

THE SONG IN THE MARKET PLACE

Then kissed the white-faced child, and smiling went
his way,

Gladdened with kindly thoughts and the joy of holiday.

That night, when the footlights shone on the famous
tenor's face.

And he bowed to the splendid throng with his wonted
princely grace,

Cheer after cheer went up, and, stormed at with
flowers, he stood

Like a dark and noble pine, when blossoms blow
through the wood.

Wilder the tumult grew, till out of his fine despair,
The thought of the beggar rose and the song he had
sung in the square,

Raising his hand, he smiled and a silence filled the place
As he sang that simple song with the love-light in his
face.

Verse of Tenor Song

Wet were the singer's cheeks when the last note died
away.

Brightest of all his bays, the wreath that he won that
day,

Sung for the love of God, sung for sweet pity's sake,
Song of the market-place, tribute of laurel take.

—JAMES BUCKHAM.