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The Tragedy of Man

Long, long ago ;

Ere these material days ;

Ere man learned o'er much for the golden glow
Of Love's divine amaze ;

Ere faith was slain ; there came to this sad earth

A high, immortal being of source divine,

And mingling with the upward climbing life,

Like crystal water in some fevered wine,

Wakened in one red blood mysterious strife,

Knowledge of good and ill, and that sad birth

Of splendor and woe for all who yearn and pine.

And this is why,

Down in the craving, remorseful human heart

There doth remain a dream that will not die,

An unassuaged hunger, that o'er the smart

Of sorrow and shame and travail, clamors eterne

For some high goal, some vision of being superne,

Life doth not grant, earth doth not satisfy.

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