

## The Broken Helm

And I am grieved  
To see the righteous fall—  
Their hollow eyes appal,  
Of soul bereaved.  
Prostrate I pray, a weakened reed  
By thy decline—  
I feel my frailty, know my need,  
More now in thine.

Thy helpful voice  
Hath lost its earnest tone,  
And friendly speech is gone—  
Not me thy choice.  
Yet I choose thee, nor will forsake  
Tenacity,  
In silence of the night I wake  
And plead for thee.

But when I pray,  
My eyes from looks debased,  
From God's imprint erased,  
I turn away ;