

## A RONDEL.

THE wail of the wind in the desolate land  
Lifts voice where the heaven lies pallid and  
blind ;  
Sweeps over the hills from the sea and the sand  
The wail of the wind.

The earth gives a bleak echo back, and behind  
Lurk sorrows and sins in the grasp of a hand,  
And love and despair are the lords of mankind.

The mountains are steadfast ; immutably grand,  
Bid me to their bosom the chain to unbind :  
At peace and at pity I now understand  
The wail of the wind.