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SILENT MUSIC.



Hast thou heard the surges dashing
'Gainst a rugged, rocky, coast,
Listened to the wild wind's wailing
Down the mountain gorge's throat?
Is thy heart attuned to music?
Can'st thou hear it in the trees
Whispering from out their foliage
When the Master strikes the keys?
Hast thou listened, soul enraptured,
To a mighty organ's notes
Swelling out with glorious cadence
'Till to Heaven the music floats?
There is music in the organ,
There is music in the breeze;
But the quiet, silent music
Is the best, beyond all these.

You have heard it with the love-light of a gentle
mother's eye.
Crooning softly to her baby, murmuring sweet
her lullaby;
You have heard it with the love-light shining in a
dear one's eyes,
From her heart to yours its music silently
but surely flies.