

"If music be the food of love—play on,
Give me excess of it."

A Tone Memory

IT was warm that August Sunday—
You remember it well, I am sure,—
My heart was so sad with grieving,
I could only pray—and endure.

At the steps of the church I waited
Till a bird hurried by on the wing,
Alarmed at the rustle of garments
As the people arose to sing.

Then I slowly passed over the portal
And walked down the narrow aisle,
As your voice in its earnest fervour
My thought did at once beguile.

I read the psalm over your shoulder—
It said not to "forgetful be
Of all the gracious benefits
He hath bestowed on thee."

I had felt so very ungrateful
It came like a soothing prayer,
And roused me to fresh endeavour
And to think of His love and care

Who knows all our hidden sorrows,
And to you, O friend of mine,
It was given to help and console me,
As you sang that psalm divine.