O'er waiting harpstrings of the mind
    There sweeps a strain,
Low, sad, and sweet, whose measures bind
    The power of pain,
And wake a white-winged angel throng
    Of thoughts, illumed
By faith, and breathed in raptured song,
    With love perfumed.
Then His unveiled, sweet mercies show
    Life's burdens light.
I kiss the cross, and wake to know
    A world more bright.
And o'er earth's troubled, angry sea
    I see Christ walk,
And come to me, and tenderly,
    Divinely talk.
Thus Truth engrounds me on the rock,
    Upon Life's shore,
'Gainst which the winds and waves can shock,
    Oh, nevermore!
From tired joy and grief afar,
    And nearer Thee, —
Father, where Thine own children are,
    I love to be.
My prayer, some daily good to do
    To Thine, for Thee;
An offering pure of Love, whereto
    God leadeth me.