

*To a Pianist*

Unroll the symphonies of the years,  
Of God's translucent harmonies,  
Descending from the higher spheres.

Echoes, as of a golden tongue,  
Deciphering from some magic scroll,  
Shall on your instrument be sung.

And voices from seraphic skies  
Shall chant in paeons as you play  
These far-sprung, outstretched melodies.

The wind shall whisper in the night,  
The flowers tell you in the day,  
And Nature garbed in haloed white  
Caress your spirit as you play.

Unroll the secrets of the stars,  
Resolve the wisdom of the past,  
The imprisoned Muses, heart unbars.

Up, spirit of joy and liberty!  
Enchain the dragon that impedes  
And listen of what is to be.

Splendor enfolds and morning breaks,  
The heart hears music beyond the ears,  
And of a sudden, the soul awakes.

Gospels are hidden in symphonies;  
Love, all embracing undertone,  
Compels the world with Her harmonies  
To heed the Voice from God's high throne.

(A prophecy for Miss Jane Webster, January 3, 1931.)