

TWO SONNETS.

ON HEARING THE MUSIC OF BRAHMS AND
TSCHAIKOWSKY.

To C. G. LAMB.

MY soul is aching with the sense of sound
Whose angels trumpet in the angry air ;
Wild maenads with their fiery snakes enwound
In the black waves of my abundant hair.
Now hath my life a little respite found
In the brief pauses exquisite and rare ;
In the strong chain of music I am bound,
And all myself before myself lies bare.

Drown me, oh, drown me in your fiery stream !
Wing me new visions, fierce enchanting birds !
Peace is less dear than this delirious fight !
For all the glowing fragrance of a dream
And all the sudden ecstasy of words
Deluge my spirit with a lake of light

The constant ripple of your long white hands,
The soul-tormenting violin that speaks
Truth, and enunciates all my soul seeks,
That binds my love in its desirous bands,
And clutches at my heart, until there stands
No fibre yet unshaken, while it wreaks
In one sharp song the agony of weeks,
And all my soul and body understands.

The music changes, and I know that here,
In these new melodies, a tongue of fire
Leaps at each waving of the silver spear ;
And all my sorrow dons delight's attire
Because the gate of heaven is so near,
And I have comprehended my desire.