Come read to me some poem,
Some wistful and heartfelt song
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the lords of rhyme,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of time;

Nor, like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Deep endless toil and endurance;
And tonight I long for rest.

Read from some humble poet
More songs gathered from his heart
As grieving from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start;

Nor through long days of labor,
And might devoted to ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.