

LYRICS

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Lyrics by Pearl Rivers

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PEARL RIVERS

LYRICS

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LYRICS.

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BY

PEARL RIVERS. pseud.

Eliza Jane (Pittsford) Nicholson



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PREFACE.

God gave a little harp to me ;
I hold it very dear,
I tune the strings to melody,
And play on it by ear

I never spent a single day
Learning the rules of art ;
Unconsciously my fingers play
The music of my heart.

Sometimes my songs are low and sad,
And thrill with tender woe ;
Sometimes my songs are light and glad,
Because my heart is so.

I cannot reach the magic note
That soothes the sorrowing,
Like dark-eyed David when he smote
His harp to cheer the king.

Nor can I waken martial strains
Like the great bards of old,
Whose music throbbed through England's veins
And made her warriors bold.

My harp has only simple strings,
My hands are weak and small ;
I only sing of simple things
In simpler words than all.

And when some day I bow my head,
And friends look sad and say :
" The Singer's dead, the music fled,
Go put her harp away !"

They will not hang it in the halls,
The echoing halls of Fame,
Where every harp against the walls
Vibrates a master's name ;

But bear it tenderly to those
Who loved the simple thing,
Because of simple joys and woes
The Singer used to sing.

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THE ROYAL CAVALCADE.

SPRING is coming, Spring is coming,
Through the arch of Pleasant Days,
With the harps of all her minstrels
Tuned to warble forth her praise.

In her rosy car of Pleasure,
Drawn by nimble-footed Hours,
With a royal guard of Sunbeams
And a host of white-plumed Flowers,

From the busy Court of Nature
Rides the fair young Queen in state,
O'er the road of Perfect Weather,
Leading down to Summer Gate.

Brave old March rides proudly forward,
With her heralds, Wind and Rain ;
He will plant her standard firmly
On King Winter's bleak domain.

Young Lord Zephyr fans her gently,
And Sir Dew-drop's diamonds shine ;
Lady May and Lady April
By her Majesty recline.

Lady April's face is tearful,
And she pouts and frets the while;
But her lips will part with laughter
Ere she rides another mile.

Lady May is blushing deeply,
As she fits her rosy gloves;
She is dreaming of the meeting
With her waiting Poet-loves.

Over meadow, hill, and valley
Winds the Royal Cavalcade,
And, behind, green leaves are springing
In the tracks the car has made.

And her Majesty rides slowly
Through the humble State of Grass,
Speaking kindly to the Peasants
As they crowd to see her pass.

In the corners of the fences
Hide the little Daisy-spies,
Peeping shyly through the bushes,
Full of childish, glad surprise;

And her gentle Maids of Honor,
Modest Violets, are seen
In their gala dresses waiting,
By the road-side, for their Queen.