

## THE PRELUDE.

The voice of the singer is silent now ;  
His fingers pass over the keys ;  
The notes of the organ are sweetly low,  
Now dying away on the breeze.

The quaver, the swell, and the joyous tone,  
In concord their music prolong ;  
And twilight is sweetened amid the strain :  
The singer commences his song.

O sweet was the prelude he played to-night ;  
But sweeter the song that is heard ;  
The sadness of mortals is hushed to rest,  
Deep joy in each spirit is stirred.

The tones are all tenderly sweet, for now,  
Not sounds that are carelessly wrong ;  
But perfect the harmony sounding far :  
The prelude is heard through the song.

O Christian ! play well, play thy prelude now,  
'Tis short, for it ceases with Time ;  
The song will be sung through eternity,  
Though endless, all perfect, divine.

Play carefully now, let no harshness mar  
The music, the righteous may own,  
For mortals so eagerly watch each day  
To witness a harsh, ruffled tone.

O sweeten thy prelude with God's high praise,  
And strengthen by might from above,  
That mortals, while listening, may deeply long  
To play the same music of love.

Harmonious then be the chords you strike,  
All perfect in praise, though not long,  
For oft in the music that floats thro' heaven,  
The prelude is heard through the song.