

“FOLLOW—FOLLOW”

LOUISE MOREY BOWMAN

The Old came streaming down the years,
So gloriously formed—the Old.
Their faces grave and beautiful;
Purple and cloth of gold,
Rich crimson and deep forests' hue—
Such were the robes the olden wore.
The Old came streaming down the years
Through a vast pearl-hung door.

The New came streaming up the days,
Nebulous shapes of grey and green—
Strange eyes meet ours and turn away
Seeking forms yet unseen.
Young Spring leaves, palest daffodil,
And weird blue only distance knows,
Their floating veils—and after them
The Mystic Hunter goes.

Somewhere afar on the future's hill
Where every faith is crucified
The Old and the New shall meet.
The Old are streaming down the years,
The New are streaming up the days—
Follow—follow—O Mystic Hunter:—
The sound of your horn is sweet.