

Making audible the music  
Of the inner melody.

Underlying all the sunshine,  
Whispering through every breeze,  
As it crests the ruffled ocean  
Or sways the forest trees.

Bright thoughts that are heart prisoners  
Vibrating on its chords,  
For, alas ! I have not genius  
To bring them forth in words.

But full oft, like friendship's greeting  
Upon life's weary way,  
Do I meet in other's language  
What I most wished to say.

To such words my bosom echoes,  
I feel they are my own,  
They bright echo of my day dreams,  
That else were ever flown.

Ah to think, ye men of genius,  
What joy your art affords,  
Giving to the thoughts of millions  
The dress of glowing words !

And a blessing on these words then  
To bear them far and free ;  
That they glad the hearts of many  
As they have gladdened me.

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