

THE WING OF THE WILD-BIRD

Vesper.

FATHER, I come to Thee, weary, for rest,
Just like a child, to lie close to Thy breast.
From all my toils I come, from all my care,
Oh, take me to Thy heart and hold me there.

Weak and oppressed, I come; oh make me strong,
And fill my tired soul with light and song.
Give me the strength to stand firm in the strife,
At rest within the open door of life.

Though storms in fury blow across the deep,
Be Thou my Pilot when I wake or sleep,
Grant me Thy grace and power till time shall
cease,
And in the final hour—eternal peace.