

COOK, E

An Old Tune
To C. Cushman

Dost thou remember when we
roved in summer's glowing prime,
While Friendship's sacred bells rung
out a soft and merry chime?—

Dost thou remember where we stood
beneath the old elm boughs,

With laughing speech upon our lips
and mirth upon our brows?

Dost thou remember singing there,
in wild and fitful tone,

A melody of by-gone days— one of
sweet nature's own?

Dost thou remember, Lady, when
the topmost leaf was green,

Flushing the ring-dove overhead with
Jack O' Hazeldean?

Oh, little didst thou know the spell
that old tune had for me,

A mist came o'er the broad blue
air, a dimness round the tree,

I knew the branch was still as bright,
I knew the sky was clear,

But I was breathing through a sigh
and gazing through a tear.

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Like the soft moon that looketh
down to bid the dew gems shine:
It raised again the homaged
furn, it brought the placid smile,
Till the electric flash of Pain laid
waste my fairy pile.

Lady! I know thou lovest me - but
secretly canst thou tell

How bitterly this brain can throb,
how fast these heartstrings swell;
As slight winds wither up the
flower, yet do their work unseen

So didst thou smite my glowing
soul with "Jock o' Hazeldean"

That old tune taught me still
to feel how weak and wild a thing
This bosom is in face of all that
reason's aid can bring;

And had I lingered by thy side,
perchance thou mightst have smiled

To find me as a harp untuned,
and weeping like a child

Lady, I know, thou lovest me - let
others chaunt the strain,

²⁵⁷⁷
But do not thou e'er sing to me that
balled - lay again;

— other tips enchained 50
with "Jock o' Hazeldean"

There's something in thy earnest tone
probing where bitter wounds have been
Reminding of a mother's voice in
Jock o' Hazeldean

Eliza Cooke