

Of the horizon, where they broke into
The deeps unfathomed of the shoreless blue.

Around the village, in its rocky bay,
A quiet reach of grassy sward outlay ;
With here and there a tall grove islanded,
Which took the challenge of the pines o'erhead,
And gave an answer to the woods beneath.
And when the airs of summer made to breathe
Their millioned stops of finer voice through all
The instrumental forests, till the ball
Of the orb'd planet, through its thrilling round,
Seemed spiritualising into sound ;
So full a soul of music drenched the air
As though the heart of God, made vocal there,
Grew audible in harmony divine.

Other it was when winter from the pine
Tore hearts of howling discord, slaying sense
Of music through their groaning fibres, whence,
With jarring shriek and roar, a thousand hells
Seemed loosened, as the deep's abysmal wells,
O'erflooding, had surged upward from below,
With voices of apocalyptic woe—
A woe that thundered all to one dread note
Of horror grown concordant, in the throat
Of heaven's compelling justice forced to be
A unison of wrath's tremendous key.

So was the mountain village suited well
To cradle a musician ; heaven and hell
Sent voices from beneath, around, above,
Wherein all chords divine, from wrath to love,
Gave utterance, in the mighty Master's art,
To every modulation of His heart.

And in the bridegroom of this summer day
A sentient spirit quickened through the clay—
A soul of swiftest aptitude to take
Large echoes to it of all notes that make
The music of creation's giant scale.
When still a child, the moaning of the gale,
Heard, high o'erhead, along the shaggy steeps,
Or shaking, down below, the forest deeps,
Tuned all his being to its pitch of power.
Nor less, when summer, like an opening flower
Of many-petalled music, rendered out
Full fragrances of sound his nest about,
This fledgling of unfeathered harmony
Did feel the breathing of a deity
Make sway the ocean-pulses of his life