**Henry Wadsworth Longfellow**

***The Arrow and The Song***

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 it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air, 5

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; 10

And the song, from beginning to end,

I found again in the heart of a friend.

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