

Don't let the Song go Out of Your Life.

(Boston Transcript.)

Don't let the song go out of your life ;
 Though it chance sometimes to flow
 In a minor strain, it will blend again
 With the major tone, you know.

What though shadows rise to obscure life's skies,
 And hide for a time the sun ;
 They sooner will lift, and reveal the rift,
 If you let the melody run.

Don't let the song go out of your life ;
 Though your voice may have lost its trill,
 Though the tremulous note should die in the throat,
 Let it sing in your spirit still.

There is never a pain that hides not some gain,
 And never a cup of rue
 So bitter to sup but what in the cup,
 Lurks a measure of sweetness too.

Don't let the song go out of your life ;
 Ah ! it never would need to go,
 If with thought more true, and a broader view,
 We looked at this life below.

Oh, why should we moan that life's springtime has flown,
 Or sigh for the fair summer time ?
 The autumn hath days filled with pæans of praise,
 And the winter hath bells that chime.

Don't let the song go out of your life,
 Let it ring in the soul while here,
 And when you go hence, it shall follow you thence,
 And sing on in another sphere.

Then do not despond, and say that the fond,
 Sweet songs of your life have flown,
 For if ever you knew a song that was true,
 Its music is still your own.

KATE R. STILES.