

The cross is heavy, Father! I have borne  
 It long, and still do bear it. Let my worn  
 And fainting spirit rise to that blest land  
 Where crowns are given. Father, take my hand ;  
 And, reaching down,  
 Lead to the crown  
 Thy child !

*The Changed Cross.*

“CHILD, I WILL TAKE THY HAND.”

*A Reply to “Father, take my hand.”*

The way is dark, my child! but leads to light.  
 I would not always have thee walk by sight :  
 My dealings now thou canst not understand.  
 I meant it so: but I will take thy hand,  
 And through the gloom  
 Lead safely home  
 My child !

The day goes fast, my child! but is the night  
 Darker to me than day? In me is light  
 Keep close to me, and every spectral band  
 Of fears shall vanish. I will take thy hand,  
 And through the night  
 Lead up to light  
 My child !

The way is long, my child! but it shall be  
 Not one step longer than is best for thee,  
 And thou shalt know at last, when thou shalt stand  
 Safe at the goal, how I did take thy hand,  
 And quick and straight  
 Lead to heaven's gate  
 My child !

The path is rough, my child! But oh! how sweet  
 Will be the rest, for weary pilgrims meet,  
 When thou shall reach the borders of that land  
 To which I lead thee, as I take thy hand ;  
 And safe and blest  
 With me shall rest  
 My child !

The throng is great, my child! but at thy side  
 Thy Father walks: then be not terrified.  
 For I am with thee; will thy foes command  
 To let thee freely pass; will take thy hand,  
 And through the throng  
 Lead safe along—  
 My child !

The cross is heavy, child! Yet there was One  
 Who bore a heavier for thee: my Son,  
 My Well-beloved. For Him bear thine; and stand  
 With Him at last; and, from thy Father's hand,  
 Thy cross laid down,  
 Receive a crown,  
 My child !