THE POST-BOY'S SONG

By
FRANCES FULLER BARRITT

The night is dark and the way is long,
   And the clouds are flying fast;
The night-wind sings a dreary song,
   And the trees creak in the blast;
The moon is down in the tossing sea,
   And the stars shed not a ray;
The lightning flashes frightfully,
   But I must on my way.

Full many a hundred times have I
   Gone o'er it in the dark,
Till my faithful steeds can well descry
   Each long familiar mark:
Withal, should peril come to-night,
   God have us in his care!
For without help, and without light,
   The boldest well beware.

Like a shuttle thrown by the hand of fate,
   Forward and back I go:
Bearing a thread to the desolate
   To darken their web of woe;
And a brighter thread to the glad of heart,
   And a mingled one to all;
But the dark and the light I cannot part,
   Nor alter their hues at all.

Now on, my steeds! the lightning's flash
   An instant gilds our way;
But steady! by that dreadful crash
   The heavens seemed rent away.
Soho! here comes the blast anew,
   And a pelting flood of rain;
Steady! a sea seems bursting through
   A rift in some upper main.
'Tis a terrible night, a dreary hour,
But who will remember to pray
That the care of the storm-controlling power
May be over the post-boy's way?
The wayward wandered from his home,
The sailor upon the sea,
Have prayers to bless them where they roam—
Who thinketh to pray for me?

But the scene is changed! up rides the moon
Like a ship upon the sea;
Now on my steeds! this glorious moon
Of a night so dark shall be
A scene for us; toss high your heads
And cheerily speed away;
We shall startle the sleepers in their beds
Before the dawn of day

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