

293.—MUSIC

Think you there's music meet in all men's lives,
To hear which there must needs be keenest ear;
To catch the cadences silv'ry and clear,
Lost on, who for earth's filthy lucre strives.

He hears it, who the prophet's chariot drives;
Who acts the menial to the godlike seer:
Or like Tobias dogs the beggar's bier;
And all his pieties to hide contrives:

Because he vibrates with the universe;
Made up of angels, demons, spheres, and flowers
That in one opera grandly coalesce;
And sings with them songs, verse by verse,
E'en when the storm of dissolution lowers,
And opens there before, death's wilderness.