

The Wayside Cross

C. L. St. John.

Horatio Palmer(1834-1907)

"Which way shall I take" shouts a voice in the night,  
"I'm a pilgrim awearied, and spent is my light;  
And I seek for a palace, that rests on the hill,  
But between us, a stream lieth sullen and chill."

Refrain

Near, near thee, my son, is the old wayside cross,  
Like a gray friar cowed, in lichens and moss;  
And its crossbeam will point to the bright golden span,  
That bridges the waters so safely for man;  
That bridges the waters so safely for man.

"Which way shall I take for the bright golden span  
That bridges the waters so safely for man?  
To the right? To the left? ah, me! if I knew  
The night is so dark, and the passers so few."

Refrain

"See the lights from the palace in silvery lines,  
How they pencil the hedges and fruit laden vines  
My fortune! my all! for one tangled gleam  
That sifts thro' the lilies, and wastes on the stream."

Refrain