

And truth is one whose ways are meek
Beyond foretelling,
Yet they must journey far who seek
Her lowly dwelling

Broad are the eaves, the hearth is warm,
And wide the portal,
And there is shelter from the storm
For every mortal.

She leads him by a thousand heights,
Lonelily faring,
With sunrise and with eagle flights
To mate his daring.

For her he fronts a vaster foe
Than Leif of yore did,
Voyaging for continents no log
Has yet recorded.

He travels by a polar star,
Now bright, now hidden,
For a free land, though rest be far
And roads forbidden.