

" Are there not words, too, strangely sweet,  
Thoughts, musings, memories, strangely dear?  
So lovingly the soul they greet,  
So gently steal they on the ear.

" Common the words may be and weak,  
The passing stranger own them not:  
To other ears in vain they speak,  
Unknown, unrelished, or forgot.

" Rich in old thoughts, these words appear,  
Part of our being's mighty whole;  
Linked with our life's strange story here,  
Knit to each feeling of our soul.

" Linked with the scenes of days gone past,  
With all life's earnest hopes and fears;  
Linked with the smiles that did not last,  
The joys and griefs of faded years.

" Linked with old dreams once dreamt in youth,  
When dreams were gladder, truer things;  
When each night's vision of bright truth,  
Lent to each buoyant day its wings.

" Linked with the whisper of the trees,  
When summer eves were fair and still:  
Set to the music of the breeze,  
Or murmur of the twilight rill.

" Linked with some scene of sacred calm,  
Of holy places, holy days;  
Linked with the prayer, the hymn, the psalm,  
The multitude's glad voice of praise.

" Linked with the names of holy men,  
Martyr, or saint, or brother dear:  
Some parted, ne'er to meet again,  
Some still our fellow-pilgrims here.

" Linked with that name of names, the name  
Of Him who bought us with His blood;  
Who bore for us the wrath and shame,  
The Virgin's Son, the Christ of God."