

# The Outlaw, and Other Poems

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## A WISH

Give me, O God, to paint the things  
Inspired in my breast,  
When my rapt soul with fervor rings,  
That I may be at rest;

I cannot quite conceal my mind,  
I cannot telling words just find.

I ask unselfishly the light,  
A steward yet to be,  
To render right within Thy sight  
The knowledge given me;

Hear me, O God! 'Tis Thine to give  
That I may even dare to live!