

I ask you, voices, are there two
That twin-ship claim all nature through.
You, answer, No, and answer true ;
You say in genus we coincide,
But in our species differ wide ;
No two agree, but still allied.

We're one in kind, and one in name,
And consanguinity do claim ;
But lest we jar creation's frame,
Each one revolves in its own sphere,
And in their orbits venture near,
And touch each other without fear.

In one diapason we belong ;
We harmonize in one great song,
And roll our melodies along ;
Oh ! voices, voices, still it seems
That some roll on in endless streams
All like the sun's divergent beams :

Or undulate upon the air,
Are ever here and ever there,
From ear to heart vibrating e'er ;
They live as spirits live, unseen,
And ever do they intervene
Through all the space that lies between.

The speaker, some dear cherished friend,
And ravished hearer's final end,
And ne'er with other voices blend,
Come breathing through the solitude
And silence of some lonely wood,
Through vanished years, and round thee brood.