

THY WILL BE DONE.

We see not, know not; all our way
Is night; with thee alone is day.
From out the torrent's troubled drift,
Above the storm our prayer we lift,
Thy will be done!

The flesh may fail, the heart may faint;
But who are we to make complaint,
Or dare to plead in times like these
The weakness of our love of ease?
Thy will be done!

We take with solemn thankfulness
Our burden up, nor ask it less,
And count it joy that even we
May suffer, serve, or wait on thee,
Whose will be done!

Though dim as yet in tint and line,
We trace thy picture's wise design,
And thank thee that our age supplies
The dark relief of sacrifice,
Thy will be done!

And if in our unworthiness
Thy sacrificial wine we press,
If from thy ordeal's heated bars
Our feet are seamed with crimson scars,
Thy will be done!

If, for the age to come, this hour

Of trial hath vicarious power,
And, blest by thee, our present pain
Be liberty's eternal gain,
Thy will be done!

Strike, thou the Master, we thy keys,
The anthem of thy destinies!
The minor of thy loftier strain,
Our hearts shall beat the old refrain,
Thy will be done!

– *Whittier.*
