



I would not turn  
To see who followed, though my aching heart,  
Refusing still to choose the better part,  
Did in me burn.

I would not hear  
The sweet voice ever calling, calling,  
"Come unto Me, I'll keep thy feet from falling,  
Thy soul from fear."

I fell, and was afraid  
That none was near me in the wilderness  
To listen to the tale of my distress,  
Or give me aid.

And then a voice  
Breathed words of consolation in my ear  
"Trust but to Me and thou hast nought to fear,  
Make Me thy choice."

