

The Sleeping Harp.

Sleep now, my Harp, forever now no song ;
Minstrel, awake no more, back to the place
Of everlasting silence, till ere long
Cold time thy very memory will efface.

Far in the glades and dells I made thy home,
Strung each resounding chord beneath a pine,
Naught but free winds of heaven dared to roam
And wake thy strong pure echoes, Harp of mine.

There came a hand, a small white hand, and crept
Across thy strings, and wooed each throbbing tone
Till one-by one the harmonies that slept
Burst forth in strains of Love, and Love alone :—

Higher and fuller, till the very woods
Caught up that rhythmic burden, and they bore
The waves of melody which surged in floods
Round thee, O Harp, to swell, alas, no more !

The small hand passed ; that all too sweet refrain
Sank sobbing into silence, every string
Lay trembling, mute, and slackened ; nor again
Can aught that long lost thrill of music bring.

Sleep, no rude touch shall wake thee ; so forget
Thy pulsing death song, and the wild sweet past
Would God it had not been, and I—but yet
God willed it, and to all comes sleep at last.