

Leading the flocks of Jethro home to fold
Yet never knew thee beautiful as now.
Yea, thou art beautiful and all divine—
Jehovah is thy spirit, thou His flesh!
Thy thorns are like the flame-points of a star,
Each branch the clustered beams of Mazzaroth.
The place whereon I stand is holy ground—
The Lord is here and I behold His face!
Jehovah! Thou art He for whom I sought
Through Egypt and her gathering of gods
In gloomy temples.—Speak, Jehovah, speak!
Yea, let Thy voice come quivering to me
Along these branches lit with sunset-flame.
Thou art that discontent which led me on
Past muttered words of priests and bloody shrines
To freedom of the desert and this hour.
Thou dost not dwell in pyramids; Thy voice
Is not within a book; Thou dost not spend
Thy music only on an ancient psalm.

How I have waited on Thee, O my God!
I could not rest with ivory and gold;
A palace like to Pharaoh's near the Nile;
Slaves and the moving of great peacock-fans
For noontide slumber: runners in the streets
Who cried before my car: *Prince Mesu comes!*
Against the glitter of a scarab ring;
The scarlet as of poppies in my robe;
The sistrum and the viol at the feast;
I held the sleepless nights and tardy dawns