

MUSIC

Music is sweet from the thrush's throat!
Oh little thrush
With the holy note,
Like a footstep of God in a sick-room's hush
My soul you crush.

Unstopped organ, from earth you break
To knock at the skies,
And I can but shake
My fragile fetters, and with you rise
Into Paradise.

But Love, your music requires not wings.
To the common breed
It clings, and sings:
"Heaven on earth is Heaven indeed.
This is my creed."