

THE BLIND STREET FIDDLER

HE sits amid the ceaseless ebb and flow
Of human life, in multitudes alone,
And listens to their ceaseless monotone.
His sightless eyes see never to and fro
The hurrying waves in divers eddies go ;
See not the shadows on that ocean thrown
By cliff-like, mocking walls of voiceless
stone
Which shore the restless tides that sweep
below.

Among them, yet not one of them, sits he
And sends his clear-toned music over all,
Charming the waves to music as they roll.
Even thus great thoughts sweep over life's
vast sea,
Along the shores of time, and the waves fall
And rise in rhythm under their control.