

That wheresoe'er my feet have swerved,  
His chastening turned me back ;

That more and more a Providence  
Of love is understood,  
Making the springs of time and sense  
Sweet with eternal good ;—

That death seems but a covered way  
Which opens into light,  
Wherein no blinded child can stray  
Beyond the Father's sight ;

That care and trial seem at last,  
Through Memory's sunset air,  
Like mountain-ranges overpast,  
In purple distance fair ;

That all the jarring notes of life  
Seem blending in a psalm,  
And all the angles of its strife  
Slow rounding into calm.

And so the shadows fall apart,  
And so the west-winds play ;  
And all the windows of my heart  
I open to the day.