

XXX

DESTINY

WHO art thou whom I ever meet
At every turn on every street?
What is thy name,
O thing of flame?
By paths that twist and wind I flee
From thee, but thou in front of me
Dost ever stand
With beck'ning hand.
What canst thou want of one like me,
O thou strange thing of mystery?

I am thy destiny, O man!
Come now and meet me if you can
With a brave heart
Of life, thy part
Am I. Bitter or sweet, thy lot
Am I. Advance and shirk me not;
Rather gird thee
And strive with me.
Thy strength in flying do not spend,
For I shall grasp thee in the end.