

# “SLOW THOUGH THE DARK”

BY

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Slow moves the pageant of a climbing race;  
Their footsteps drag far, far below the height,  
And, unprevailing by their utmost might,  
Seem faltering downward from each hard won place.  
No strange, swift–sprung exception we; we trace  
A devious way thro’ dim, uncertain light,—  
Our hope, through the long vistaed years, a sight  
Of that our Captain’s soul sees face to face.  
Who, faithless, faltering that the road is steep,  
Now raiseth up his drear insistent cry?  
Who stoppeth here to spend a while in sleep  
Or curseth that the storm obscures the sky?  
Heed not the darkness round you, dull and deep;  
The clouds grow thickest when the summit’s nigh.