

MOSES

WHEN God beheld how Moses turned to see,
A voice called from the bush. So runs the tale.
A truth is here—a truth that will prevail
Now as of old: Who would a prophet be,
Must find light in the little wayside tree;
Joy in the desert; he must never fail
Earth with her store of stinging hail,
Dew on the grass, night and her galaxy.

Lift up your eyes unto the hills of morn!
Truth is not truth that does not glorify
The desolate and barren bush of thorn;
Fills not with stars the tempest-clouded sky;
Brings not the murmur of a choric strain
Of triumph from the threnody of pain.