

The Bridge Builder

An old man going down a lone highway
Came in the evening cold and gray
To a chasm vast and deep and wide
Through which was flowing a sullen tide.
The old man crossed in the twilight dim;
That swollen stream held no fears for him;
But he turned when safe on the other side
And built a bridge to span the tide.

"Old man," said a fellow pilgrim near,
"You are wasting your strength with building here;
Your journey will end with the ending day;
You never again must pass this way;
You have crossed the chasm deep and wide-
Why build you this bridge at the even tide?"

The builder lifted his old gray head.
"Good friend, in the path I have come," he said
"There followeth after me today
A youth whose feet must pass this way.
This swollen stream which was naught to me
To that fair haired-youth may a pitfall be;
He, too, must cross in the twilight dim;
Good friend, I am building the bridge for him."