The Adventuring Soul,

Everywhere men are bent over sordid toil,

Selling themselves for naught, like the slaves they are;

I will go here the clean, [dear] winds shall my soul assail,

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

No slave am I, to cringe neathe the frowns of men,

No worm, to crawl and rest on the noisome day,

The infinite space were mine – shall be mine again,

The masterless winds, my brother 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 lords of death men’s souls shall capture,

The ~~wing~~ winds have lent their wings to the () 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 place

Where desolate dead things hide in a mist of fears.

Fiercely singing, the wild winds leap from the drawing,

Tireless and strong they sweep over land and sea;

Whoso loves them shall ride on the wings of morning,

Glad as the winds are, passionate, proud, and free.