



# THE ARROW AND THE SONG

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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 in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air.  
It fell to earth, I knew not where;  
For who has 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.