

THE PROPHET OF CHEBAR

ABOVE the stream of scarlet Babylon
All harps were hung while captive Judah wept—
Remembering lost Zion. Prophets slept;
The Oracle was mute; then there came one
Who found in alien streams, when day is done
Or dawning in the desert, notes that swept
His heart with gladness: he was true and kept
Faith with his joy, like flowers with the sun.

Read and mark well, O spirit! for thou too
Art of the prophets, if thou canst find peace,
Singing a new song when the harps are still.
Go, win from every stream wild notes that woo
Thy fancy; laugh, though other laughter cease;
With thy glad music all waste places fill.