

Forms your existence, and ye die
Unknown to love and harmony!

Music, sure thy tones were given
That earth might taste a joy of heaven,
That mind might catch thy purity ;
For heaven itself is harmony,
Ere thou had'st birth, frail man, the child
Of darkness roam'd his native wild,
With soul uncultur'd as his soil,
Unknown to art, disdaining toil.
Then superstition, mad, tho' blind,
Was monarch of the human mind ;
Thy tones were heard, knowledge had birth,
Fair science deign'd to visit earth,
With her the young affections flew,
Bearing emotions sweet and new ;
By thy tones so full of feeling,
Pity sought an earthly dwelling ;
Love sprung to being in a sigh,
By thy delicious witchery ;
Thy tones are destin'd yet to be
More lov'd than shouts of victory—
More powerful over human hearts
Than hero's swords or warlike arts ;
And by the breathings of thy lyre,
The demon, discord, shall expire,
For earth's grown weary of the reign
Of madness, misery, and pain.

Love, thou'rt lovely in any mien,
But holy, yea sacred when seen
Burning within the patriot's eye,
'Midst the tears of humanity ;