

Songs

I love the dear old ballads best,
That tell of love and death,
Whose every line sings love's unrest
Or mourns the parting breath.
I love those songs the heart can feel,
That make our pulses throb;
When lovers plead or contrites kneel
With choking sigh and sob.

God sings through songs that touch the heart,
And none are prized save these.
Though men may ply their gilded art
For fortune, fame, or fees,
The muse that sets the songster's soul
Ablaze with lyric fire,
Holds nature up, an open scroll,
And builds art's funeral pyre.