

## The Second Fall

**W**HY do the dear hills lower  
As the child becomes a man?  
Why are there marshy hollows  
Where the shining rivers ran?  
Why is there never a garden  
Where the old-time roses blow;  
Why are the flowers less fragrant  
Than the blossoms long ago?

Why have the woods no fairies  
Why have the stars no song?  
Why is our love less tender  
Why is our faith less strong?  
Why have we lost the visions  
Our childhood used to know;  
When we played on the hills and rivers  
'Mid the buds of long ago?

Is it because a blindness  
The years have flung o'er us all  
Makes us loom up like giants  
And nature appear so small?  
Is it because that our senses  
Grown coarse in our life as men  
Have lost all the fine perception  
Of a glorified childish ken?

Is it because a culture  
Making us mighty of brain  
Allows our heart's to wither  
And our soul's clear light to wane?  
Is it because in our progress  
Through the tinsel world we know,  
We've tasted the Eden Apple,  
Since the days of long ago?

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