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" Spiritual Knocking "

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There's a voice from the Desert Plain

Comes floating on the air

In a deep and mournful strain,

From the weary sleeping there.

'Tis the voice of the emigrant dead

Who rest beneath the sand,

Who ask for a better road across

A better road by land.

There's a voice from the Isthmus , too,

Where pestilence and death

Guard every avenue

And poison every breath.

~~But~~ 'Tis the voice of the countless host

Whom pestilence has slain

Who ask for a road across

A railroad o'er the Plain

There's a voice from the stormy Cape,

'Tis heard in the ocean's moan.

'Tis the voice of those who sleep

'Neath the briney waves white foam.

'Tis the voice of the ship wrecked dead

Above the wild ocean's roar,

Who plead for a road across on land -

A road from shore to shore.

Lane county, Oregon

Sam Colver .





