

SPELLS AND VOICES

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Spells And Voices by Ada Keyne

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ADA KEYNE

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AND VOICES**

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BY

ADA KEYNE.

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SPELLS.

THERE'S a spell in home scenes, in haunts long
forfaken :

Oh! that spell has a charm whose power none
may tell ;

It thrills to the heart—oh! how deeply mis-
taken

Are those who think feelings are dead to a
spell.

There's a spell which can touch e'en the deepest
of feeling,

A charm all unbidden, rouse old hopes again ;

We deem'd they had slumber'd, now we feel
they are stealing
Back, back to our minds clasp'd in memory's
chain.

There's a spell in a word, or a tone, we had
treasur'd
In the deepest recess of our memory's cell,
Though a silence of years may pass o'er us
unmeasur'd,
Yet think not that silence is deaf to a spell.

There's a spell in old songs, and entrancèd we
listen
To words which awaken the thoughts of the
past ;
There's a deep spell in music, and tear-drops
will gladden
In eyes that ne'er weep, though by sorrow
o'ercast.

There's a spell in that silence of long-felt devotion
Which seeks but to tell its soft tale to the
heart ;

There's a spell in a sigh—Oh! how deep the
emotion

We feel when the tongue can no language
impart.

There's a spell in the look of a lov'd one when
sadness

O'erwhelms with dark clouds the eyes that
we love ;

There's a bright spell comes o'er us, when ra-
diant with gladness,

Eyes shine with a light that seems kindled
above.

There's a spell in the presence of friends who are
dwelling