



THE VOICES OF EARTH.

By Archibald Lampman.

WE have not heard the music of the spheres,
The song of star to star; but there are sounds
More deep than human joy or human tears,
That nature uses in her common rounds;
The fall of streams, the cry of winds that strain
The oak, the roaring of the sea's surge, might
Of thunder breaking afar off, or rain
That falls by minutes in the summer night.
These are the voices of earth's secret soul,
Uttering the mystery from which she came
To him who hears them grief beyond control,
Or joy inscrutable without a name
Wakes in his heart thoughts buried there, imperaled
Before the birth and making of the world.