

And shakes the groaning earth with bitter fear,  
 Salute the trembling ear with dread. Again  
 Calm has returned, no more the sounds affright,  
 But through the leafy trees the pleasant wind  
 Goes whispering faint and low, and from afar  
 Among the boughs, the turtle to his mate  
 Coos out its tale of love. The tinkling brook  
 Goes rippling through the meadows, and the fall  
 Heard in the distance, yields a pleasant sound,  
 A drowsy murmuring roar. All these sweet tones  
 He echoes and excels. But most I love  
 The strains that Great Apollo to him taught.  
 So sad, so low, so strange they wind about  
 In hazy circles, till with greater strength  
 The mournful music echoes to the clouds,  
 And all who hear must weep; so weirdly sweet,  
 The spell exerts its power on those who hear.  
 No song of charmer chanted to the snake,  
 No swan's last paean as he fluttered down,  
 With weakened wings to die among the reeds,  
 Had ever half the sweetness, half the power  
 To thrill and hold the listener like to these.  
 When these he plays, the fiercest forest brute  
 Comes tame and harmless from his hidden lair  
 To fawn about his feet. The singing lark  
 Drops from mid-heav'n to hear a sweeter tune  
 Than e'er he heard before, and flies beside  
 The keen-eyed hawk, unfearing and unhurt.  
 The raven sits beside the dove, the stag  
 Stands 'neath the barren rock, from which the lion  
 Lists with delighted ears. The hungry hound  
 Beside the hare lies panting in the shade,  
 Which harks unmindful of its foe. All these  
 Know not each other's presence, only know  
 The sounds that soothe and tame their savage hearts.  
 Even the brook will halt its flashing waves,  
 And roll them back to the musician's feet,  
 To listen spellbound to his strains awhile;  
 Ere yet it leaps to meet the restless sea:  
 But see, here comes my love.

(Enter Orpheus.)

Orpheus—

Eurydice.

At last, my love, I've found thee. I awoke  
 And saw thee not beside me, then I arose,  
 And long have searched through all the garden trees,  
 Breathing the fresh'ning air, and calling oft  
 Upon thy own dear name, Eurydice.