For medium-high voice

Lines of Life

Emily Green

Poem by Letitia Elizabeth Landon

Emily Green Choral Music

emily-green-choral-music.com

Lines of Life

I never knew the time my heart
Look'd freely from my brow;
It once was check'd by timidness,
'Tis taught by caution now.

I teach my lip its sweetest smile,
My tongue its softest tone;
I borrow others' likeness, till
Almost I lose my own.

I check my thoughts like curbed steeds
That struggle with the rein;
I bid my feelings sleep, like wrecks
In the unfathom'd main.

I hear them speak of love, the deep.
The true, and mock the name;
Mock at all high and early truth,
And I too do the same.

And one fear, withering ridicule,
Is all that I can dread;
A sword hung by a single hair
For ever o'er the head.

We bow to a most servile faith,
In a most servile fear;
While none among us dares to say
What none will choose to hear.

Surely I was not born for this!
I feel a loftier mood
Of generous impulse, high resolve,
Steal o'er my solitude!

I gaze upon the thousand stars
That fill the midnight sky;
And wish, so passionately wish,
A light like theirs on high.

And earth, and earth's debasing stain,
Again is on my soul;
And I am but a nameless part
Of a most worthless whole.

The present, it is but a speck
In that eternal time,
In which my lost hopes find a home,
My spirit knows its clime.

Oh! not myself, — for what am I? —
The worthless and the weak,
Whose every thought of self should raise
A blush to burn my cheek.

But song has touch'd my lips with fire.
And made my heart a shrine;
For what, although alloy'd, debased,
Is in itself divine.

Let music make less terrible
The silence of the dead;
I care not, so my spirit last
Long after life has fled

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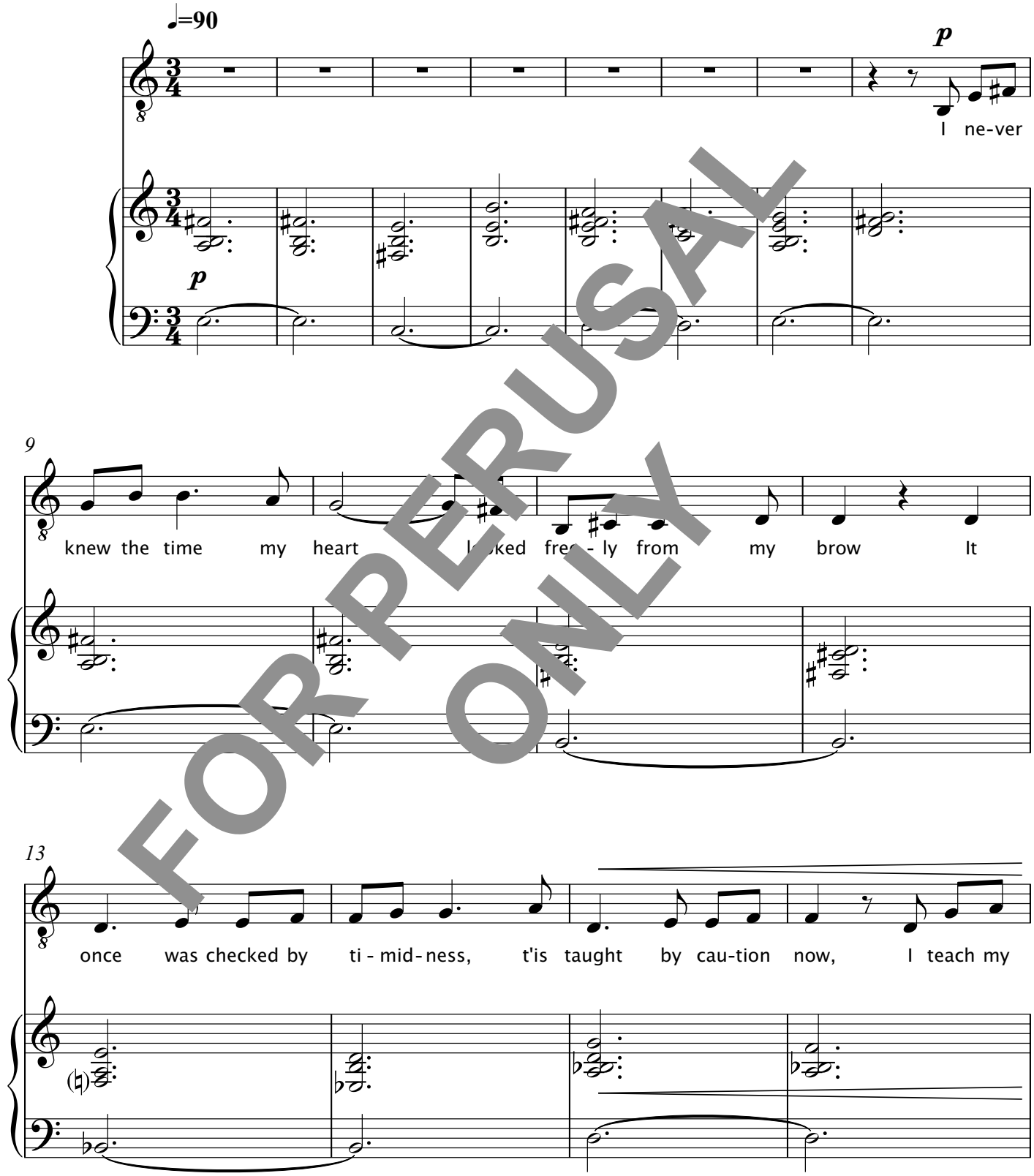
Lines of Life

For Cameron Martin

Letitia Elizabeth Landon

Emily Green



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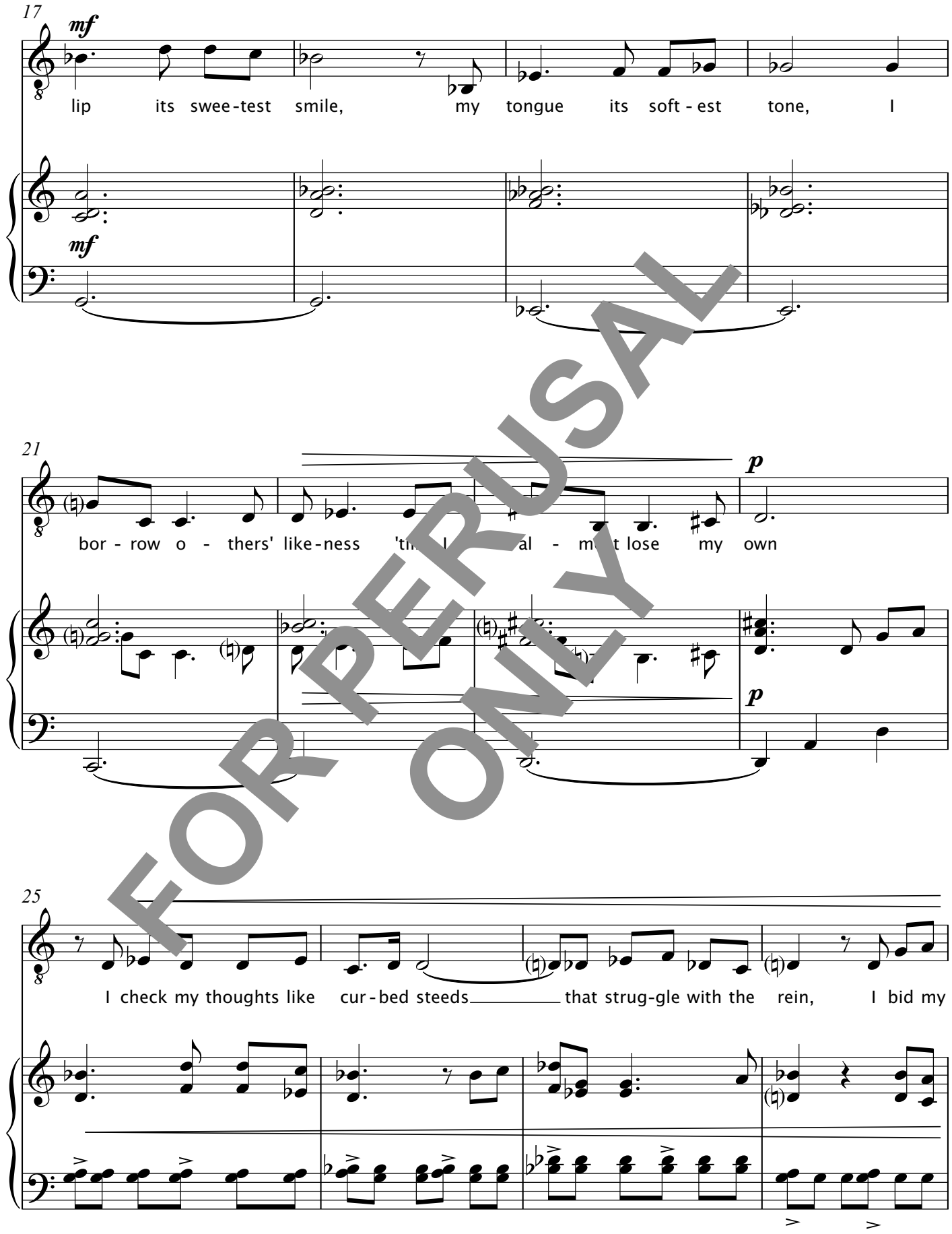

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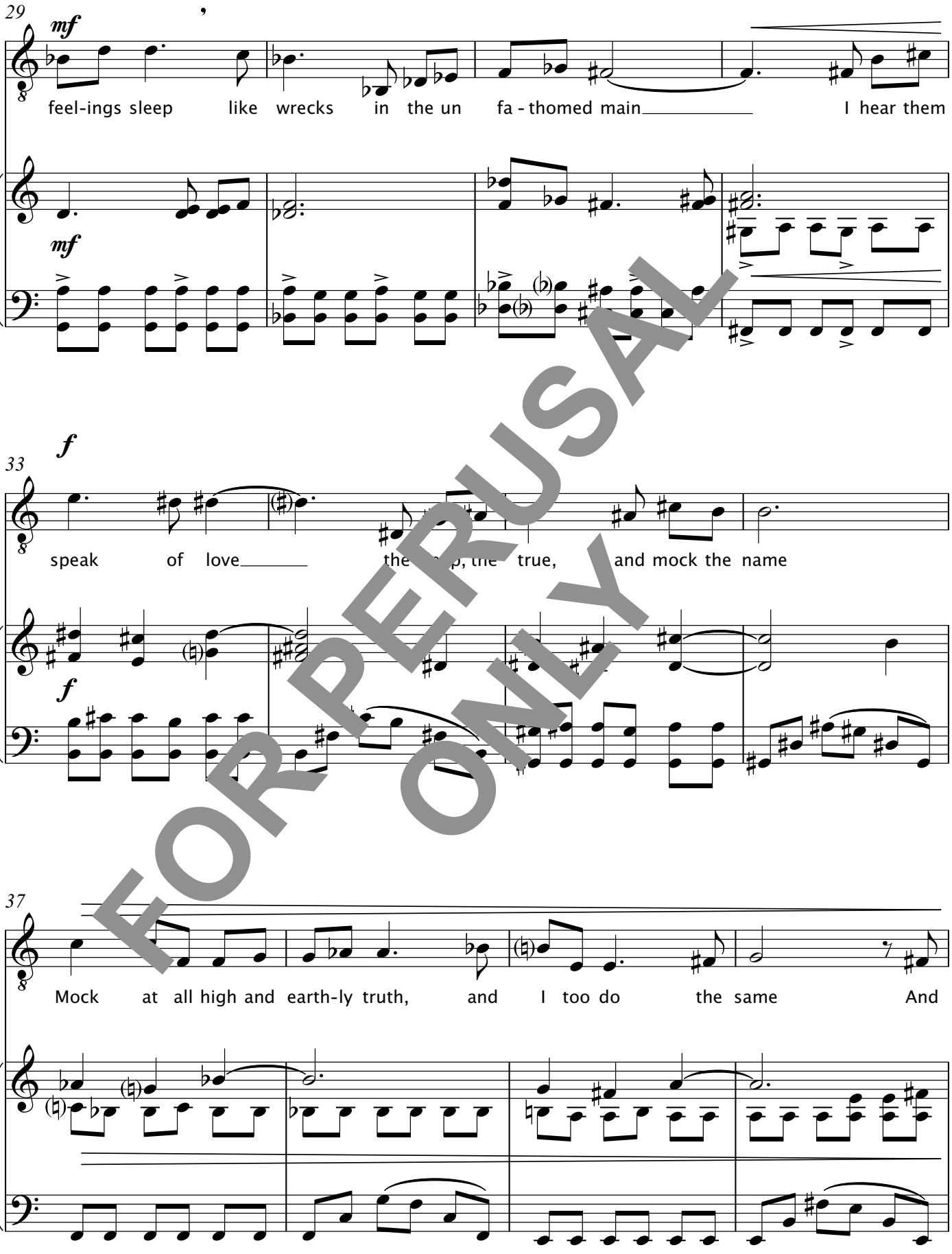

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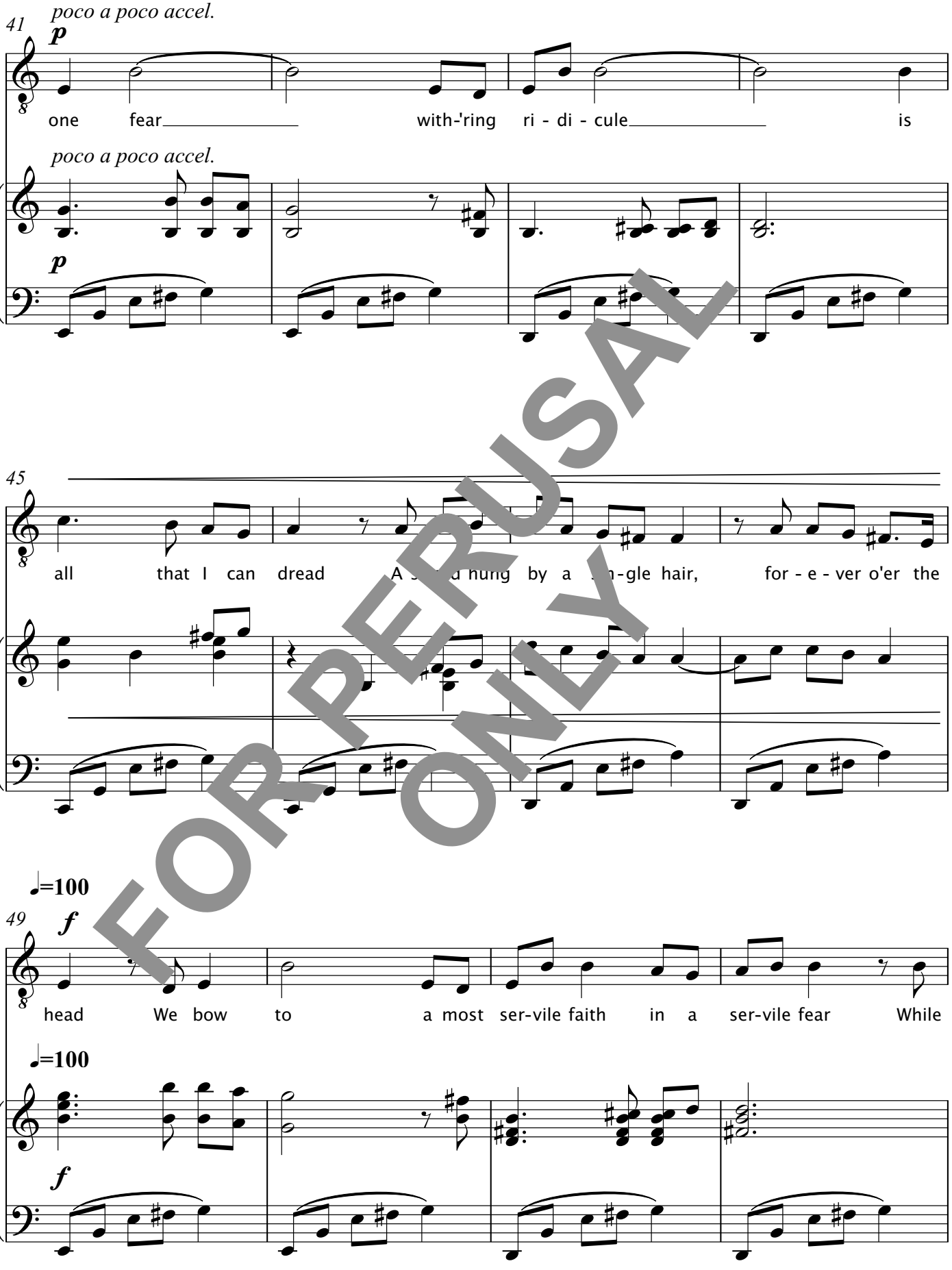

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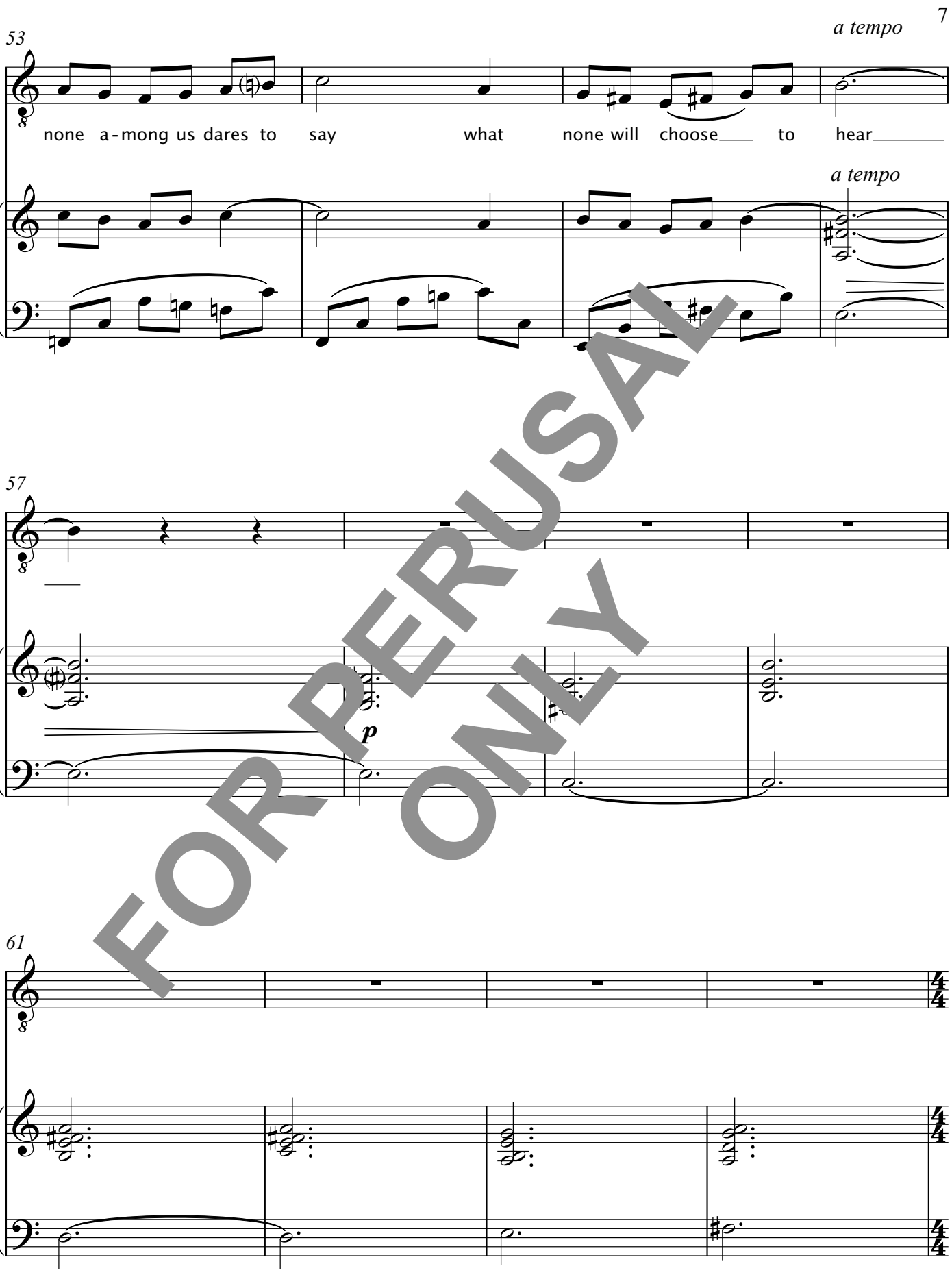

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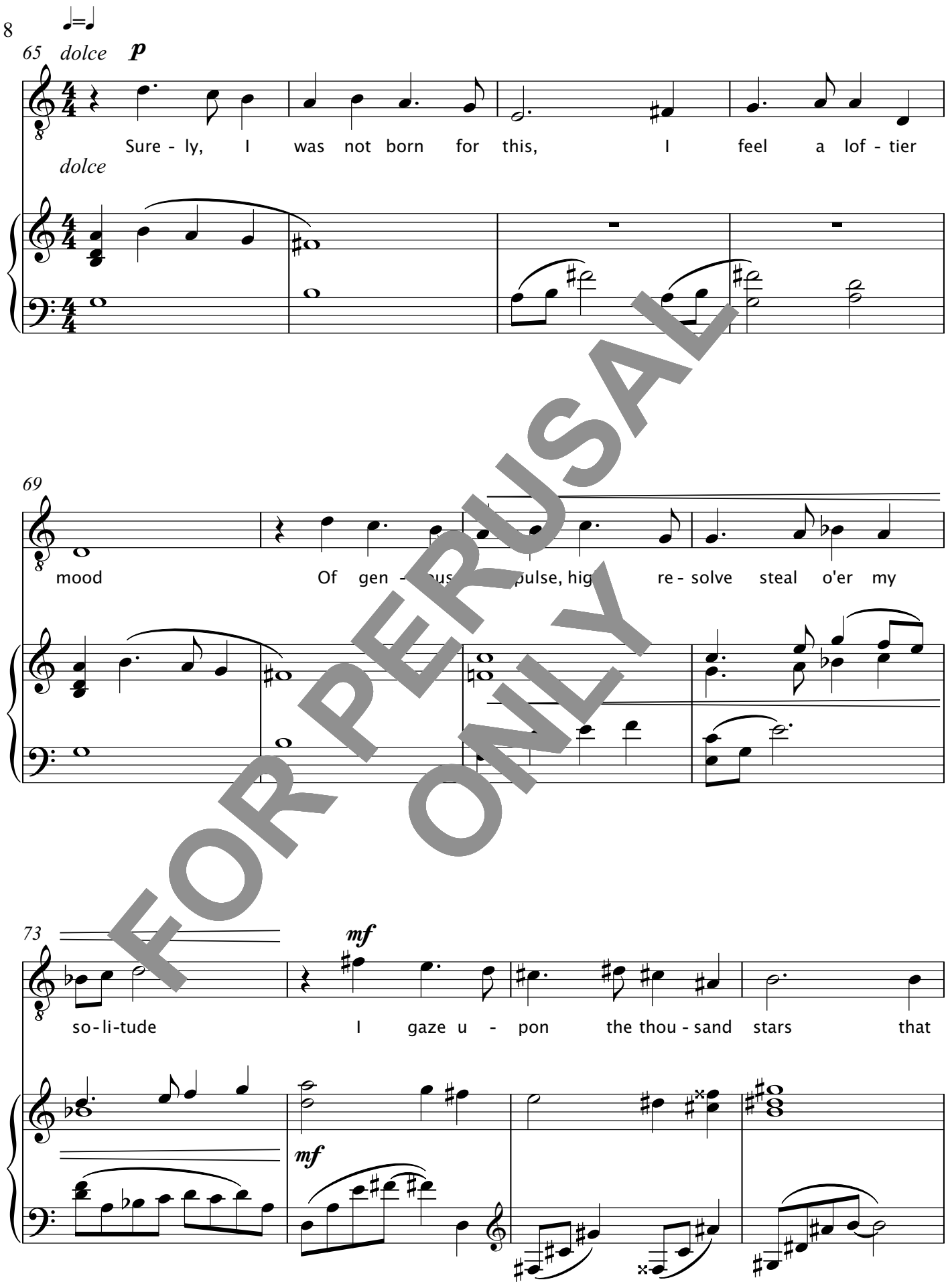

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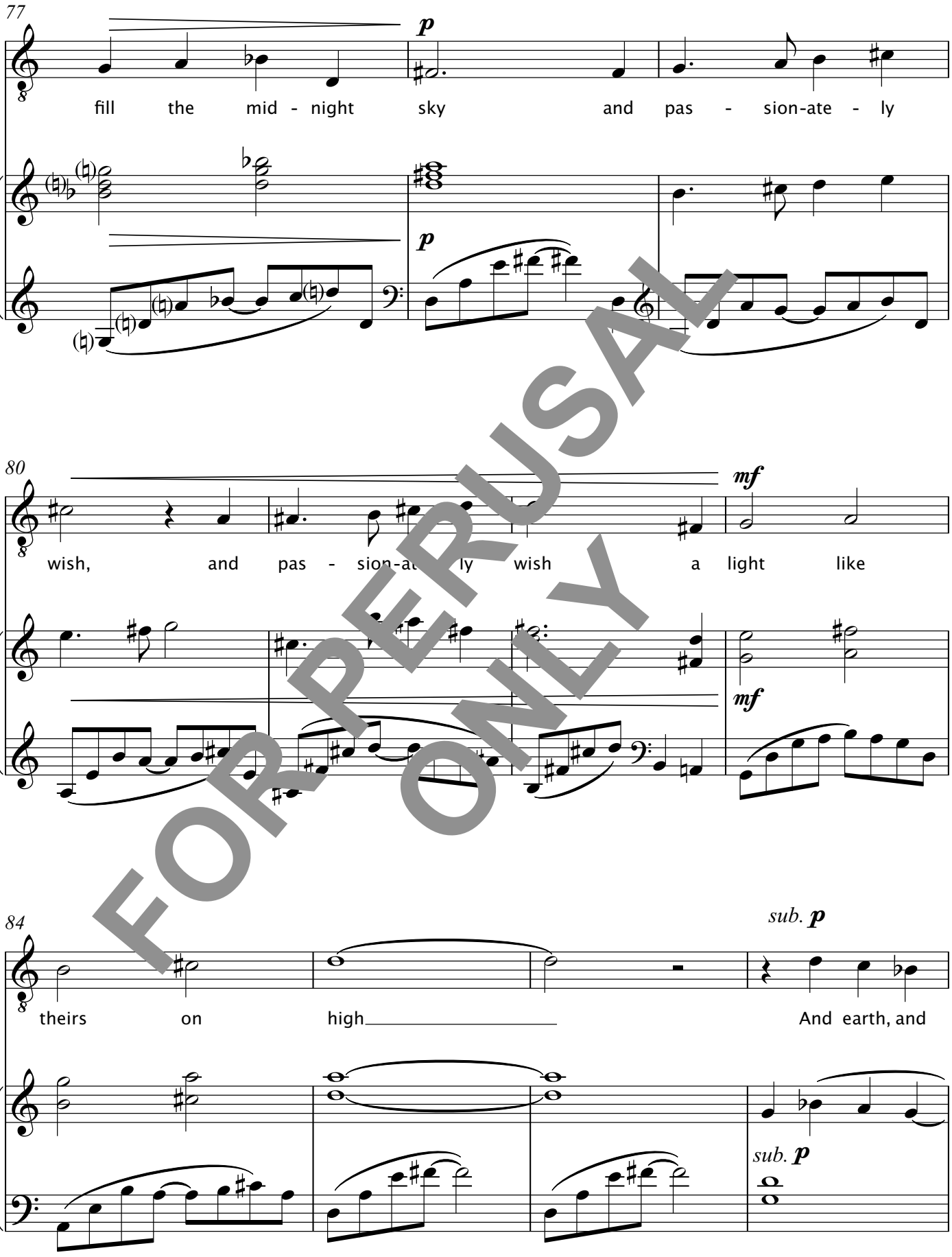

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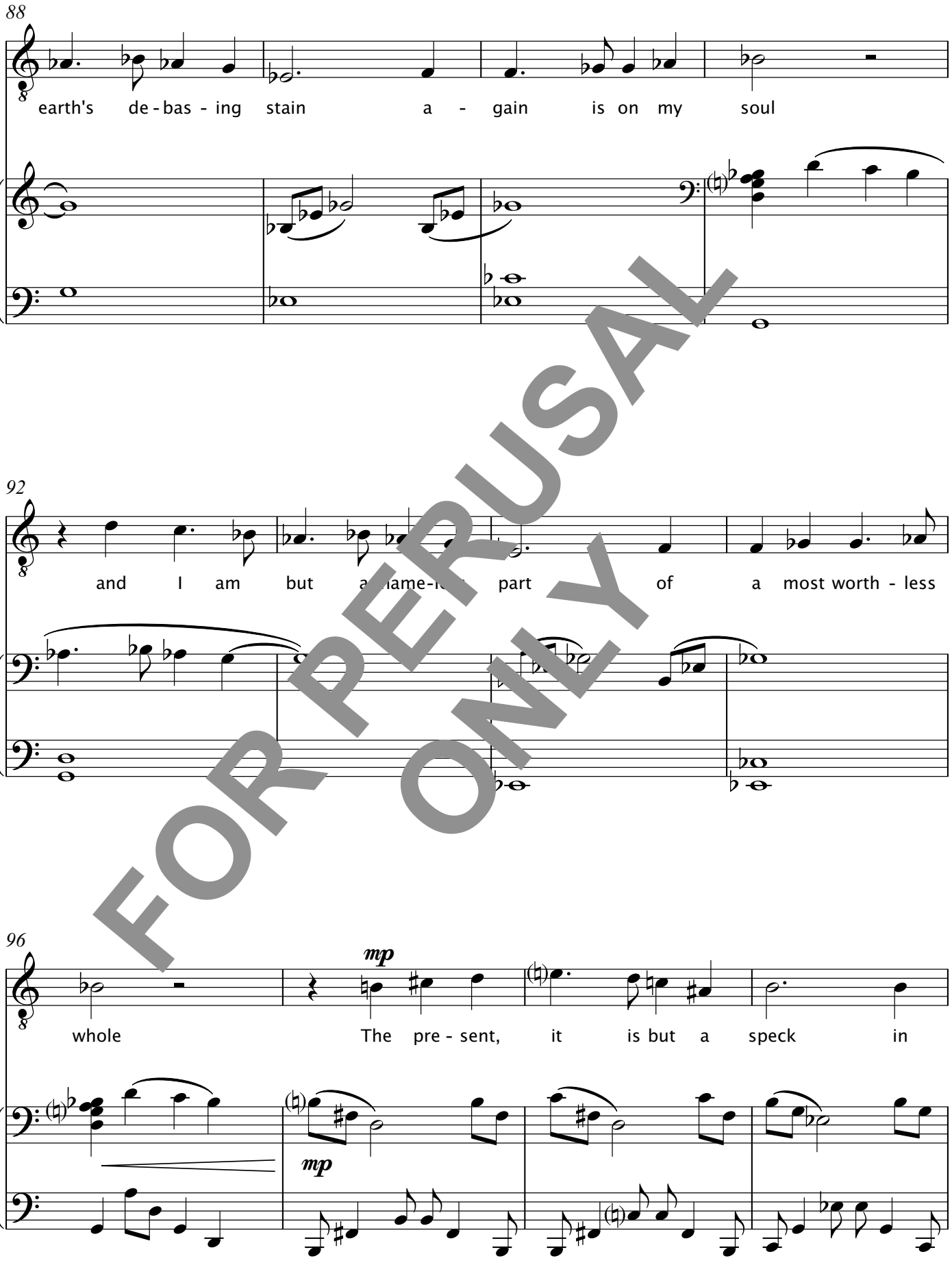

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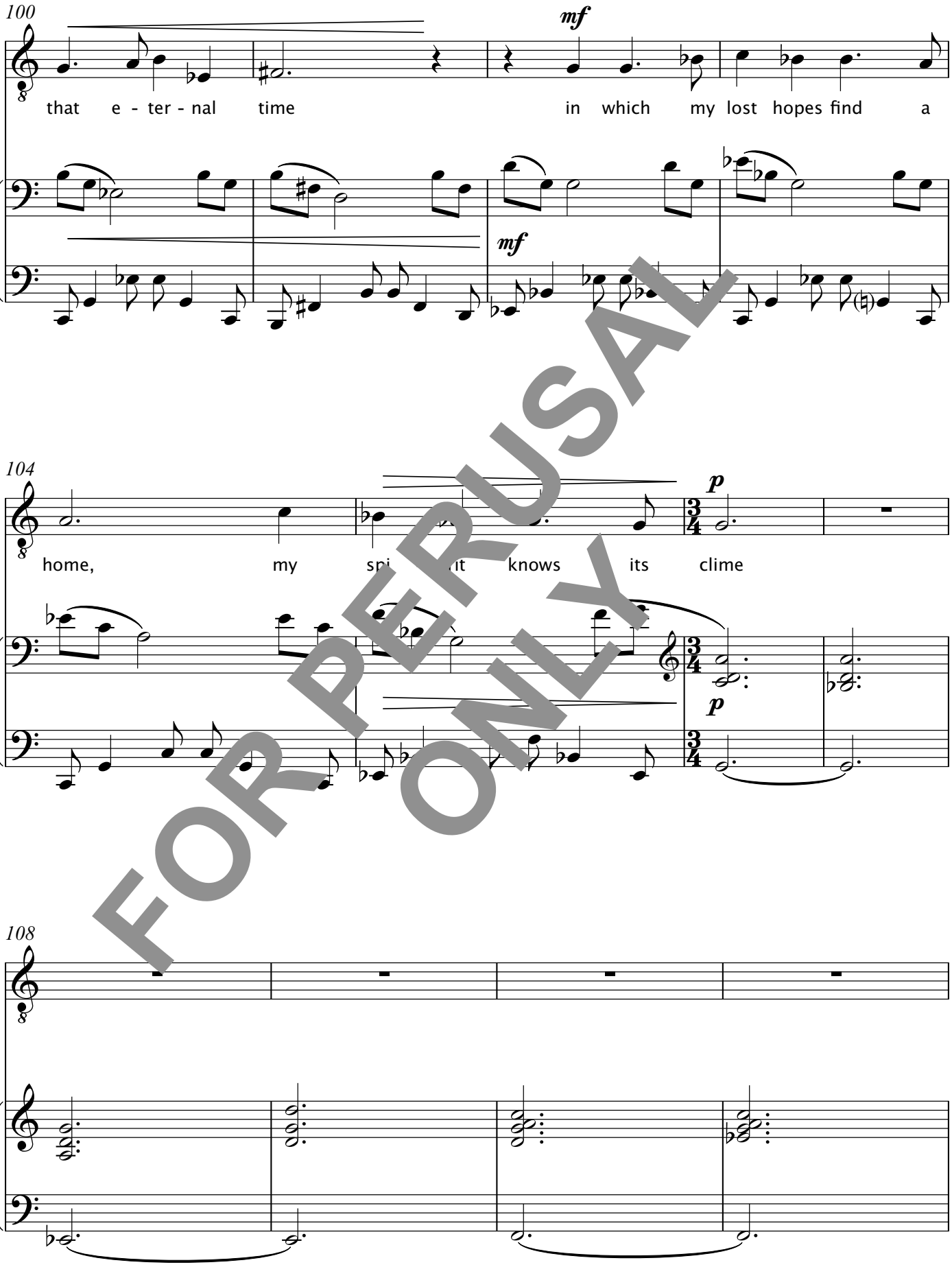

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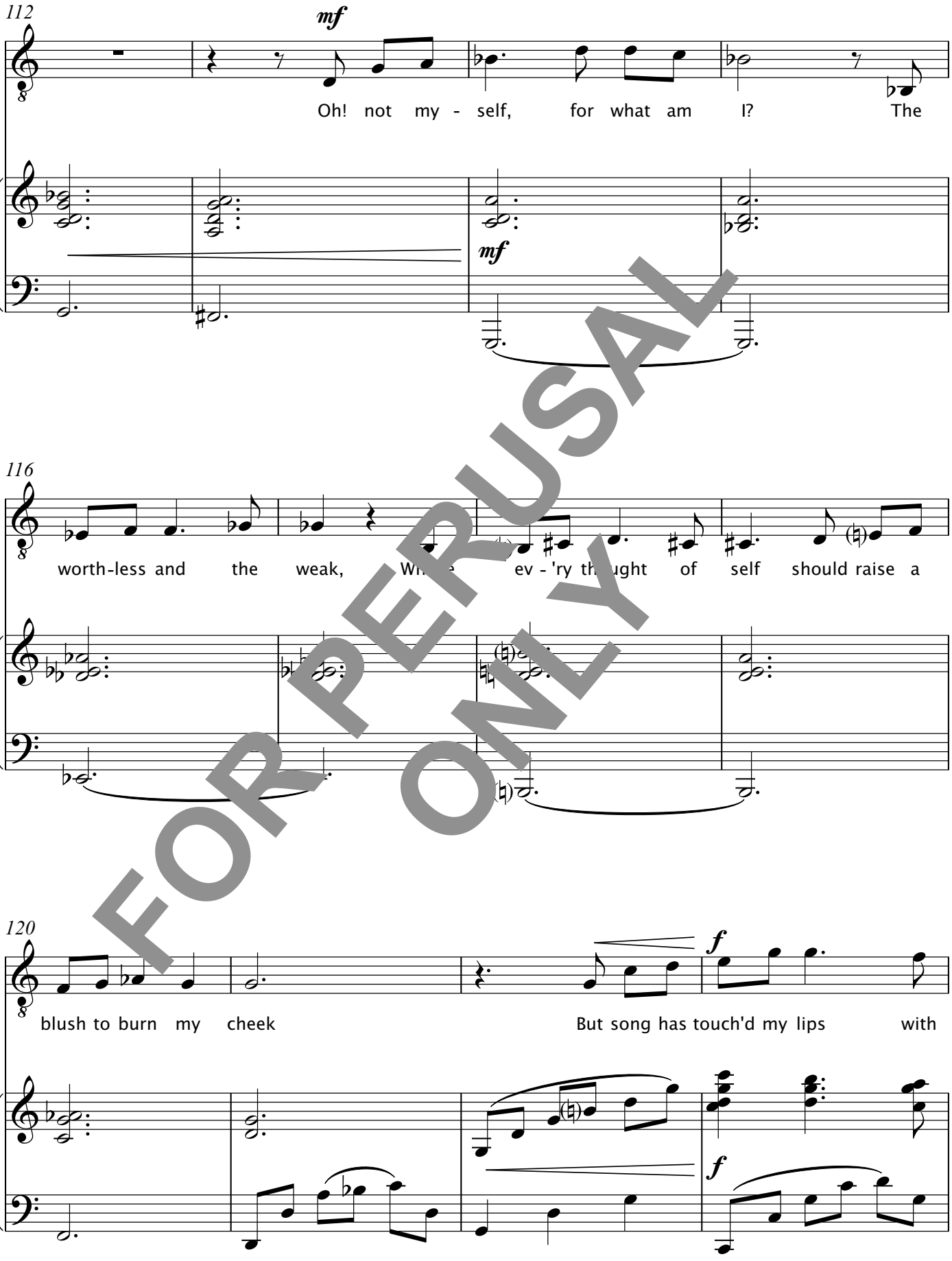

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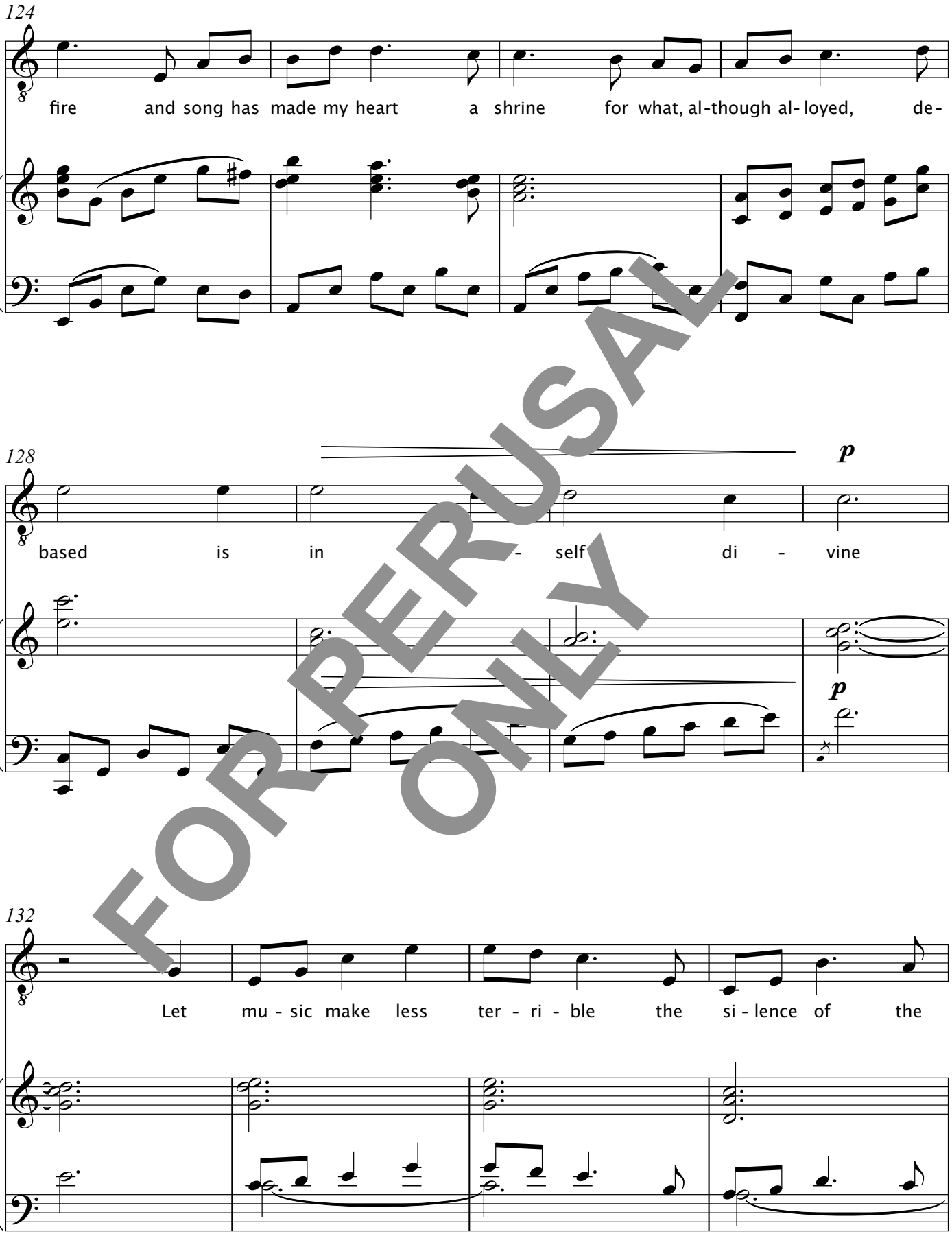

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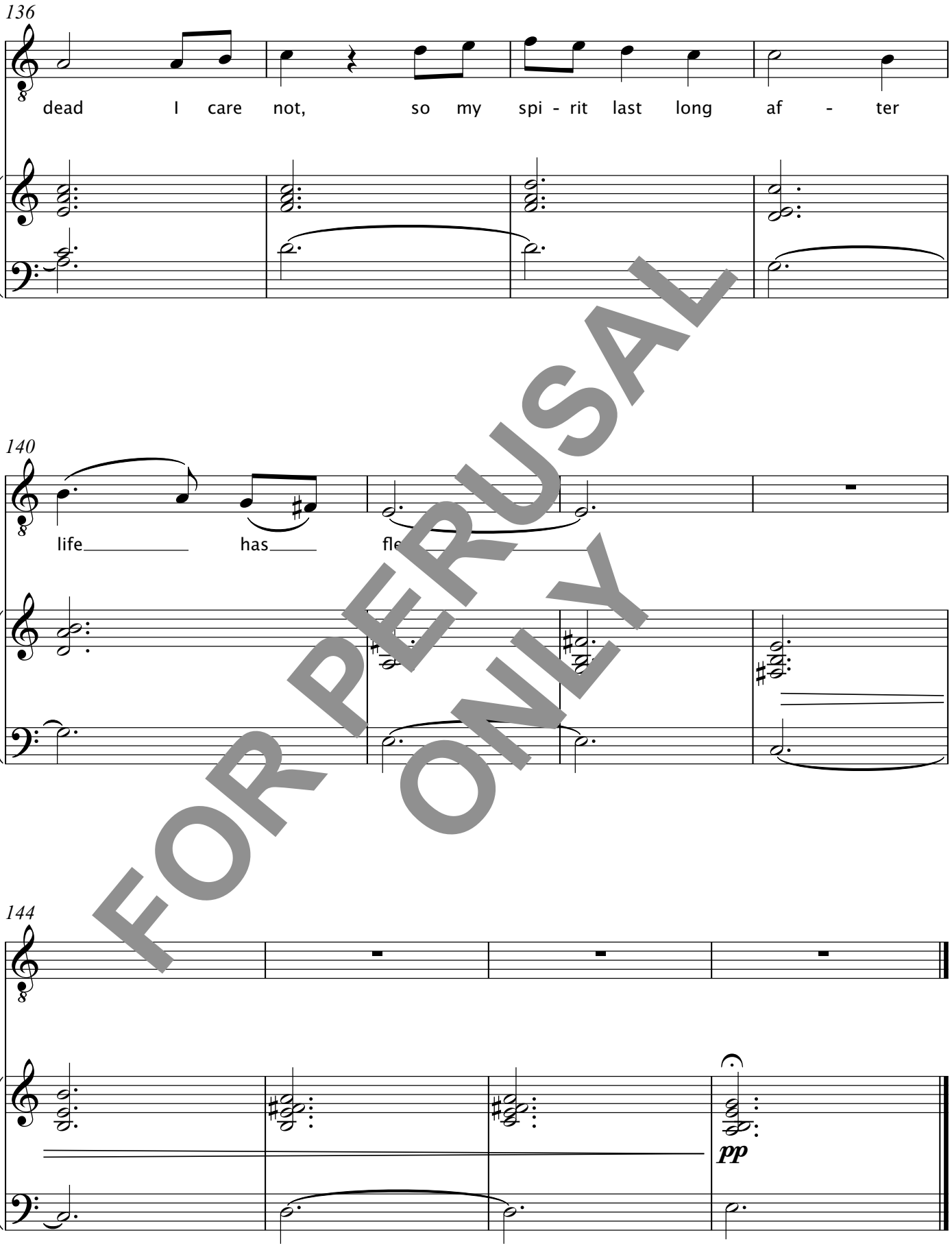

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