

# 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 fears 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 must pass this way;  
You have crossed the chasm, deep and wide—  
Why build you a bridge at the eventide?”

The builder lifted his old gray head:  
“Good friend, in the path I have come,” he said,  
“There follows after me today,  
A youth, whose feet must pass this way.

This chasm, that has been naught to me,  
To that 4-H youth may a pitfall be.  
He, too, must cross in the twilight dim;  
Good friend, I am building the bridge for him.”

—*Will Allen Dromgoole*

