

He's wrought with her for sixty years—
 Believes he did his duty;
 Yet all that time saw naught sublime,
 Nor drank one draught of beauty.

His only joy as man and boy
 Was but to plod and moil,
 Until his very soul itself
 Has grown into the soil.
 He sees no vision, hears no voice
 To make his spirit smart;
 The glory and the mystery
 Ne'er sett'ld on his heart.

The great vault's hanging o'er his head,
 The earth is rolling under,
 On which he's borne from night till morn
 With not one look of wonder.
 Talk not to him of yonder clouds
 In glory mass'd together,
 John but beholds in all their folds
 Some index of the weather.

Talk not of old cathedral woods
 Their gothic arches throwing;
 John only sees in all those trees
 So many saw-logs growing.
 For, in the woods no spirit broods,
 The grove's no longer haunted;
 The gods have gone to realms unknown,
 And earth is disenchantcd.

In Day, with all his bright array,
 And black Night still returning,
 He never saw one gleam of awe
 Tho' all their lamps were burning.
 Their seasons in their mystic round
 Their magic work are doing;
 Spring comes and goes, the wild flower blows.
 And Winter's storms are brewing.

And Indian Summer steps between,
 In robes of purple gleaming,
 Or in a maze of golden haze
 The live-long day is dreaming.
 John stands with dull insensate look,
 His very soul's grown hoary!
 And sees in all but sear leaves fall,
 And not one gleam of glory.

For beauty and sublimity,
 Are but a useless blunder;
 And naught can start awe in his heart,
 No nothing short of thunder.
 He know the world's a solid world,
 And that a spade's a spade,
 And that for food and raiment, all
 The heavens and earth were made.

He laughs at all our ecstasies,
 And he keeps still repeating
 "You say 'tis fair, but will it wear?
 Or is it good for eating?"
 And we can only say to him
 "That it is very tragic
 To see but kites and appetites
 Powl in this Hall of Magic."