

TO MY PIANO

OH! beautiful cold keys, your pleasant faces
Smile a bright welcome! Fain these hands
of mine
Would wake to life some of the hidden graces
That sleeping lie within their ivory shrine.

Oh! glistening strings that vibrate to the touch!
Your clear, sweet voices reach my inmost heart,
And make me fear I love you over-much,
Since of myself ye almost seem a part.

Here, when oppressed with care the heart is saddened,
It knows that happiness and comfort lie,
And if it still refuses to be gladdened
It must be soothed by your sweet sympathy.

