

POESY

ALEXANDER LOUIS FRASER

Singer, sing on! Your medium does not die,
The world's romantic now, and love as young
As when blind Homer or sweet Sappho sung.
Life has its epics yet; no drought can dry
Those founts of tears that rose in Arcady,
The seasons in their grand procession go,
And on earth's beaches the tides ebb and flow;
Sing on! None can like you old Time defy.

'Tis yours to be in unborn summers read,
In homes unbuilt; effective, your command,
When all our village gossiping is dead,
And gilded monuments are worn to sand,
If you around life's common things but shed
"The light that never was on sea or land."