

THE HARMONY OF LOVE.

A SUMMER MUSING.

When stretched upon the sweet green grass I lie,
And hear the wind among the rustling leaves,
And look up to the azure, glorious sky,
Till of its calm, bright peace my heart receives,

The grasses whisper to the bending corn,
The keen-voiced cricket gossips to the bee;
And, darting through the sparkling dews of morn,
The oriole answers to the robin's glee.

'Mid all the merry carols of the birds,
The sweet, soft sounds of insect stir below,
A mournful undertone, too vague for words,
Comes troubling the still peace with haunting woe.

The stately swans go circling up the lake,
Beneath them fairer swans serenely move—
Pushed by their snowy breasts the ripples break
Among the lilies, murmur'ing low of love.

It seems all Nature hath an answering speech;
The tiniest fly that floats is not alone:
Somewhere there swims in air a mate for each
Humming its music in harmonious tone.

Then why, my heart, this undertone of doubt?
Shall bird and insect find completed life,
And thou alone, of all the world left out,
Still question with the universe at strife?

O lonely heart, set thine own chords in tune!
With discord's heart, divinest music jars;
Then learn the secret of Love's charming rune,
And join the anthem of the morning stars.

For thee shall all creation have a voice,
And flowers, and birds, and angels round the Throne,
With thee shall in sweet chorus sing "Rejoice!
The heart that loveth, never is alone."