

Songs  
for the  
Soul

by  
Hetta Long



1875

1876

1877

1878

1879

1880

## Easter

THE DAILY RESURRECTION.

*"I die daily."*—PAUL.

Daily to die! O, noble thought!  
O, miracle that can be wrought  
Within our human souls to-day,  
If we can only find the way.

The way is found in Christ, in Paul,  
In myriads of men,—in all  
Who ever lived—who ever died  
In whom the self was crucified.

The lower self, the earthly self,  
Which lives for passion and for pelf;  
The truer self—the God we find  
As things of sense are left behind.

May it be ours, as forth we go,  
Daily to die to what is low,  
To what is vain, untrue, unkind,  
To perjury of heart and mind.

Daily to rise! O, grander thought,  
Another miracle is wrought,  
We all may have—to God the praise,  
Our daily resurrection days!

Daily to rise, in triumph great,  
O'er earthly love and earthly hate,  
O'er every form of carnal care  
And the bleak wastes of dull despair.

Daily to rise o'er sorrow's grave,  
Our lot to face with spirit brave,  
To work, with pure unselfish zeal,  
For what concerns the world's true weal.

Thus, be it spring, or winter drear,  
We keep our Easter all the year;  
And thank our Father who hath given  
This simple way to enter Heaven!




## Morning

*"Give us this day our daily bread."*

Weary of dogma, ritual and creed,  
Father, thy children would their weak-  
ness plead,  
Feed us within with all the strength  
we need,

To do Thy will.



Feed us within with all we need of  
peace,  
To make all harsh, vindictive feelings  
cease,  
And from besetting sins to give re-  
lease,

To do Thy will.

Feed us within with all we need of  
joy,  
Not simply happiness, with earth's  
alloy,  
The joy of Jesus, heart and hands em-  
ploy

To do Thy will.

Feed us within with all we need of  
love,  
Wise as a serpent, harmless as a dove,  
Cleansing us here for purer life above

To do Thy will.

## The Lonely Soul

"I am a lonely soul,"  
This was my cry,  
"Give me some sweet companionship  
Or I shall die!  
Give me another soul to be  
My trusted friend,  
Some kindred spirit who can understand  
And sympathize with all that I intend!"

For answer I was hurried from my home  
Where sunny skies and sunnier smiles were mine,  
To the bleak North, where neither human eyes  
Nor nature's face seemed made with love to shine.  
Cold looks and frowns, suspicious most unkind,  
Supplanted the sweet smiles which I had left behind.  
My very wit was taken with offence,  
My sympathy was called sheer insolence,

While almost daily on my quivering  
ear  
Fell words and tones it broke my heart  
to hear.  
No wonder, being stricken with des-  
pair,  
Release in death became my only  
prayer!

A voice as from the sky  
Thus spake in answer to my bitter cry,  
"O lonely soul, take wings,  
And rise above the reign of transient  
things.  
Altho' thy lot is hard, thy pathway  
rough,  
Is not companionship with God  
enough?  
He lives to satisfy the longing soul,  
And of thy life will take complete  
control.  
He will each thought suggest, each  
deed inspire,  
And will Himself fulfill thy least de-  
sire.  
No longer thy unhappy fate bemoan,  
Awake to see thou never wast alone!

In all that ever was or will be  
    Thou hast part ;  
Thou hast the very universe  
    Within thy heart.  
All sons of God this dreary path have  
    trod,  
Yet found it heaven to be alone with  
    God ! ”

Alone with God ! Alone with every-  
    thing  
    That earth can offer or the sky con-  
    tain,  
With wisdom's fount, and love's di-  
    vinest spring,  
    The source of genius and the cure  
    for pain !  
O, holy fellowship ! God's part to  
    give  
And mine the sweeter mission to re-  
    ceive,  
Just to receive, that I in time, might  
    give  
And learn at last the only way to live !

No longer for companionship I sigh,  
Or plead with grief to be allowed to  
    die ;



Alone with God—this is my blessed  
fate,  
In heaven now, I am not desolate,  
But seeing others sorrowing day by  
day,  
Live but to help them find the happier  
way!

## Joy

Perfect thro' suffering! Father, is it  
true,  
That only thus we can be purified?  
That we are meant to suffer as we do  
Until our very souls are crucified,  
Until, thro' furnace fires, Thou canst  
behold  
Thine image graven on our hearts' pure  
gold?

Just as a little child cries as with pain,  
When his desires are checked, he  
knows not why,  
Yet in his later life admits the gain  
That came as answer to that childish  
cry;

So, Father, we, Thy thwarting hand  
would bless,  
Which gives us truth in place of hap-  
piness.

The youth who leaves his father's  
sheltering roof  
To carve his fortune 'mid the great  
world's din,  
Finds stout temptation puts him to the  
proof,  
And wakes to find his strongest foe  
within.  
He yields, resists, until from vain to  
real,  
Thro' suffering he fulfills his own  
ideal.

All sorrow but prepares the way for  
joy!  
It makes the human heart to open  
wide  
And gladly give itself to love's employ,  
While sympathy destroys its worldly  
pride.  
We learn, O Father, that a chastening  
rod  
Is what man needs to rouse the latent  
God!

Joy is a richer gift than happiness,  
And touches deeper springs within  
the heart.

The world around can give us much  
to bless

But only God Himself can joy im-  
part;

The joy our blessed Leader Jesus felt  
E'en when in earthly agony he knelt.

The joy of giving up our ease and will  
In answer to our highest sense of  
right,

The joy that, while it suffers and is still,  
Can see the day beyond the present  
night,

When we are one with God in wish  
and thought,

The miracle of joy in us is wrought.

## Failure and Success

Was it a failure? Yes, of all his class  
He was the only one who did not pass,  
Yet, in a darkened room, a dying friend,  
Cheered by his presence, bravely met  
the end!

Another failure! Yes, again too late,  
At seemed in work of every kind his  
fate,  
Ere he could reach the step by which  
to rise,  
Another had come in and won the  
prize;  
Still his poor mother blessed him every  
night,  
As he supplied her hearing and her  
sight!

Failure again! This time his health  
is lost.  
Does he despair and languish, sorrow-  
tossed?  
No, brave of heart, he tried with pen  
and brain  
To ease his own by soothing others'  
pain;

Thoughts sweet and strong, thus  
wafted from his pen  
Bound many broken hearts and made  
them whole again.

And is he dead? Ah no, souls cannot  
die,  
He simply entered into light and  
liberty.  
Let us be careful how we blame or  
bless,  
The world calls failure what God calls  
success!



## **What is Prayer ?**

To breathe in God with every breath  
As we inhale the outer air,  
To breathe in life instead of death,  
This is prayer.

To breathe in purity and peace  
To fill the place of carking care,  
To let our grasp of error cease,  
This is prayer.

To breathe in strength for daily fight  
With secret sin and worldly snare,  
To climb, thro' shame to victory's  
height,

This is prayer.

To breathe out love and tenderness  
On all who sorrow and despair,  
To sympathize with loneliness,

This is prayer.

To guide the erring back to truth,  
To help the weak their load to bear,  
To be a parent to all youth,

This is prayer.

To give a bright and helpful smile,  
To shed a pure and pitying tear,  
To offer friendship free from guile,

This is prayer.

To bear our sorrows trustfully,  
Because of grief we need our share,  
To take our mercies gratefully,

This is prayer.

To be our Father's hands and feet,  
Bearing His blessing every where ;  
To count His lowliest mission sweet,

This is prayer.

## Immortality

Why is it that we so dread death,  
When we should ever know  
The life within us cannot die  
For life must always grow ;  
Grow lily like, from lower planes  
To those far purer, higher,  
From earthly soil and sinfulness  
To heavenly desire.

May we in future uever let  
This dread of death destroy  
Our present, earnest usefulness,  
Or take away the joy  
Of living, by the moment, in  
Our loving Father's care,  
Who dwells within our inner selves  
And forms our heaven there!

Dear friends, this holy Easter-tide  
Let us but realize  
We do not need to pass thro' death  
To dwell within the skies  
Where'er we are, our Father is,  
and with our every breath  
We drink in immortality  
And draw the sting from death!

O, immortality divine!  
So longed for and so loved,  
Come let thy sweet reality  
Within our souls be proved.  
We dream of thee and sing of thee  
God grant us each the power  
To say with holy trust, "I am  
Immortal from this hour!"

Aye, neither life, nor death, nor hell  
Nor any earthly thing  
Can separate the soul from Him  
Who is its source and spring  
For heaven is here, and heaven is now  
If we could only see,  
God's conscious presence in us  
Is our immortality!



## Evening

A LITANY.

As evening shadows on us fall,  
Forgiveness we would ask, for all  
That we have done or left undone  
Against Thy will, since rise of sun.  
For pleasures that were dearly bought  
For evil that thro' us was wrought,

God be merciful!

For conscience calls we would not hear  
Altho' they sounded strong and clear,  
For loving words we did not say,  
For thoughts allowed to go astray,  
For crosses which we would not bear,  
For labors we refused to share,

God be merciful!

For sowing crops of slander seeds,  
For letting talents grow to weeds,  
For burdens we to others gave  
Our miserable selves to save,  
For helping not the worthy poor  
Altho' increased in worldly store,

God be merciful!

For solemn promises we broke,  
For selfishness we tried to cloak,  
For lessons we refused to learn,  
For passions we allowed to burn,  
For empty forms and hollow creeds  
Which had no counterpart in deeds,

God be merciful!

For vain display and mental pride,  
For sympathy to all denied,  
For faults unchecked the livelong day,  
For debts we did not try to pay,  
For gratitude we did not feel,  
For wounds we did not wish to heal,

God be merciful!

For leading no sad souls to Thee  
That they might their salvation see,  
For straw and chaff and withered  
leaves,  
Which should have been life's harvest  
sheaves,  
Thy people mourn their folly now,  
And pray, as they in sorrow bow,

God be merciful!

