

If I try more to explain it,
I will doubtless only stain it,
Strive I rather to attain it.

Think I of my wasted powers,
Of the world's sad suffering hours,
Clouded sun and trampled flowers ;

Sin and hate and misery
Rolling like Satanic sea,
I have my Gethsemane.

Yet from Christ my faith I borrow,
Thro' the garden of such sorrow
Rise to holier, brighter morrow.

Suffers God and moans creation,
Christ his royal intimation,
And Self-sacrifice Salvation.