

Two Offerings

Alas ! why should delight and torture mingle ?
Or wanton sport run riot and subvert ?
Walking along the sandy beach this morning,
Admiring many things, till lost in revery.
Thus passing down along those shining sands,
Some kids I noticed gamboling by the water.
When suddenly—how sorrowful the tale—
A fierce beast pounced upon them, seized and
 rended,
And lugged one off into the nearest thicket.
Fear chased me and I ran.

Shirah. Early this morning,
High on yon brow, a little after sunrise,
Loitering. And sometimes piping with my lips,
One of those sweet entrancing melodies,
Brought from the blissful garden by our mother.
Zemir there found me. And in concert we,
As our dear parents oft instructed us,
Chanted, or piped, or sang melodiously.
Those airs unequalled. Sometimes alternating,
A yearning melody of memories,
Wrenched from the past.

Zemir, Yes ! reveled we in music.
How kind our blest Creator to enrich us,
With speech, with singing, with the musical reed
Of our own lips, to bid grand echoes sail,