

THE BIRTH OF MUSIC.

(AN EPILOGUE.)

Was it Loneliness spoke to Love, who had sorrowed
in silence too long ?
Was it Loneliness spoke to Love, while a flush on her
hollow face
Crept tremblingly down to her troubled lips, till a
note outburst,
As a sleeping rose in a sunbeam breaks in the sum-
mer dawn ?
For a sound swelled forth from her pale full throat, and
the sound grew song,
And her whole being thrilled with a lyric joy, and
her wakened heart
Grew strong with the passionate pulse of song, till
Loneliness stole
From the twilight valley where Love still lingered
and carolled alone,—
Where Love still carolled a song, while her rapturous
heart grew glad,
Till her note, as the dawnlight, fell on the birds, and
their silent throats
Thrilled loud with a million strains, and the vernal
woodlands rang
With a flood of delirious sound, and the world was
filled with song.