

Thou Art My Lute

By Paul Laurence Dunbar

Thou art my lute, by thee I sing,—

My being is attuned to thee.

Thou settest all my words a-wing,

And meltest me to melody.

Thou art my life, by thee I live,

From thee proceed the joys I know;

Sweetheart, thy hand has power to give

The meed of love—the cup of woe.

Thou art my love, by thee I lead

My soul the paths of light along,

From vale to vale, from mead to mead,

And home it in the hills of song.

My song, my soul, my life, my all,

Why need I pray or make my plea,

Since my petition cannot fall;

For I'm already one with thee!