

Those melodies unharvested ;  
And on the gleanless earth be shed  
Thy dreaming soul's ungarnered grain,  
Which thou canst never reap again.

One twilight time I saw thee mark  
A songless bird fade down the dark,  
Then turn away thy musing eyes  
One moment toward the evening skies ;  
I saw thy bosom swell beneath  
Its too confining girlhood sheath,  
And then a low familiar note  
Burst, at last, from out thy throat,  
And gathering power, the sound grew strong,  
And turned one glorious roll of song .

How strange that silence ever dwelt  
On thy full lips, while yet thou felt  
The breath of songs' low whisperings  
Among thy soul's æolian strings,  
(Still felt that faint mysterious flow,  
Which they alone who sing may know),  
When thou whose merely spoken words  
Outsang a thousand tuneful birds.  
But thy too silent lips, it seems,  
Were like a twilight flower that dreams  
Half-closed amid the evening gloom,—  
A rose with all its rich perfume  
That filled the golden noonday air,  
Denied the dusk with flower-like care.