

## THE WANDERERS

WANDERING, ever wandering,  
Their eyelids freshened with the wind of the sea  
Blown up the cliffs at sunset, their cheeks cooled  
With meditative shadows of hushed leaves  
That have been drowsing in the woods all day,  
And certain fires of sunrise in their eyes.

They wander, and the white roads under them  
Crumble into fine dust behind their feet,  
For they return not; life, a long white road,  
Winds ever from the dark into the dark,  
And they, as days, return not; they go on  
For ever, with the travelling stars; the night  
Curtains them, being wearied, and the dawn  
Awakens them unwearied; they go on.  
They know the winds of all the earth, they know  
The dust of many highways, and the stones  
Of cities set for landmarks on the road.  
Theirs is the world, and all the glory of it,  
Theirs, because they forego it, passing on  
Into the freedom of the elements;  
Wandering, ever wandering,  
Because life holds not anything so good  
As to be free of yesterday, and bound  
Towards a new to-morrow; and they wend  
Into a world of unknown faces, where

It may be there are faces waiting them,  
Faces of friendly strangers, not the long  
Intolerable monotony of friends.

The joy of earth is yours, O wanderers,  
The only joy of the old earth, to wake,  
As each new dawn is patiently renewed,  
With foreheads fresh against a fresh young sky.  
To be a little further on the road,  
A little nearer somewhere, some few steps  
Advanced into the future, and removed  
By some few counted milestones from the past;  
God gives you this good gift, the only gift  
That God, being repentant, has to give.

Wanderers, you have the sunrise and the stars;  
And we, beneath our comfortable roofs,  
Lamplight, and daily fire upon the hearth,  
And four walls of a prison, and sure food.  
But God has given you freedom, wanderers!

ARTHUR SYMONS.