

# Midnight Visitor

Sam Reid

We were visited last evening  
By a servant of the day  
He had traveled 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 caught a glimpse of sun in his eye  
And a wheat field in his smile  
And I couldn't help but a-thinking  
They would follow in a while

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