

“IDEAL” AND OTHER POEMS.

IDEAL.

The song unsung more sweet shall ring,
Than any note that yet has rung ;
More sweet than any earthly thing,
The song unsung !

A harp there lies, untouched, unstrung,
As yet by man, but time shall bring,
A player by whose art and tongue,

This song shall sound to God the King ;
The world shall cling as ne'er it clung
To God and heav'n, and all shall sing
The song unsung.