

VI.

And since He giveth us this love, oh ! why
Doth He not smooth the path of love, and hear
The prayer of those who in their anguish cry
To Him for help, and in their godly fear
Rely upon His aid ? And why hath He
Prepared this pain and agony for me ?

VII.

Be still my soul ; it is not thine to take
Thy God to task. Canst thou forget the pain
And agony He suffered for thy sake ?
Or canst remember these and not restrain
Thyself from challenging thy God ? Be still,
And bow submissive to thy Father's will.

VIII.

'Twas man condemned me to a life of woe,
And 'twas not God. The pride of man hath said
That I must suffer thus. It must be so
Because the baronet was nobler bred.
Oh, cruel, cruel wrong ! Oh mockery !
That bluer blood should sever her from me !