

# THE TYRO.

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## THE PRELUDE.

The voice of the singer is silent now ;  
His fingers pass over the keys ;  
The notes of the organ are sweetly low,  
Now dying away on the breeze.

The quaver, the swell, and the joyous tone,  
In concord their music prolong ;  
And twilight is sweetened amid the strain :  
The singer commences his song.

O sweet was the prelude he played to-night ;  
But sweeter the song that is heard ;  
The sadness of mortals is hushed to rest,  
Deep joy in each spirit is stirred.

The tones are all tenderly sweet, for now,  
Not sounds that are carelessly wrong ;  
But perfect the harmony sounding far :  
The prelude is heard through the song.

O Christian ! play well, play thy prelude now,  
'Tis short, for it ceases with Time ;  
The song will be sung through eternity,  
Though endless, all perfect, divine.