

Am I ungrateful, Lord ! to thee,
 That, yearning for thy love,
 See not thy face as others see ?
 Oh ! light me from above !
 Grant me in promises to trust ;—
 In hopes,—else hopeless—given,
 Then welcome *torture* in the dust,
 Father who art in Heav'n !

ANOTHER.

Trusting a Being, whose pure eye,
 In pity deigns to scan ;
 From yonder bright and starry sky,
 The miseries of man :
 One who, with soul-subduing grief,
 Full wearily hath striv'n ;
 Looks from the cold earth for relief,
 Appealingly to Heav'n.

When I do pray as taught to pray,
 The will alone sincere,