Midnight Visitor

Joe Walsh

We were visited last evening
By a servant of the day
He had traveled miles on horseback
To scout his master's wayAnd he only had a moment
To warm his frozen hands
And though he needed food and rest
He told us of his landAnd 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 awayAnd 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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