

(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