

**A** \_\_\_\_\_  
**Message** \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_ **to You.**

least indicate. It contains a confession made by Milton on his loss of sight:

I am old and blind;  
Men point at me as smitten by God's frown;  
Afflicted and deserted of my kind,  
Yet I am not cast down.

I am weak, yet strong,  
I murmur not that I no longer see,  
Poor, old and helpless, I the more, belong  
Father, Supreme, to Thee.

Oh, Merciful One;  
When men are farthest then Thou are most near;  
When friends pass by my weakness to shun,  
Thy chariot I hear.

Thy glorious face,  
Is leaning toward me in its holy light,  
Shines in upon my lonely dwelling place,  
And there is no more night.

On my bended knee,  
I recognize Thy purpose clearly shown,  
My vision Thou hast dimmed that I may see,  
Thyself, Thyself, alone.

I have nought to fear,  
This darkness is the shadow of Thy wing,  
Beneath it I am almost sacred here,  
Can come no evil thing.