

Take but a scrip and staff,
With sandals for your feet, to-day;
Though fools in folly laugh,
Deriding that you leave the less—
Their idle dream of happiness!

If you would find the way of wings,
Wide-open wings,
That lift one to a star,
You must be free from hamperings
Of lock and bolt and bar;
Cast care of gold and silk aside
With pomp of place and rank and pride.

If on your path there be a cross,
A wayside cross,
With nails and sponge and spear,
A gambling Guard who turn to toss
Dice for the robe you wear;
Avoid not that appointed place,
Though thorns with crimson stain your face!

But if you take this road, my friend,
My wistful friend,
Your world will wake to song,
And all high, holy angels bend
To hail you of their throng:
And where the Sons Eternal are,
You shall be throned upon your star.