

THE RECALL, OR SOUL MELODY.

BY MRS. E. OAKES SMITH.

NOR dulcimer nor harp shall breathe  
Their melody for me ;  
Within my secret soul be wrought  
A holier minstrelsy !  
Descend into thy depths, oh soul !  
And every sense in me control.

Thou hast no voice for outward mirth,  
Whose purer strains arise  
From those that steal from crystal gates,  
The hymnings of the skies ;  
And well may earth's cold jarrings cease,  
When such love soothed thee unto peace.

Within thy secret chamber rest,  
And back each sense recall,  
That seeketh 'mid the tranquil stars  
Where melody shall fall ;  
Call home the wanderer from the vale,  
From mountain and the moonlight pale.

Within the leafy wood the sound  
 Of dropping rain may ring,  
 Which rolling from the trembling leaf  
 Falls on the sparrow's wing,  
 And music round the waking flower  
 May breathe in every star-lit bower.

Yet come away ! nor stay to hear  
 The breathings of a voice  
 Whose subtle tones awake a thrill  
 To make thee to rejoice,  
 And vibrate on the listening ear,  
 Too deep, too earnest, ah ! too dear.

Yes, come away ; and inward turn  
 Each thought and every sense,  
 For sorrow lingers from without :  
 Thou canst not charm it thence—  
 But all attuned the soul may be,  
 Unto a deathless melody.

BROOKLYN, L. I.