

Uncle Walt

THERE IS no tune that grips my heart,
and seems to pull me all apart, like
this old Serenade; it seems to breathe
of distant lands, and orange groves and
silver sands, and troubadour and maid. It's
freighted with a gentle woe as old as all
the seas that flow, as young as yesterday;
as changeless as the stars above, as yearning
as a woman's love for true knight far
away. It seems a prayer, serene and pure;
a tale of love that will endure when they
who loved are dust, when earthly songs are
heard no more, and bridal wreaths are withered
sore, and wedding rings are rust. It's
weary with a lover's care; it's wailing with
a deep despair, that only lovers learn; and
yet through all its sadness grope the singing
messengers of hope for joys that will
return. O, gentle, soothing Serenade!
When I am beaten down and frayed, with
all my hopes in pawn, when I've forgotten
how to laugh, I wind up my old phonograph,
and turn the music on! And then I
float away, away, to moonlit castles in
Cathay, or Araby or Spain, and underneath
the glowing skies I read of love in damsels'
eyes, and dream, and dream again!

*Schubert's
Serenade*