves for naught, like the slaves they are;
I will go where the clean, free winds shall my soul
assail,

I will ride with the winds to the gates of the farthest star,

No slave am I, to cinge with the frowns of men,
No worm, to crawl and rest on the yonewy clay,
The infinite of space ~~is~~ mine — shall be mine again,
The masterless winds, my brothers and winds are they.

I will leave the toiling world, as sordid and blind,
I will follow the trackless path, ^{that} the great winds know,
All the raptures and terrors of God are mine to find,
I will measure the heights of bliss and the utmost woe.

The Winds.

Over the hills the winds come proudly sweeping,
Tireless and strong they rush over land and sea,
On wild swift wing from mighty spaces leaping
Glad as gods are they, beautiful, fierce, and free.

To passionate hearts the rushing winds bring rapture,
To saddened earth-bound spirits a glad new birth,
No longer the g. lords of death men's souls shall capture,
The ~~strong~~ winds have lent their wings to the army of earth.

To the god-like winds let men lift hopeful faces
No longer dulled with anguish or dimmed with tears,
And the winds will bear them far from the darksome places
Where desolate dead things hide in a mist of fears.

Exulting singing the wild winds leap from the dawning,
Tireless and strong they sweep over land and sea,
Whose loves them shall ride on the wings of morning,
Glad as the winds are, passionate, proud, and free.
