

FIRST-BORN OF SORROW

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I.

Wanderer, wanderer,
Weary and tired,
Who spoke to Bach
and Massenet
In Komm Susser Tod
and Elegie—
Speak to me now;
Speak to me now.

And the wanderer answered,
And the wanderer sang
In the hushed liquid voice
Of the Angels bell
Weeping through a land
That was not my home.

He sang with the round and mellow notes
Of the turtle dove at evening time.
And the bird's song soared,
Then the bird's song fell
On crumbling pages of the Psalms.

I heard him in the tear drenched cry
Of a homeless, trembling aged man—
The voice that rebounds from the
Wailing Wall.

II.

Wanderer weary,
Wanderer tired,
Clothed in azure vestments
that flowed
From the mountain's shoulders
In shadowy folds
And trailed over the lowlands
In gathering dusk,
Where are you now,
Where are you now?

"In moonlight's opulent opal glaze
On flat still waters in the calm
noiseless night—
In the curled crimson leaf of
last year's rose,

Velvet dew-jeweled in the whispered joy
Of the first warm rays
Of summer sunrise."

III.

Wanderer, wanderer,
Where do you go;
What is your name;
How far is your home?

"I haven't a home,
But I pause for awhile
In all men's hearts
As they wander through life.

I'm Melancholy's Sire,
The first-born of Sorrow,
An unwanted child
Called Loneliness.