

TOWARD THE WEST

FASTER, faster move my feet,
Morning breezes, noonday heat,
Both behind me, as earth's guest
I advance toward the west.

Amber clouds bedecked my morn,
Noon in mellow light was born,
Kindly shades now cloak the crest
Of the hill that hides the west.

Beautiful has been my road,
Heaven's clear springs have often flowed
To my lips and given me rest,
In my journey to the west;

Friends who kept my heart in tune
Oft have come from dale and dune
With sweet comfort, when distress
I moved blindly toward the west.