

THE REWARD OF SONG.

WHY do we make our music?

O, blind dark strings reply :
Because we dwell in a strange land
And remember a lost sky.
We ask no leaf of the laurel,
We know what fame is worth ;
But our songs break out of our winter
As the flowers break out of the earth.

And we dream of the unknown comrade,
In the days when we lie dead,
Who shall open our book in the sunlight,
And read, as ourselves have read,
On a lonely hill, by a fir-wood,
With whispering seas below,
And murmur a song we made him,
Ages and ages ago.

If, making his may-time sweeter
With dews of our own dead may,
One pulse of our own dead heart-strings
Awake in his heart that day,