

**THE FLUTE-PLAYER
AND OTHER POEMS**

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The Flute-Player and Other Poems by Francis Howard Williams

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FRANCIS HOWARD WILLIAMS

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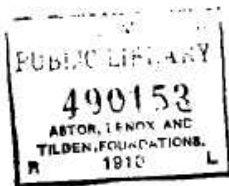
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AND OTHER POEMS

BY FRANCIS HOWARD WILLIAMS



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THE FLUTE-PLAYER.

THRICE a score of candles, flaring,
Fashion shadows on the wall,
While the loftier lights are glaring
Over all the festival ;

All bravely flare
the lights of the
festal hall
wherein the
players begin
the symphony.

With a visage melancholy
Meditates the dark Bassoon,
Glowes the 'Cello's face as jolly
As a yellow harvest-moon.

And albeit each
one thinketh
but of his own
part, yet the
wholeness of the
symphony suf-
fereth no mar-
ring thereby ;

Lean the Oboë and eager,
With a sharp, uplifted chin ;
Bald and red, and seeming meagre
In his brains, the first Violin ;

For, of a truth, it
is here as with
the music of
humanity, to the
which tho' all
must contribute,
many an one
furnisheth a

note that is but a discord to that of his fellow.

But the Flute with shoulders bended
And his scantily silvered head,—
Ah ! what present joys are blended
With the sorrows that are fled.

And one player
thinketh but of
being done with
as small pain as
may be, and
another reckon-
eth how he shall
expend the wage
of his labor in rioting and wantonness.

of his labor in rioting and wantonness.

Why, tho' haply he remembers
Vanished gleams of Paradise,