

Le Canada Musical.

VOL 4.]

MONTREAL, 1^{ER} OCTOBRE 1877

[No. 6.]

Les lecteurs intelligents du *Canada Musical* nous pardonnerons l'insertion de l'effusion poétique suivante, en langue anglaise. Aucune traduction ne lui rendant justice, nous préférons l'insérer telle que composée, dans l'idiome que Shakespeare a immortalisé.

ODE (?) TO MUSIC

I

Hear the flute !
Perry's flute !

What a cry of misery it utters with its toot,
With its bellow, bellow, bellow
Throughout the afternoon,
Until every feeling fellow,
Be his brain so ever shallow,
Has wished it in the moon.
Hear it moan, moan, moan
In a feeble wailing tone !
The pain that is inflicted must be the most acute
On the flute, flute, flute, flute,
flute, flute, flute,—
On the nice and tender feelings of the flute !

II

Hear the flute !
Blast the flute !

Will it never cease its harrowing and pity-stirring hoot?
Through the balmy summer's night,
How it shrieks with all its might
With its ear-destroying note
And out of tune !
What distorted echoes float
O'er the College coves who listen while they gloat
On the moon !
And from out the scented stalls
To stop it how each smoker vociferously bawls
" Throw a boot
Or a root
Or something that will suit
At the player till he's mute.
Stop the howling and the growling of the flute,
Of the flute, flute, flute, flute,
flute, flute, flute,—
Stop the bawling and the squalling of the flute ! "

III

Again I hear that flute
Durn the flute !

Its sounds are as infernal as the devils in dispute
In music's category,
Have you heard a tale or story
Of such horrifying shrieks ?—
If you have, why tell me—speak,
And say where !
Vain is calmerous appealing to the mercy of the player,
Vain is mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic
[player,

Blowing harder, harder, harder
With persevering ardor !
He is certainly persuaded,
That alone and all unaided
He will rival Meyerbeer
On the flute, flute, flute,—
That man of high repute,
Meyerbeer.

How his eyes now start and stare,
And how brilliantly they glare
On the music that's before him on the chair !
And the listener fully knows
By the quelling
And the swelling,
How the player pants and blows
And the ear in trembling shrinks
From the cooing
And hallooing,—
From the dire uproar it drinks,—
From the harsh and grating uproar created by that flute,
By that flute,
By that flute, flute, flute, flute
flute, flute, flute,—
From the horrid din and clangor of that flute.

IV

Is that the same old flute?
Yes—sans doute .

About its variations there is not the slightest moot.
In the silence of our room,
How prevailing is the gloom
That the pertinacious Perry there inspires !
And if every prayer were heard,
That flute would be interred
'Neath some monumental pyre
And old Perry— ah ! old Perry,
'Tis lucky for you,— very,—
You're no nigher,—
Who thus blowing, blowing, blowing,
With that disposition dire,
Feel a pleasure in thus showing
With what ease you raise our ire
—You're a Turk !
And you always are at work,
And you jerk, jerk, jerk
That jargon from the flute,
From the flute
But our ears it does not suit,
With its painful chronic toot,
That everlasting hoot
From the flute, flute, flute,
That infernal cracked old flute,
That flute, flute, flute, flute,
flute, flute, flute,—
That rheumatic and asthmatic durned old flute !

Written by James A. Murphy, of N. Y., for the
" Georgetown College Journal "