

All travellers journeyed home, and the moon-
light

Washed the road fresh and sweet,
Until it seemed a gleaming ivory path,
Waiting for royal feet.

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Now it was noon, and life at its full tide
Rolled ever to and fro,
A restless sea, between Jerusalem
And white-walled Jericho.

Blind Bartimeus, by the highway side,
Sat begging 'neath the trees,
And heard the world go by, Gentiles and Jews,
Sinners and Pharisees.

Blind Bartimeus of the mask-like face,
And patient, outstretched hand—
He upon whom his God had set a mark
No man might understand;

Blind Bartimeus of the lonely dark,
Who knew no thing called fear,
But dreamt his dreams, and heard the little
sounds
No man but he could hear.