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| Piano | What can we comment on in each stanza? |
| Softly, in the dusk, a woman is singing to me;  Taking me back down the vista of years, till I see  A child sitting under the piano, in the boom of the tingling strings  And pressing the small, poised feet of a mother who smiles as she sings. |  |
| In spite of myself, the insidious mastery of song  Betrays me back, till the heart of me weeps to belong  To the old Sunday evenings at home, with winter outside  And hymns in the cosy parlour, the tinkling piano our guide. |  |
| So now it is vain for the singer to burst into clamour  With the great black piano appassionato. The glamour  Of childish days is upon me, my manhood is cast  Down in the flood of remembrance, I weep like a child for the past. |  |