

THE OLD PIANO.

It stands within a shadowy recess
And sad-eyed Silence holds her vigil there,
Through the long hours, odorous with pray'r,
That seem to raise their fingers pale to bless
The thousand thoughts around, that glad caress
The little mem'ries kneeling everywhere;
And, in the blind musician's wooden chair,
The moonbeams sleep, grown old with weariness.

Dear old piano, in halcyon days,
Thou hadst full many loves—a stately king
Touched thy white soul to sound; his fair queen,
young,
Sang the prince-babe to sleep with merry lays.
But now thy heart is with the poor—the sting
Of the blind beggar's touch, his songs unsung.