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# The Thought and The Song.

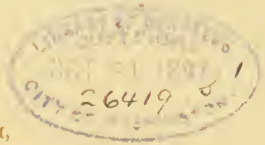
BY M. F. C.

*M.F.C.  
The Thought and Song  
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[*THE THOUGHT IN THE SONG.*]

**T**HOUGH**T** is a crystal water-drop  
 For myriad primal uses made ;  
 Its offices pure can never stop,  
 Nor by human hand be stayed.

But a song is a drop to a bubble blown,  
 Enamelled, resplendent, quivering, light ;  
 All heaven is writ on its iris-zone —  
 A flash ! 't is gone from sight.



[THE SONG'S VISIT.]

TODAY a winsome Song came knocking at my door,  
Whose voice was like the whispering sea.

“I am here!” she sang,

“O let me in.” Sweet rang

Her call. “I cannot,” moaned I chained upon the floor,

“Today Pain guards the key.”

I heard her turn with saddened step. “O come tomorrow,”  
With sudden deathly pang I said.

“Then it may be

I shall be free.”

“Tomorrow?” breathed the fading voice with deepening  
sorrow,

“Tomorrow I shall be dead.”





[ *THOUGHT - BIRTH* ]

A RADIANT Thought came down from heaven,  
 And fluttered far and wide ;  
 Then saw the Poet's longing gaze,  
 And nestled to his side.

“ O who are you, my lovely one ?  
 I sure have seen your face ;  
 Its archness taunts my memory —  
 Its heavenly fleeting grace.”

“ Have you forgotten, Poet dear,  
 How in fields beyond the sky  
 Ere ever to this world you came,  
 Playmates were you and I ? ”



*A FORGOTTEN SONG.]*

**I**N the silent night a Song came down  
And kissed me on the brow ;  
Her lips with dew's of night were wet,  
Their touch was soft as snow.

I heard her as she swiftly swept  
Beyond the window-bar  
Whisper a name that gleamed and glowed  
And beckoned like a star.

And still her garments brush my cheek,  
Her soft kiss thrills me yet ;  
But ah, the name, so lingering sweet,  
So wondrous, I forget !



[ *THE SONG'S WORTH.* ]

THE world may seek for glory and for gold's bright gleam,  
 Give me the poet's joy, the poet's pain, the poet's dream.  
 Let heaven-born thoughts, long-wandering and oft rejected  
 sore,

In radiant trailing robes come crowding to my garret door.  
 Their smiling shall my bread be, their twining love my wine,  
 The light that 'neath my rafters glows be from their eyes  
 divine.

Their whispers soft shall in my eager ears so sweetly ring  
 That songs forth from the pressed and joyous heart shall  
 bounding spring —

Songs that shall swell upon the air and reach each distant  
 nook

Where delvers chained work, and make them wondering  
 upward look.



VI.

[ *A MESSAGE.* ]

**D**EAR friend, you know songs catch the ear,  
Their music lingers long ;  
And yet — the thought I send to you  
Is sweeter than the song.







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