

## TO A LADY PLAYING THE HARP

Thy tones are silver melted into sound,  
And as I dream  
I see no walls around,  
But seem to hear  
A gondolier  
Sing sweetly down some slow Venetian stream.

Italian skies--that I have never seen--  
I see above.  
(Ah, play again, my queen;  
Thy fingers white  
Fly swift and light  
And weave for me the golden mesh of love.)

Oh, thou dusk sorceress of the dusky eyes  
And soft dark hair,  
'T is thou that mak'st my skies  
So swift to change  
To far and strange;  
But far and strange, thou still dost make them fair.

Now thou dost sing, and I am lost in thee  
As one who drowns  
In floods of melody.  
Still in thy art  
Give me this part,  
Till perfect love, the love of loving crowns.

This poem appears in the following book(s): [Lyrics of the Hearthside](#)

## HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

She told the story, and the whole world wept  
At wrongs and cruelties it had not known  
But for this fearless woman's voice alone.  
She spoke to consciences that long had slept:  
Her message, Freedom's clear reveille, swept  
From heedless hovel to complacent throne.  
Command and prophecy were in the tone  
And from its sheath the sword of justice leapt.  
Around two peoples swelled a fiery wave,  
But both came forth transfigured from the flame.  
Blest be the hand that dared be strong to save,  
And blest be she who in our weakness came--  
Prophet and priestess! At one stroke she gave  
A race to freedom and herself to fame.

This poem appears in the following book(s): [Lyrics of the Hearthside](#)

## DAWN

An angel, robed in spotless white,  
Bent down and kissed the sleeping Night.  
Night woke to blush; the sprite was gone.  
Men saw the blush and called it Dawn.

This poem appears in the following book(s): [Lyrics of Lowly Life, Majors and Minors](#)

## RAIN-SONGS

The rain streams down like harp-strings from the sky;  
The wind, that world-old harpist, sitteth by;  
And ever as he sings his low refrain,  
He plays upon the harp-strings of the rain.

This poem appears in the following book(s): [Lyrics Of Sunshine and Shadow](#)

## THE MEADOW LARK

Though the winds be dank,  
And the sky be sober,  
And the grieving day  
In a mantle gray  
Hath let her waiting maiden robe her,--  
All the fields along  
I can hear the song  
Of the meadow lark,  
As she flits and flutters,  
And laughs at the thunder when it mutters.  
O happy bird, of heart most gay  
To sing when skies are gray!

When the clouds are full,  
And the tempest master  
Lets the loud winds sweep  
From his bosom deep  
Like heralds of some dire disaster,  
Then the heart, alone,  
To itself makes moan;  
And the songs come slow,  
While the tears fall fleeter,  
And silence than song by far seems sweeter.  
Oh, few are they along the way  
Who sing when skies are gray!

This poem appears in the following book(s): [Lyrics of Lowly Life, Majors and Minors, Oak and Ivy](#)

## WITH THE LARK

Night is for sorrow and dawn is for joy,  
Chasing the troubles that fret and annoy;  
Darkness for sighing and daylight for song,--  
Cheery and chaste the strain, heartfelt and strong.  
All the night through, though I moan in the dark,  
I wake in the morning to sing with the lark.

Deep in the midnight the rain whips the leaves,  
Softly and sadly the wood-spirit grieves.  
But when the first hue of dawn tints the sky,  
I shall shake out my wings like the birds and be dry;  
And though, like rain-drops, I grieved through the dark,  
I shall wake in the morning to sing with the lark.

On the high hills of heaven, some morning to be,  
Where the rain shall not grieve thro' the leaves of the tree,  
There my heart will be glad for the pain I have known,  
For my hand will be clasped in the hand of mine own;  
And though life has been hard and death's pathway been dark,  
I shall wake in the morning to sing with the lark.

This poem appears in the following book(s): [Lyrics of the Hearthside](#)