

Back to the tables where the baubles are.
The wheels will turn, the huckster cry his wares,
The fool go back to folly and the knave
Complete his crime. Ere morning part in twain
The starred and purple curtain of the night
To let the laughing day leap from the sun,
I shall be gone. Never more swift the feet
Of lover to the tryst than mine shall be
Against the nearing length of Lebanon.
Across the crescent splendour of the stream
Called Jordan, past the hedges and the walls
Of little gardens, I will go and find
My prophet of the wistful open eyes;
My dreamer of the dear and tender mouth;
My laughing comrade of unventured hills:
That I may learn from him the road that leads
Out of this night of Rimmon into day
Of fearless, glad companioning with God.