

## **LIEDER**

**Poem by Deborah Austin (1920-2009)  
from *The Paradise of the World* (1964)**

*Birds sing, (but not for human hearts)  
lean down the wind and so are gone.  
This music wells from nearer home;  
we listen and are not alone –  
in places where no strangers come,  
familiar strolls this least of arts*

*that is all art, all truth, all song;  
that heals by wounding us, and by  
always dividing false from true  
insists on beauty, gracefully  
confirming what we really knew:  
nothing not found here can last long.*