

Three Poems by Amos Draper

Memories of Sound
From *Silent Worker* (1894)

MEMORIES OF SOUND.

They are like one who shuts his eyes to
dream

Of some bright vista in his fading past,
And suddenly the faces that were last
In long forgetfulness before him seem,
Th' uplifted brow, the love-lit eyes whose
beam

Could ever o'er his soul a radiance cast,
Numberless charms that long ago have askt,
The homage of his fresh young life's esteem;
For sometimes, from the silence that they
bear,

Well up the tones that erst formed half
their joys,

A strain of music floats to the dumb ear
Or, low, melodious murmur of a voice,
Till all the chords of harmony vibrant are,
With consciousness of deeply slumb'ring
powers,

—*Amos G. Draper.*

The Semi-Mute's Soliloquy
From *Silent Worker* (1902)

THE SEMI-MUTE'S SOLILOQUY.

No sound ! no sound ! an alien though at home,
An exile even in my native land;
A prisoner too, for though at will I roam,
Yet chained and manacled I oft must stand
Unmoved, though sounds vibrate on every hand.

No sound ! no sound ! yet often I have heard,
Echoing through dear memory's sacred hall,
The buzz of bees, the rare song of a bird,
The melody of rain-drops as they fall,
The wind's wild notes, or Sabbath bell's sweet call.

No outward sound ! yet often I perceive,
Kind angel voices speaking to my soul,
Sweetly consoling charges to believe
That this life is a part, and not the whole
Of being—its beginning, not the goal.

No sound ! except the echoes of the past,
Seeming at times, in tones now loud, now low,
The voices of a congregation vast
Praising the God from whom all blessings flow,
Until my heart with rapture is aglow.

The Halls of Gallaudet
From *Silent Worker* (1907)
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The Halls of Gallaudet.

Air: "Benny Havens, Oh,"

We 've gathered from our scattered homes, from
farm and shop and store,

From California's glittering sands to stern New
England's shore,

And we 've come to pay our homage and witness
to the debt

That each piled up in days of yore, in these halls
of Gallaudet.

Old Time hath dealt us many a blow and oft we
've wept full sore

At the losses and the crosses that waited near
the door,

Yet even in the darkest hour, when we were worst
beset,

We could turn our thoughts for comfort to these
halls of Gallaudet.

She was ever as a mother, loving, gentle, kind
and true.

And waiting to heal every wound to me and you
and you;

Of all the joys of all our lives since first the day
we met

The sweetest far are those that cling 'round these
halls of Gallaudet.

Then fill the beaker to the brim and raise all hands
on high,—

We 'll pledge our fealty and our love as long as
time goes by;

We 'll reverence and honor her howe'er the tide
doth set

And make our lives shed luster on the halls of
Gallaudet.