

March 1, 1940

## MUSIC

In the lonely hours of the evening  
When a melancholy mist descends upon me,  
When my soul is heavy with deep sorrow,  
Then I think of music, and my heart is glad again.

Lovely is the music of the masters,  
Deep, and gently glowing with fresh splendor,  
Delicate, and fine as budding flowers  
Nodding in the summer-scented breezes,

Lovely is the sing-song of the children,  
Sweet and interwoven with their laughter  
Tinkling through the windows of my dwelling,  
Laughter that, a few years hence, will fade and die,

And the music of an organ, grinding  
Out the tones of melody so joyous,  
Swelling in the deepening dusk of evening  
Forms a tale no human tongue can tell,

Then the music of an engine chugging,  
Screeching, roaring, puffing in the twilight,  
Sounds as thunder by a mighty mountain,  
Loud, defying all the human world.

Yet of all this human-fashioned music  
Sweet and lovely, leading hearts to bliss,  
None can stir me, fill me with more gladness  
Than the music of the world itself.

Let me rather hear the dripping raindrops,  
Or the tinkling gurgle of the brooklet,  
Let me hear the rumbling of the thunder  
Through the black and jagged-lightning sky.

Let me hear the echoes in the mountains  
Of the silver-throated sparrows singing,  
Or the sobbing of the wind a-sighing  
Through the rugged, ruddy, rustic leaves.

For, in all the world that man created  
Dwell the spreading shadows of deep sorrows  
Full of misery and lacking understanding,  
But the world that nature built is free.