

## The Sleeping Harp.

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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.