

God,Thine the hand that doth extend
The booby prize of failure,and
The victor's chaplet in the end.
God,Thine the hand.

God,mine the power to die or live,
To find the earth-fruit sweet or sour,
To take and keep,or take and give.
God,mine the power.

God,keep me trying to win the prize;
Pamper me not,though I be crying.
Though snickering worlds wink owlsh eyes,
God,keep me trying.