Louise Bogan was born in Livermore Falls and returned often to Maine in her later life. Though her output was small, her brief lyrics are some of the most beautiful in American literature.

**Musician**

*by Louise Bogan*

Where have these hands been,
By what delayed,
That so long stayed
Apart from the thin

Strings which they now grace
With their lonely skill?
Music and their cool will
At last interlace.

Now with great ease, and slow,
The thumb, the finger, the strong
Delicate hand plucks the long
String it was born to know.

And, under the palm, the string
Sings as it wished to sing.