

Better, indeed, a clod  
 Than be what I am this very night ;  
 A cultured lie.  
 Better some savage be,  
 With his yearning for  
 Immortality  
 Than be as I am to-night ;  
 Willfully blind—  
 Walking in darkness through hating the light,  
 Wantonly cruel,  
 A barbarous soul  
 Seeking nought but indulgence  
 Of self as life's goal—  
 Walking in darkness through hating the light.  
 But ere dawn shall break—  
 Ere dawn shall break I will find my God ;  
 In this hour of grief  
 Is his mercy proved,  
 In his mercy this hour  
 To tears I am moved  
 And ere dawn shall break I will find my God,  
 Then leave me alone to-night.  
 Go ! leave me alone with my God ;  
 I am sick of my life,  
 I am sick of the lust,  
 I am sick of my pride  
 And am bowed in the dust,  
 Go ! leave me alone with my God.

*Gilbert Besanger*