

He wandered the earth, all forgot and alone,  
And ne'er till he died had a home of his own !  
He wandered the earth, at his own dreary will,  
And carried his great heavy heart with him still ;  
He carried his great heavy heart o'er the road,  
With no one to give him a lift with his load ;  
And wherever he went, with his lone, dreary tread,  
He found that his sweet song had flown on ahead !  
He heard its grand melodies' chimes o'er and o'er,  
From great bands that played at the palace's door ;  
He heard its soft tones through the cottages creep,  
From fond mothers singing their babies to sleep ;  
But he wandered the earth, all forgot and alone,  
And ne'er till in Heaven had a home of his own !

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Of course—be it said to the poor fellow's shame—  
There was no one on earth but himself was to blame.  
God meant, when he made this world cheerful and bright.  
Then looked it all over and said 'twas all right,  
Then stole Adam's rib while he lay fast asleep,  
And when he awoke gave it to him to keep—  
He meant that this world, as he gazed on it there,  
Should blossom with homes, rich and radiant and fair ;