



Three Singers

GOD sent his Singers vpon earth
 With songs of sadness and of mirth,
 That they might touch the hearts of men,
 And bring them back to heaven again.

The first, a youth, with soul of fire,
 Held in his hand a golden lyre;
 Through groves he wandered, and by streams,
 Playing the music of our dreams.

The second, with a bearded face,
 Stood singing in the market place,
 And stirred with accents deep and loud
 The hearts of all the listening crowd.

A gray old man, the third and last,
 Sang in cathedrals dim and vast,
 While the majestic organ rolled
 Contrition from its mouths of gold.

And those who heard the Singers three
 Disputed which the best might be;



OR, still their music seemed to glaze
 Discordant echoes in each heart.

But the great Master said, "I see
 No best in kind, but in degree;
 I gave a various gift to each,
 To charm, to strengthen, and to teach.

"These are the three great chords of might,
 And he whose ear is tuned aright
 Will hear no discord in the three,
 But the most perfect harmony."

LONGFELLOW