

AT THE RECITAL.

Midway we sate between the nave and door,
Between the worldly tumult of the street
And the calm silence of God's pure retreat.
We heard the lofty organ pipes outpour
Their mighty waves of music. More and more
The melody encompassed us. The sweet
Tones roused my soul to know life incomplete,
A wave of music dashing on death's shore.

Midway between the world and God we sate,
While through the church the Spirit of
Music stole,
And in its robes harmonic wrapped us
twain.
Of thy pure soul, from evil free and hate,
Then woke my heart to hear the grand
refrain,
And yearned to reach, like thee, life's noblest
goal.