

And a gulf that widens each day
Now sunders our paths, and we go
Each one on his separate way—
Ah, whither? Would God I could know!

I could suffer the pain of my loss,
Talk and play, together, like prayer;
Yea, all but my hope were as dross
Did I know but my hope were your care.

Let me go to the desert again,
Lest I fret you, my Son, little Son!
It will pass, all this yearning and pain—
When my dust and the desert's are one.

Or once more shall I come back at length,
And find that my word *was* approved?
Hear a voice, aye, your voice in its strength,
O Son, little Son, so beloved!