

Faith And The Muse "Muted Land"

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(Words written by Grandfather Lloyd Richards, 1929)
There was a friend upon whom once Nature played her
joke
She gave him width instead of height
and hands too large for chivalry
A strength of body quite too great
to satisfy a soul that craved aesthetic light
She must have smiled when in that frame
Was placed a heart so delicate
For it would vibrate melody

Until her artifice produced wild rhapsody
With eyes that sought insatiably
The harmonies of life he found
But discord and a dark despair
And so the jest so well conceived turned tragedy
The spirit tired and sought release

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