

MY Father, it is good for me
To trust and not to trace;
And wait with deep humility
For Thy revealing grace.

- 2 Lord, when Thy way is in the sea,
And strange to mortal sense,
I see Thee in the mystery,
And trust Thy providence.
- 3 I cannot grasp the secret things
In this my dark abode;
I may not reach with earthly wings
The heights and depths of God.
- 4 So, faith and patience! wait awhile,
Not doubting, not in fear;
For soon in Heaven my Father's smile
Shall render all things clear.
- 5 Then Thou shalt end time's short eclipse,
Its dim uncertain night;
Bring in the grand apocalypse,
Reveal the perfect light.

George Rawson, 1807-89