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A SYMPHONY

By Rex Lampman.

Yesterday--out of the southwest--came a keen little wind--with high white clouds.

And the sky was blue as flax-flowers
--or sometimes blue like Jean's eyes--which are not quite so blue as flax-flowers

And the little wind sang
--not the sweet song of the June-wind--with all her roses laden

--nor the song of the fall-wind--when beauty lies slain.

But the little wind had its own sharp sweetness.

--with longing in it--and promise
--and laughter and tears.

And once--the high white clouds joined
--and were black beneath.

And rain fell--brightly in the sunshine--through the clear air.

And it seemed--from cloud to earth--that silver wires were stretched.

And the wind sang through the wires--the song of its own sharp sweetness.

--and made a music.

And of course--I'm only a reporter.
--and not a musician.

And I can tell you--partly--what I saw--but not what I heard

--at least--not this time.

And I turned my back on the little wind--and its singing

--and came down town--and went to the Heilig
--to hear the Symphony orchestra.

And Waldemar Lind poised his baton--and the chatter ceased.

And the orchestra began playing.

And I listened.

And then I looked at the programme.

And it was something by Beethoven.

And I knew I had never heard it played before
--but--somehow--it sounded like something I had heard--or perhaps seen.

And I shut my eyes.

And I saw the high white clouds--driving straight across the bright blue bowl.

And keen against my face--I felt the little wind--out of the southwest.

And I saw the shower stretch down its silver strings.

And the little wind sang

--and so did a robin--perched on the tip of a young fir tree--swinging in the wind

--just as I saw him--down by the river--out at Oak Grove--before I came down town--to hear the concert.

And I opened my eyes--and still--for me--the little wind was blowing

--now high--now low
--now with one voice--like the robin's
--and then with many voices--that laughed and sang.

And once--I thought they sobbed.

But always--I heard the little wind.

And of course--I don't know--and the programme didn't tell--just when it was--that Beethoven wrote Symphony No. 7--Opus 92--in A Major.

And perhaps it doesn't make much difference--but--

Listen--So far as I'm concerned--he wrote it one day in spring--when there was a little sharp wind--from the southwest--and clouds were high and white.--From The Oregon Journal's "Once Over" Colyum.

Henry Clay Pinckney, an Afro-American of deepest ebon hue, lay very ill. The mistress of the plantation called to ascertain his condition.

"How is your husband this morning, Marinda?" she asked.

"Mis Jane, dey haint no imp'ovement one way or de yudder."

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