

Steady ! he's seated, some stops are drawn,
 Long bony fingers caress the keys,
 Then, like the sigh of the evening breeze,
 Murmuring, whispering, far away,
 Crooning the close of a summer day,
 'Neath the wizard touch of a genius bold
 Rare melody floats from the organ old

Silent the listeners and eager all,
 Courses the blood with a warmer glow,
 Louder and bolder the measures flow,
 Lengthy years crumble and totter and fall

At the elfin call
 That is sounding clear,
 Now there,—now there,
 Now here,—now here,

From some wonder-horn in the rosy dawn—
 Tan-ta-ra !
 Tan-ta-ra !

Waked by the echoes of Used-To-Be,
 Smiling, the friends of our childhood we see
 Young once more,
 As of yore

Yearning in hope over bright days in store.

* * * * *
 Now the streaming song is telling of a youth
 with promise bright,
 Of a tender mother's teaching to guard honor
 and the right, [height,
 Of a heritage of genius that may soar to loftiest
 Of a happy boyhood's prime ;