

## THE MARRIAGE OF MUSIC

**I**DLY piping down a lane,  
Once I heard a dulcet strain  
Floating o'er the thicket high,  
Like some siren's lullaby.  
Straightway fell my smitten reed—  
Stricken mute by Pan, indeed—  
Glancing round with startled eye,  
'Then did I a wicket spy.

A hidden wicket, well concealed,  
'Twixt hanging bush and climbing braid,  
But, swinging on its stake,  
Just on the jar to me  
It hung revealed,  
And past its tiny port afar  
Music on Music's shoulders clashed and pealed,  
Until the very dewdrops shook congealed  
In crystalline and shimmering melody.

Then came a symphony,  
So sweet and low,  
As though  
The flower of harmony  
Had just begun to blow,  
And was unfolding all its petals one by one,  
To lilt of lute or soft melodeon.

Rapt in sweet sounds, I, all unconscious wise,  
Inanimate,  
Beyond the gate  
Passed into Paradise.