As nothing else could do,
but it softened my sad meditations.
And the memories of friends, old and new,
It breathed in me of long-ago.
From the old church organ below,
Sweet sounds were wafted toward me.
Watching the sweet flow,
While smiling above at the window.
Love, and he breathes where music dwells.
Told us in the sweetest language
In1nating brook and falling well.
Mingling with their sacred music
Pools he heaneously shrub
Like a chorus of angelic voices
Fills the air with sweet refrain
When from earth the softer music
And all nature appears at rest.
The flowers too have closed their petals
And the birds have gone to nest.
As the shades of eve are falling