

The Road Divides

Malcolm Smith

The road divides and one road I must take
No choice have I but a hard choice now to make
Follow the valley or climb the stony track
And never know the right way looking back
The road divides

The mountain rises, in cloud it hides its crest
And climbing higher I find that I must rest
The road I've travelled retreats before my gaze
And far removed I contemplate its ways
The mountain rises

The river flows, and I am swept along
I seem to know the stream's familiar song
Am I one river or never twice the same
But you like me through life have but one name
The river flows

The ocean rolls, across it I must sail
And trust my barque to fly before the gale
What land lies waiting beyond the reach of sight
Where dark prevails or else the truth of light
The ocean rolls