

I TOO, with fear put by,
Confront my destiny,
With not a wish but to arise and go,
Where beauty still may lead
From creed to larger creed,
Thanking my Maker that he made me so.

FOR I would shun no task
That kindliness may ask,
Nor flinch at any duty to my kind ;
Praying but to be freed
From ignorance and greed,
Gray fear and dull despondency of mind.