The Arrow and the Song

By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

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,
   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.