

O my Lord and Savior,

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in your arms I am safe.

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Keep me and I have nothing to fear.

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Give me up and I have nothing to hope for.

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I do not know what will come upon me before

---

I die.

---

I know nothing about the future,

---

but I rely upon you.

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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.

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I do not pray that you would make me rich.

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I do not pray that you would make me very poor.

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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.

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Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord

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Jesus Christ, who according to His abundant

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mercy has begotten us again to a living hope

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through the resurrection of Jesus Christ from

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the dead,

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Beloved, thou hast brought me many flowers

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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 —

---

Vow, 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 —

---

Wooser 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.

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I think we are too ready with complaint

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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,

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“Because the way is short, I thank thee, God!”

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“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.

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