

MY REST

I would not cherish a wish or thought
Displeasing, Lord, to Thee;
Thy will is good, and with wisdom fraught,
And that suffices me.
I cannot alter a plan of Thine,
And would not if I could;
I acquiesce in the will divine,
And find my highest good.

At times my vessel drifts near the shore,
And the beacon lights expire,
The surf-capped waves swell more and more,
And threaten with ruin dire;
But only the surface sea is rough;
The ocean's depths are calm,
And a star affords me light enough,
The Star of Bethlehem.