

*For in the dark I grope, nor understand;
And in my heart fight selfishness and sin:
Yet, Lord, I do not seek Thy helping hand;
Rather let me my own salvation win:
Let me through strife and penitential pain
Onward and upward to the heights attain.*

*Yea, let me live my life, its meaning seek;
Bear myself fitly in the ringing fight;
Strive to be strong that I may aid the weak:
Dare to be true—O God! the Light, the Light!
Cometh the Dark so soon? I've mocked Thy
word,
Yet do I know Thy Love: have mercy, Lord.*

FINIS.