

(1).

The Music Of The Spheres

There is a thread of melody, I hear it yet
So deep within my heart it lies, can I forget ?
I loved the music that you played
And love'd too, the magic picture that you made
While with flying hands across those ivr'y keys
You sought your audience to amuse and please.

How long, how long ago was that?/
The years are long forgotten but not the music;
It still lives within my heart and always shall:
In some bygone clime, in far Norwegian hall.
You played your harp, and I, fresh from sea rove
Sat watching you, eager for your glance, but still afraid to move.

Our ways are parted long ago, but mem'ry clings
And conjures up so many half remembered things,
Of illness and the knawing longing to be home,
Among familiar things now cast aside that I might roam,
What was the story in that music that you played
That left me glad, yet sadd'nd too and half dismayed

I hear it yet nor can I get it out of mind,
Within those vasty pillar'd halls you made a home for me.
And when the oars ceased flashing and the shields came down
With prow of boat a'grind on pebbly beach
I heard the harp call softly O'er the sands
The call of home in living music, created by your hands.

The Music of the Spheres 1

There is a thread of melody, I hear it yet
So deep within my heart it lies, can I forget?
I loved the music that you played
And loved too the magic picture that you made
While with flying hands across those wires, keys
You sought your audience to amuse and please

How long, how long ago was that
The years are long forgotten but not the music
It still lies within my heart and always shall
In some bygone time, some far horizon shall
You played your harp and I, from sea shore
Sat watching you, eager for your glance, but still afraid to move.

Our ways are parted long ago but memory things
And conjures up so many half remembered things
Of illness and the knowing longing to be home
Among familiar things once cast aside that I might roam
What was the story in that music that you played
That left me glad, yet addled, half dimmed?

I hear it yet nor can I get it out of mind
For within those party pillars talk you made a home for me
And when the oars ceased flashing and the shields came down
I'll know of boat a ground on pebbly beach
I heard the harp call softly over the sands
Felt the call of home in music ^{living in} created by your hands.
the living music of ?

The Music of the Spheres 2.

Who takes the sword for conquer shall perish by the sword
No true word was ever spoke, yet all with one accord
Went venturing forth to conquer or to die
And many a shield came home on which a corpse did lie
Thus the passing years brought me my turn
And on my shield they laid me and in my boat they burn.

I see again the lofty pillard hall of pine
Whole columned thus supporting the vast roof
And you in flowing robe seated at the strings
Of a giant harp that thrummed and called
"Then at a note of music I awake and stare
Gone is the vision old, but still the player sits and stirs his hair.

Let him that scoffs keep jeering on
To him that hath the spirit, this I say
When lies and hate and carnage cease to pro
The cause forgotten, and the goal obscure
Per and through all timelessness and space
Not force, nor lies, but love and love alone endure.

I hear it still and always shall for this I do believe
That love of friends goes on, proves on
And time is timeless not in the grave
^{shall} ~~has power to~~ ^{those things} ~~erase~~ what in the heart uprose
And in another clime you'll play that music sweet
And ~~I shall recognize~~ ^{in recognition} again sit listening, at your feet.

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April 20/71