

O my Lord and Savior,

in your arms I am safe.

Keep me and I have nothing to  
fear.

Give me up and I have nothing  
to hope for.

I do not know what will come  
upon me before I die.

I know nothing about the

future,

but I rely upon you.

I pray that you would give me

what is good for me.

I pray that you would take

from me whatever would imperil

my salvation.

I do not pray that you would

make me rich.

I do not pray that you would

make me very poor.

I leave it all to you, because you

know and I do not.

If you bring pain or sorrow on

me,

give me grace to bear it well-

keep me from fretfulness and

selfishness.

If you give me health and

strength and success in this world,

keep me always on my guard

lest these great gifts carry me

away from you.

O Christ, you died on the Cross

for me,

even for me, sinner as I am.

Help me to know you,

to believe in you,

to love you,

to serve you,

to always aim at bringing you

glory,

to live to and for you,

to set a good example to all

around me.

Allow me to die just at that time

and in that way

which is best for your glory,

and best for my salvation.

Blessed be the God and Father of  
our Lord Jesus Christ, who  
according to His abundant mercy  
has begotten us again to a living  
hope through the resurrection of  
Jesus Christ from the dead,

Beloved, thou hast brought me

many flowers

Plucked in the garden, all the

summer through

And winter, and it seemed as

if they grew

In this close room, nor missed

the sun and showers,

So, in the like name of that love

of ours,

Take back these thoughts which

here unfolded too,

And which on warm and cold

days I withdrew

From my heart's ground.

Indeed, those beds and bowers

Be overgrown with bitter weeds

and rue,

And wait thy weeding;

yet here's eglantine,

Here's ivy! - take them, as I used

to do

Thy flowers, and keep them where

they shall not pine.

Instruct thine eyes to keep their

colours true,

And tell thy soul, their roots are

left in mine.

"Yes!" I answered you last night;

"No!" this morning, Sir, I say!

Colours, seen by candle-light,

Will not look the same by day.

When the tabors played their best,

Lamps above, and laughs below -

Love me sounded like a jest,

Fit for Yes or fit for No!

Call me false, or call me free -

Now, whatever light may shine,

No man on your face shall see

Any grief for change on mine.

Yet the sin is on us both -

Time to dance is not to woo -

Wooer light makes fickle troth -

Scorn of me recoils on you!

Learn to win a lady's faith

Nobly, as the thing is high;

Bravely, as for life and death -

With a loyal gravity.

Lead her from the festive boards,

Point her to the starry skies,

Guard her, by your truthful

words,

Pure from courtship's flatteries.

By your truth she shall be true -

Ever true, as wives of yore -

And her Yes, once said to you,

SHALL be Yes for evermore.

I think we are too ready with  
complaint

In this fair world of God's.

Had we no hope

Indeed beyond the zenith and the  
slope

Of yon gray blank of sky,  
we might be faint

To muse upon eternity's

constraint

Round our aspirant souls.

But since the scope

Must widen early, is it well to

droop,

For a few days consumed in loss

and taint?

O pusillanimous Heart,

be comforted,-

And, like a cheerful traveller,

take the road-

Singing beside the hedge.

What if the bread

Be bitter in thine inn,

and thou unshod

To meet the flints?—

At least it may be said,

“Because the way is short,

I thank thee, God!”

"O Dreary life! we cry,

"O dreary life!"

And still the generations of the

birds

Sing through our sighing,

and the flocks and herds

Serenely live while we are keeping

strife

With Heaven's true purpose in us,

as a knife

Against which we may struggle.

Ocean girds

Unslackened the dry land:

savannah-swards

Unweary sweep: hills watch,

unworn; and rife

Meek leaves drop yearly from the

forest-trees,

To show, above, the unwasted

stars that pass

In their old glory. O thou God

of old!

Grant me some smaller grace

than comes to these;—

But so much patience, as a blade

of grass

Grows by contented through the

heat and cold.