

Wms. by E. S. Martin →

Lost man! Lost man! People,

People have you met him?

~~Idle~~ Idle  
~~Wazy~~ fellow; loathe to delve,  
Indisposed to believe.

Lived too well to shrink his trade  
When circumstances set him.  
Loved to sit about and loaf  
And stum <sup>on the stump</sup> & dream.

What he dreamt of, Heaven know!  
Love and faith and beauty—  
Towers that glittered in the sun,  
Vales of sheltered peace.

Gone is he this twenty years—  
Baffling all pursuit, he  
Loiters—where? While fast on me  
The sober years increase.

Lost man! Lost man!

People have you met him?  
Meditative seeming chap of,  
Maybe, twenty three?

Good riddance, ~~very~~ possibly  
and yet I can't forget him.  
I wish I had him back to <sup>dream</sup>  
my Christmas dream for me.

E. S. Martin

No

~~Drop~~ let the much rate  
fall  
and sweep again the  
harp.

To turn me back on  
his down's

---

thus no here

Haupters "blind  
quarters"

Thinner like like  
a hungry orphan  
in a bare shop

Lost man; lost man: People  
have you met him?  
I'd like ~~to~~ <sup>know</sup> a dreamer; tunes run  
ring in his head,  
~~I don't say~~ worth less may be, all  
the same somehow can't  
forget him.

I'd like to have him back  
again to dream new dreams  
for me.

Ah, bless me, but it would  
be sweet  
to have you me

Lost man, lost man  
people have you <sup>fixed</sup> ~~seen~~ him  
Never seemed to ~~be~~ <sup>fixed</sup>  
~~which was the world~~  
~~asked for what was~~  
~~was. During a round~~  
but mind ~~was~~ <sup>special</sup> scheme  
moved ~~in~~ back on com-  
municate, let the world  
decide him  
Loud <sup>about + long +</sup> ~~at~~ <sup>liberty</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>dream</sup>  
a ~~sharp~~ <sup>sharp</sup>, ~~dream~~ <sup>dream</sup> ~~and~~ ~~and~~

What the dreamt of Heaven  
knows, - love & faith & beauty.  
Towers that glittered in  
the sun, vales of Mullin were  
Fame perhaps, or mortar,  
down or sinking all for  
duty  
and pain in, for all, a

Idle fellow south to delwa

What is a description of Heaven  
knows.

Love & Faith & Beauty  
Towers that glittered in his  
mind.

Valley of Melchior's peace.

One is he then twenty years

Baffling all whom he  
loved where? Much part

on me the other years

The other years increase.

Lost man! Lost man! ~~People~~

People have you met him.  
~~meditative~~ ~~meditative~~ sort of  
~~social~~, ~~romantic~~ chap  
of maybe twenty three.  
~~pleasant~~ plain to see.

Unprofitable possibly <sup>and</sup>  
~~useless~~ ~~may be~~; All this <sup>same</sup>  
and yet

~~because~~ I can't forget him.  
I <sup>with God</sup> like to have him <sup>again</sup> back  
a Christian <sup>one</sup>  
To dream

<sup>God</sup>  
 We were comrades years ago  
~~Comrades~~ ~~tell~~ facts beyond <sup>our</sup> ~~our~~ <sup>him</sup>  
 Forked out patch and thither  
 And thither we constrained.  
 The course before men plod-  
 ding feet  
~~Our~~ <sup>Beyond</sup> ~~us~~ <sup>us</sup> ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> ~~not~~ <sup>not</sup> ~~entirely~~  
 Will not please God,

29.36

29.50

50

~~7~~  
~~6~~

28

3  $\overline{) 42.00}$   
14

lost man, lost man, people  
have you <sup>met</sup> seen him?  
Toby fellow, worth to believe; to  
indocent to scheme

~~mind on an affair~~ ~~name~~  
liked to <sup>well</sup> listen his talk when  
~~heard his talk on~~  
~~some~~ circumstance let him  
found to sit about and loaf and  
sing a harp, and dream.

what he dreamt of Heaven know,  
love and faith & beauty,  
towers that glittered in the  
sun, vale of sheltered peace,  
gone in the <sup>perhaps</sup> twenty years  
passing all <sup>in duty</sup> pursuit he  
writings who can tell me where  
~~dark case~~ ~~known~~

we were comrades years  
ago, <sup>long ago: tell</sup> <sup>duty</sup>  
Forked out path to bad ~~hardship~~  
spend each