

ISOLATION.

To be alone, O God, to be alone,
And never know the touch of kindly hand;
Like some lone tree far out on barren sand
Where only nights and desert winds make moan,
Whence love and light and sympathy are flown;
To be like riven pine on blasted land,
To take no part in all earth's struggling band,
To be alone, O God, to be alone.

To never know the common lot or part,
To hold no place in any human heart,
To pluck no flowers where love's wide bloom
is sown—
If there be hell, 'tis isolation drear,
To never know a kiss, a sob, a tear;
To be alone, O God, to be alone.