

Be it mournful—be it lone - ly—Be its cadence dark and

low, All we ask is—be it on - ly What we heard long, long a -

go!

At its notes cold eyes will glisten,
 Lips will smile with quivering art,
 Memory's quicken'd ear will listen,
 Morn's lost freshness light the heart ;
 These are thoughts of mystic fashion
 That will greet its tearful strain,
 Thoughts of madness—beauty—passion,
 Such as dreams bring not again.

Oh ! sing on, that voice may falter,
 Calling back Life's happiest times,
 Flowers that glowed on Love's old altar
 Passions told in pleasant rhymes ;
 Cease it not—the lonely bosom
 Drinks its Music glad and free,
 Memory of lost bud and blossom,
 Take not from the wither'd tree.