

LAYS AND LYRICS

The wonder of it all was so entrancing,
Held with its spell,
He saw the lambkins in the meadows prancing,
The merry gnats in the long sunbeams dancing,
Brooks in the dell.

The beauty of the vision filled his soul,
Man's hour had come!
Suns set, and night unfurled her starry scroll,
Thought dawned and through his brain began to
roll,
But he was dumb.

His hunger he appeased with pleasant fruit,
But in his heart
There woke another hunger, voiceless, mute
As is the music in an untouched lute
Lying apart.

He was alone and felt his loneliness;
Only in sleep
He knew a something sweeter far than this,
A full completeness he did, waking, miss,
But could not keep.