

'Twas music soft and silvery sweet,  
That rose through the sparkling tide ;  
And ne'er before did such music greet  
The bard, as the waters now secrete,  
In all the world beside.

As he lists he peers 'neath the glimmering stream,  
Whence the witching strains arise ;  
And there, in the path of the moon's pale beam,  
Resplendent towers and columns gleam,  
That charm his wondering eyes.

And brilliant lights of every hue,  
Shine in the crystal walls ;  
While the elfin laughter ringing through,  
And the tender, thrilling music too,  
Betray the fairy halls.

So soothingly sweet is the melody  
That melts on the evening breeze,  
That he sinks in a dreamy ecstasy,  
Enchanted by the minstrelsy,  
Beneath the spreading trees.

When again he awoke, the rosy dawn  
Peeped out through clouds of gray ;  
The fairy scene he had gazed upon,  
The music and laughter all were gone,  
With the sun's first golden ray.

But the mystic numbers his soul enthralled,  
And lived in his memory,  
And they say that never a bard recalled,  
On history's shining page enrolled,  
Had such power over song as he.

JOHN R. O'CONNOR, '92.