

## THAT SONG

I love that song; although I cannot hear  
It even yet without a thrill of pain:  
It stirs my heart as Indian Summer's breath  
Might stir the russet leaves upon the sward,  
Or fan the petals of some faded flower,  
Awakening, though but to be hushed again.  
Dear folded thoughts and garnered memories  
Of days when nestlings chirped, and parent birds  
Tittered their loves upon the greenest boughs:  
Of days when rose's cheek, like maiden's—coy,  
Flushed 'neath the kisses of the amorous bee.  
It almost seems to bring my dead to life,  
For I can shut my eyes upon the world,  
And, listening, think that it is *he* who sings.

As darkness only deeper, denser seems  
After the lightning's flash, e'en so my grief,  
When the last murmur of that song has died:  
And oft I wonder, when my soul is bowed  
In tranquil sadness, if, in Paradise,  
Our earthly music shall be all forgot;  
If the dear voices that shall speak our names  
Will ever vibrate with the olden tones,  
Or shall the melody of earth be merged,  
As flower in fruit, into the perfect strain,  
The pure, the glad, the glorious "New Song!"