



The Governor's Violin

By courtesy of Col. Vischer

'Mid the silken, perfumed elegance
Within a stately house,
I've heard its rich tones ringing
Through the wilderings of Strauss,
And I've heard the sigh of gentle ones,
Who listened while it bore
To charmed hearts the sweetness
Of the touching Trovatore.

I've heard it in the evening,
Within a quiet home,
Sing "Sewanee River" till the bees
Came "humming 'round the comb";
'Mid the phases of the wassail
And the joys of festal cheer
I've heard it change from grave to gay,
From lively to severe.

In tender tones of pleading,
In sighs of spent delight,
In greetings to the morning,
And in good-byes to the night;
In storms upon the ocean,
And in the songs of birds,
I've heard its voice, like living thing,
In sweetest human words.

I've heard it give, stentorian,
Command in battle's blare,
And heard it whisper, soft and low,
Like angels in the air.
'Mong brawny men in mining camps,
I've seen it hush a brawl,
Till clenched hands are open palms,
That in each other fall.

I've seen it gather little ones
About the player's knee,
As did the babes of olden time
'Round Him of Galilee.
And to it oft I've listened
Till all the world was kin,
While, lovingly, its master played—
The Governor's Violin.

WILLIAM LIGHTFOOT VISCHER.