

This talent in my hand, it is but just
 Should gather golden dust
 For Thee—since it is Thine to give or spend,
 Or to another lend ;
 And can I turn against Thee Thine own trust ?
 “ Lord, is it I ? ”

Lord, Thou hast loved and taught me, and Thy care
 Is round me everywhere ;
 Wherefore my soul is bitter, as I cry
 (Shunning Thy loving eye)
 “ Judge me, O Lord ! yet in Thy judging spare !
 For, it *is* I.”

II.

“ Could'st thou not watch one hour ? ”

Lo ! in my watchings, times without number,
 Praying alone on the height of a hill,
 I have forbidden mine eyelids to slumber
 Though the world slept, and the voices were still.

Far in the moonlight, dark in the distance
 Clustered the snow-covered mountains of God,
 Friends in the night, whence cometh assistance
 To the sad soul that is bent by the rod.

Down the steep rocks to the watercourse falling,
 Dropt one by one, one and all, the streams ;
 Sounding like strange familiar voices calling
 Soft in the ear of a man who dreams.

High overhead the infinite arched heaven
 Rolled its star dust and its stars athwart,
 As when before the steady east wind driven
 Bend the light flowers, by the breezes caught :

So have I watched. What tho' the eyeballs, blinded
 With the fierce glare of sunshine on the sand,
 Ached in the gloom ? my spirit was not minded
 To drop the cup of sadness from its hand.

On the day's labours and the work to-morrow,
 On the ravell'd thread that I will knit again,
 'On all the pain, sin, weariness, and sorrow
 Borne on my head and often borne in vain,