

### The Lonely Christ

O UR Chief has blazed the path and climbed the  
way;  
His sacred feet have found for us a ford;  
Press forward, men, fear not the leaping spray;  
See on the peak the daybreak of his sword!

For Christ is freedom and the Light within,  
The only hold of reason and of hope;  
He is the Stillness in the world's mad din,  
The foothold where the blind feet slide and  
grope.

He knows the loneliness; He knows the road;  
Barefoot and hungry he has travelled it.  
He knows the brute betrayal, the dead load,  
The cry of worlds, the laughter of the Pit.

He shook Jernsalem and all her towers,  
And now he shakes the world; His rhythmic  
tread  
Sounds through the moving fabric of these  
hours—  
Sounds in all hope and thunders on ahead.

—Edwin Markham.