

SONATA TRAGICA.

(To E. A. MacDowell.)

Dreamer in tones, whose mellifluous music wrought,
As Connla's Harp in Keltic days of yore,
With captive spell, must we hark nevermore
The melody thy wistful spirit caught
From land and sea and sky and every spot
Of Beauty ineluctable, before
The dumb, obscure, appalling Night closed o'er
Thy senses' pearly ports and left thee naught
Save vacant visitings? Ah, Dreamer, though
The gods have veiled thine effluent phantasy,
We are thy homagers, forever thrall
To thy sweet song and music magical
Of winsome Woodland voices, and the low,
Sad, poignant pulsings of the far-off opal Sea!