

The Master-Player

An old, worn harp that had been play'd
Till all its strings were loose and fray'd,
Joy, Hate and Fear, each one essay'd,
To play. But each in turn had found
No sweet responsiveness of sound.

Then Love the Master-Player came
With heaving breast and eyes aflame;
The Harp he took all undismayed,
Smote on its strings, still strange to song.
And brought forth music sweet and strong.