

A JOURNEY

Press on, press on with courage
Thy place within the sun to make.
The summit high, and all around
The noon day's heat beats fierce and hard.
The heart faint; courage gone—no water seen.

Press on.

The world hath need of thee this day.

Angelic like the gentle Zephyr comes,
The soothing wind of Gods long gone.
Softly with unperturbed pace comes
His calming, cooling, comfort as by and by he passes.
Oh! Oh! gentle Zephyr, gently Zephyr, do not leave.
The words are said. He is gone.

Great pleasures must forgo.

These leave. Courage, understanding take.

The memory strong, and in the dust
In sorrow from fierce, fiery labor falls he.
Darkness steals. Gentle sleep claims.
Dreams of crucified pleasures come, and
All around with Jove's great strength they call.
Eyes open, dry rock, loneliness and desolation find.

The summit—look!

The pinnacle you see, courage, press on.

Up—up. Then falls he.
How far?—How far?—not very far.
Sell all you have for understanding now.
Up—up. He rises.—Presses on.
The word still heeds, yet somewhat
Doubting, wondering; then understanding comes.

Look round! Look round!

From the pinnacle great green valleys flow.

The last word comes: chose.

Greater pinnacles there are; of these
He does not hear, nor does he ask.
There is a voice most softly pure that always bids;
Climb higher, higher. Yet, to all
Too soon grows faintly dim. Silence. Courage leaves.
Deepest understanding gone. No higher climbs he.

There is a pinnacle,

Whom none have ever climbed—
And if tis reached that man shall stand with
open eyes—Twill wonder and exclaim:
“Am I a God mine eyes so clear!”