

## DUTY

I do not ask from present pain to be  
Dissolved to harmony in wondrous wise;  
To taste the lotus-dream in sunny skies  
With strife and sorrow banished utterly;  
I do not ask, myself from fever free,  
Light to forget the sick, sad world that lies,  
And daily selfish pleasures to devise;  
Ah, no! my prayer, O Lord, shall be to Thee,  
That I through battle's roar may purer rise,  
Take part for Thee in the world's weary moan,  
Myself restrain, and from life's cutting care  
High climb in spirit to Thy peaceful throne;  
Rest evermore from all my labor there,  
And see my struggles thence with clearer eyes.