

O Moses! My Moses!
(inspired by the poem:
"O Captain My Captain")

By

Bobby Gawthrop

O Moses! my Moses! our Divine discipline done,
Hebraic ship of state is in, our 40 year race is run,
the Land is near, the cheers I hear, the man of God they seek,
in dry dock their eyes do rise, atop the mountain's peek,
but O LORD! LORD! LORD!
his body gone, ere sped,
God dug the tomb wherein he lies,
my Moses, hidden and dead.

O Moses! my Moses! return and hear the cheers;
return—for God through you the banners blaze,
for God through you the trumpets trill, congregation crowding,
for God through you they call,
the singing mass, their eager gazes turning;
hear Moses! dear father!
Tis imagination's dread,
dark gloom, a dream, entombed unseen,
my Moses, hidden and dead.

my Moses does not answer, his soul to sacred space,
my father does not hear my voice, his body, secret place,

Hebraic ship of state,
through rebellious rivers, wrathful waves,
through course corrections, punishment paved,
harbor's precipice safe she stands,
a stone's throw from the Promised Land,
exult O Israel!, and fear O Enemy!
but I, anointed in his stead,
must leave this sod my master trod,
my Moses, hidden and dead.

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