

Some love and beauty to create for me
I breathed as well this breath of bitter strife
And strife the burden of her song must be.
And yet I love you, oh my Harp ! for thou
Hast been my consolation, I found joy
Even in thy creating, therefore now
My love commands me still thy voice employ
To sing some song of human misery ;
For this our mission is as it would seem—
Our mission, if not vainly we created be
And from thy silence and my tenderer'st dreams
Let us awaken to our minstrelsy.
Oh then my Harp ! my Harp ! I bid you waken—
Awaken thou to human aspirations,
Which all too quickly end in deep depression, —
Awaken thou and throb with every passion,
Awaken thou and pulse with all emotion,
Of all the high ideals unattained,
Of stern ambitions never realized,
Of fond, true friendships unrequited yet,
Of burning enmities, still unappeased,
Of wrongs to be revenged ;
Which only the broken truly know,
But dumbly knowing never can express,
May speak through thee.
Awake, Oh Harp ! Oh Soul, I bid you waken—
Awake ! awake ! and tremble with emotion,
That even the yearning of mine own sad being
With all the stifled love within this breast
And all the pent up hatred of a heart
May here find utterance.