

Ode

Then sing ye birds sing a joyous song
And let the young lambs bound as to the tabor's sound
We in thought will join your throng.

Ye that pipe and ye that play
Ye that through your hearts to day feel the gladness of the May
What though the radiance that was once so bright
Be now forever taken from my sight.

Though no-thing can bring back the hour
Of splendor in the grass of glory in the flow'r
We grieve not rather find strength in what re-mains be-hind
In the primal sympathy which having been must ever be
In soothing thoughts that spring out of human suffering

Then sing ye birds with a joyous song
And we in thought will join your throng!

Parting Song

We only part to meet again,
Though boundless waves may sever.
Remembrance oft shall bring thee near,
And I will go with thee forever

And oft at midnight's silent hour
When planets guide the ocean,
Thy name shall rise to heaven's highest star,
And mingle with my soul's devotion.