

In this maze of sin and sorrow
Followed many a weary track,
And his harp is all that's left him
To bring Eden's memory back.

On his heart have pride and passion
Sin and sorrow left their stain,
Hence the wail of melancholy
Mingles in his sweetest strain.

Yet within his heart he cherished
Visions of the good and true,
But in life to realize them
Baffled he has been like you.

And the mystery of our being
Heavy on his heart hath lain,
'Till the heavings of his wonder
Found expression in his strain.

He has tried to learn from nature
What our little life can mean,
Caught perchance some wav'ring echoes
Wand'ring from the world unseen.

You and he are chasing phantoms
And the mirage of deceit,
Blinded by the sands, ye hardly
Know each other when ye meet,