



“AS THE ARTIST’S BOW GLIDES O’ER THE STRINGS.”

There’s the glorious note from the nightingale’s throat,
 There’s the murmur of butterflies’ wings,
 There’s the call to awake from the lark in the brake
 As his love-song he twitters and sings;
 There’s the rustle of feet through the spring’s budding wheat,
 As the sunbeams go frolicking by,
 There’s the sighing of trees as they sway in the breeze
 Whilst the rainbow caresses the sky.

There’s the night-fire’s gleam as the silent woods dream,
 There’s the call of the curlew at eve,
 There’s the ripple of streams as the clear water gleams
 In the rapids that moan and that grieve;
 There’s the light of the skies in her thousand bright eyes
 As the full moon goes dreaming along,
 There’s the sigh of the pine, there’s the lowing of kine
 And the restless and wild ocean’s song.

There’s the dryads’ weird dance as they skip and they prance
 Through the meadows be-teared with the dew,
 There is youth in the spring with his fresh daisy ring
 As he bids his new lover adieu;
 There’s the thunder’s loud roar and there’s sighing galore
 From each weary and woe-burdened soul,
 There’s the broken heart’s wail as it journeys this vale
 On its way t’wards its ultimate goal.

There’s a laughter pitched high as the lovers pass by
 And leave all life’s sadness behind,
 There’s joy and delight, there’s the owl’s hoot at night
 And the sweets of the scent-laden wind;
 There’s the young mother’s prayer as with wondering stare
 The babe to her soft bosom clings,
 Life’s raptures and pain are all loosed once again
 As the artist’s bow glides o’er the strings.