

Joe

"Midnight Visitor"

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We were visited last evening
By a servant of the day
He had travelled miles on horseback
To scout his master's way
And he only had a moment
To warm his frozen hands
And though he needed food and rest
He told us of his land
And all too soon
He had to leave
Else sleep might block his way
And so he thanked us both, and saddled up
And softly rode away
And I thought I caught a glimpse of sun in his eye
And wheatfield in his smile
And I couldn't help but a-thinking
They would follow in a while

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