

And they shone for a space with new light.

And your hair as a prophet's was blown,
But, ah Watchman! What of the night?

Ah, what was your faith when alone?

I watched you and watched you. I know

That you felt that I doubted your word....
Were hurt....O the pity.... but oh!
My heart cried out, "Has he heard?"

You were splendid in unsullied youth,

Had you need to the desert to run?
Had you need of repentance and ruth,
When your life was hardly begun?

And I said, I am old, he is young,

And the youth that I had was a day,
He is wiser than I, and I flung
My heart and my soul in your play.