

C R E D O

When God's hand touches mine, in sure appeal,
To call me forth among the greater things,
I would it came where slow waves fade and steal
And cedars fill the night with whisperings.

It is not mine to dream afar, and seek
The Grails of pomp and power where others throng,
Let it be mine to know how Might is weak,
How Truth and Justice fare not with the strong I

Not mine to find the crown that greatness brings,
The hymn of triumph and the flame of swords;
Still let my hand shrink from the deeper strings
To touch the beauty of the minor chords.

No gift be mine of prophet's high insight,
No fiery eloquence of faith assailed;
Mine not to lead, but follow after, Right ---
And if they will, let men deem I have failed.

Say this of me: He found peace after strife,
And trust in Nature's wisdom held him true;
His steps were cast in humbler walks of life ---
Perchance God loved him, for his deeds were few I