

MIDNIGHT ON THE GREAT WESTERN

In the third-class seat sat the journeying boy,
 And the roof-lamp's oily flame
Played down on his listless form and face,
Bewrapt past knowing to what he was going,
 Or whence he came.

In the band of his hat the journeying boy
 Had a ticket stuck; and a string
Around his neck bore the key of his box,
That twinkled gleams of the lamp's sad beams
 Like a living thing.

What past can be yours, O journeying boy
 Towards a world unknown,
Who calmly, as if incurious quite
On all at stake, can undertake
 This plunge alone?

Knows your soul a sphere, O journeying boy,
 Our rude realms far above,
Whence with spacious vision you mark and mete
This region of sin that you find you in,

But are not of?