

A S T R A Y .

Words by MARY B. DODGE.

With tenderness,

Dr. BESSEY.

Be - wildered, Fa - ther, at thy feet I fall to - day,

See - ing two paths, of thorns and sweet. In part-ed way, And

weary, blinded, sore distress, I hum-bly pray For thy be - hest.

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| <p>2. Adown this vista clusters fruit,
Tempting and bright;
Can it be true, from branch and root
Spreads poisonous blight?
Father, the precious boon bestow
To heal my sight,
That I may know!</p> <p>3. And there, a black road stretches far
In cold gray air,
Wherein I see no single star
To make it fair:
O, tell me, is the narrow way
Always so bare
Of golden ray?</p> <p>4. I scarcely dare to look upon
The ambered path,
So soft it smiles within the sun,
So much it hath
Of joy, to make the other seem
Fulfillment rath
Of some fell dream.</p> | <p>5. Surely my feet were never fixed
In truest way,
To hold me thus two roads betwixt,
In sore dismay!
In fear of wrong, yet doubt of right,
Mistrusting day.
And dreading night.</p> <p>6. Yet, Father, if thou wilt but guide
We need not mourn.
Whatever bitterness betide!
The sharpest thorn
Is not all painful if, the while
The flesh is torn,
We see thy smile.</p> <p>7. The sun-warmed vines must all decay,
Unblest or blest;
Lead, Father, lead which ever way
Thou seest best;
The longest way is short that yields
Eternal rest
In heavenly fields.</p> |
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