

II.

And yet how long, Jámi, in this Old  
 House  
 Stringing thy Pearls upon a Harp of Song?  
 Year after Year striking up some new Song,  
 The Breath of some Old Story? Life is  
 gone,  
 And yet the Song is not the Last; my  
 Soul  
 Is spent—and still a Story to be told!  
 And I, whose Back is crookéd as the Harp  
 I still keep tuning through the Night till  
 Day!  
 That Harp untun'd by Time—the Har-  
 per's hand  
 Shaking with Age—how shall the Har-  
 per's hand  
 Repair its cunning, and the sweet old  
 Harp  
 Be modulated as of old? Methinks  
 'Tis time to break and cast it in the Fire;  
 Yea, sweet the Harp that can be sweet  
 no more,  
 To cast it in the Fire—the vain old Harp  
 That can no more sound Sweetness to the  
 Ear,  
 But burn'd may breathe sweet Attar to-the  
 Soul,  
 And comfort so the Faith and Intellect,  
 Now that the Body looks to Dissolution.  
 My Teeth fall out—my two Eyes see no  
 more  
 Till by Feringhi Glasses turn'd to Four;  
 Pain sits with me sitting behind my  
 knees,