

LAYS AND LYRICS

It troubled him; a sadness vague and strange
 Haunted his face;
The angel, pitying, noted the wan change,
And round him close would sheltering wings
 arrange
With pitying grace.

At last it grew so, he would moan and sigh
 In sore unrest:
His gentle guardian, watchful, saw his eye
Now bent on earth—now raised toward the sky,
 With grieving breast.

Seeing him thus, the Angel saddened too,
 Though 'twas amiss;
Desire to comfort Adam woke and grew,
Till one day o'er him her warm wings she threw,
 And pressed a kiss.

A shock magnetic vivified his frame
 With magic verve,
And with a thrill that never yet knew name,
Though most men once in life have felt the same,
 Leapt every nerve.