

Joy! joy! Let every voice ring clear,
Joy! joy! Let sea and sky resound,
And Love and Youth in eddying round
Dance giddy as the shout they hear.

—Hush! I am weary of my lay,
It is not real; my soul would clasp
The Phantom, but it shuns my grasp,
And fades in cold damp mist away.

My aching head is zoned with pain,
I wake from out my flimsy dream;
The strings have snapped; my eyes are dim,
And emptiness and darkness reign.

PART II.—PURPOSES.

ONCE more, my Harp, attune thy strings
To nobler, loftier, holier strains,
Calm Hope, and Faith which e'er remains
The substance of eternal things.

Life is a noble thing and true,
A priceless gift from God above,
Which may be wrought in deeds of love
Or filled with crimes of blackest hue,