

Travelling

No dawdling shall there be
When I set out on the road
That winding path that leads to who knows where?
Though footsteps trail behind me
And my back be bent and bowed
I'll face the weather be it foul or fair.

And should the load be heavy
I'll bear it with a smile
But if it should be light, then let it be.
And if I waver at the fork
With the shadows closing in
I'll trust my heart shall be the guide for me.

No signposts point the way, and
No light the dark dispels
We travel blind and tread a lonely track.
The balance of our lives
And the judgement of our mark
The only way to tell by looking back.

So, you walk your way with courage, and
You hold your head up high
You brave the night when the cold winds blow.
And at the petering of the path
When the end is by and by
Eternal light you will forever know.