

SCHUBERT'S LIFE, LOVE AND SONG

Lo, here for life's long cosmic race,
From first, with hindrances I came;
So small of stature, so void of grace,
So halting, shy, the guise I claim,
And yet within me pulses strong
A royal gift, the gift of song.

Grim Poverty hath cradled me,
And crooned to me her saddest lays;
And daily still her face I see,
I daily walk her narrow ways;
With her Grief tutors me in pain,
And tells me all my love is vain.

For as the stars in yon dark blue
Lie far beyond the gay lark's flight,
So high the one I ne'er must woo
Lies far beyond my humble might.
And all assurance my heart knows,
Was whispered by a withered rose.