

# The Bridge Builder



An old man,  
going a lone highway,  
Came, at 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;  
The sullen stream had  
no fear 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 strength with building here;  
Your journey will end with the ending day;  
You never again will pass this way;  
You've crossed the chasm, deep and wide-  
Why build you this bridge at the evening 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 chasm, that has been 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 this bridge for him."

*by Will Allen Dromgoole, circa 1900*



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