

On my benighted path to shine,
 In pity,—O ! Most High ?
 God ! help me in mine hour of need,
 If, erring, I pursue
 The phantom of a baseless creed,
 And cannot trust a new !

Thou know'st my supplications, spring
 From no unworthy dread,
 Of a destroying Azrael's wing,
 Dark hov'ring o'er my head ;
 And that calamity hath wrung,
 But patience from my soul ;
 Though it hath well nigh been unstrung,
 Beneath thy chast'ning dole.

I said to my afflictions, come,—
 Since at thy hest they came ;
 The whirlwind burst, but I was dumb,
 Or glorified thy name.
 Lord ! if this be self-righteousness,
 'Tis thou the heart must scan ;
 Job, in the day of his distress,
 Had no relief from man.