

Madman's Song

Better to see your cheek grown hollow,
Better to see your temple worn,
Than to forget to follow, follow
After the sound of a silver horn.

Better to bind your brow with willow
And follow, follow till you die,
Than to sleep with your head on a golden pillow
Nor lift it up when the hunt goes by,
When the hunt goes by.

Better to see your cheek grown sallow
And your hair grown gray so soon, so soon,
Than to forget to hallo, hallo
After the milk-white hounds of the moon.