

MUSIC

TO MARTHA.

SWEEP, lady, sweep again the keys,
 And let thy fancy wander free ;
 For, sad or gay, the strain will please,
 Since all I seek is harmony.
 Yes, discords deep are in my brain,
 Deformed and dark the shadows lie ;
 O from my soul erase the stain
 With Eden-breath of minstrelsy.

Though soft as moon-rays be your wings,
 Born of air to die in sighing,
 Moaning o'er wild Æolian strings,
 Or from fairy fingers flying,
 To deepest deeps ye thrill my soul,
 And Fantasy's high hosts arise,
 Glory and Love before me roll
 Enchantress ! on thy melodies.

Lost hopes again reveal thy beams :
 Like vanished wanderers appear
 In all their light my youthful Dreams,
 And tidings chaunt upon the ear
 How they not utterly depart :
 But when the storms of life sweep by,
 They tint the Iris of the heart,
 And pain and sorrow purify.

In deeps profound the chords are laid ;
 From awful steeps the tones take wing ; —
 The fairest works that God hath made,
 Affect us like a tuneful string.
 Thus on the souls of early seers
 Rose Cherub's lyre and Seraph's tongue ;
 While music throned the endless years,
 And all the spheres in tune were hung.

The spheral law with faith revere :
 For angel bliss may tasted be,
 Though the wide world in hate uprear,
 By one whose heart is melody.
 With thoughtful Night upon thine eye,
 Her depth, and stillness, and the stars, —
 So fair a course thou wilt not fly,
 But one by one surmount the bars.

B. F. P.