

Oh to play the harp to string and song as music to the heart
To give an ear and listen clear to the plucking of the playing harp;
Like one tends to repeat onemself and harp upon a logical point,
But the harp plays on to the beauty and melody of linking joint.

The music smoothes and stills the soul, like magic as the fingers play,
Plucking at the harp strings to make sweet music all of the day;
The song of solemn silence moves the mind to think and dwell on peace,
And you wish the strings that ping and strum, that are picked and plucked will never cease.

You all must have once upon a time heard the music of song and harp,
As you chance to meditate and be mesmerised by the harp's heart;
The music fills the mind with wonder to think and chance a breath,
Of magic in a spell binding forest, to smell the fresh and stagnant depth.

As the mood of soul stilled thought lingers in the mind and heart,
The love of strings and sound of harp, live to teach to play the harp;
And God who entertains the thoughts of this mellow soft in instrument,
Is found amidst the sound of it, as he beats the things in contention.

Like the eagle takes to flight or the wild deer runs the field,
The newness of the ancient harp leads minds and souls to Him;
And God who reigns upon, sickness and health, is made well upon the song,
That the sounds of the harp in music played, has therapeutic healing powers.

Now as in the ancient medieval times, when harps were played with flute,
And pan pipes played to entertain and fill the heart and mind from lute;
For kings and in castle, the music plays to soothe the aches and pains
That the world might know in the heart, that the harp does make you sane.

Signed,

Earth's Loving Gains