

THE GRAMOPHONE

They are far from auditorium or hall,
But their minds are still atune to Music's call,
They can hear Caruso sing,
Or the bells of Shandon ring,
As they smoke and count the cracks along the wall.

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*I'm a miracle of eloquence imprisoned in the wax,
I'm a mental inspiration operated by a spring,
I'm a nightly consolation from Yukon to Halifax,
And the ends of all creation sit and listen while I sing ;
I'm the Voice of all that man has sought and gained ;
I'm the throb of ev'ry heart that ever pained ;
I'm the Genesis of Fate,
I'm the soul of Love and Hate,
I'm the humanly impossible attained !*