

THE GIFT

by Robert Fitt

When the
Ecstasy of music
Surges forth
From harp or pen, thank the
Gifted bards whose glory
Ceased at death.

For they
Whisper forth their
Melodies to
Mortal hearts again, as
Unbidden strains
Inspire our thoughts—
and then:

Their grand and
Glorious music
streams forth from flute or
Pen, and bares the
Fabric of their genius
Once again.