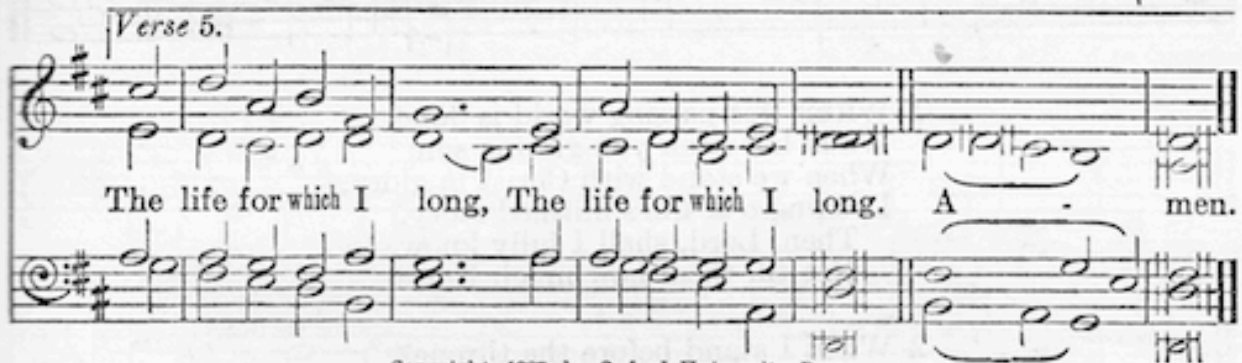
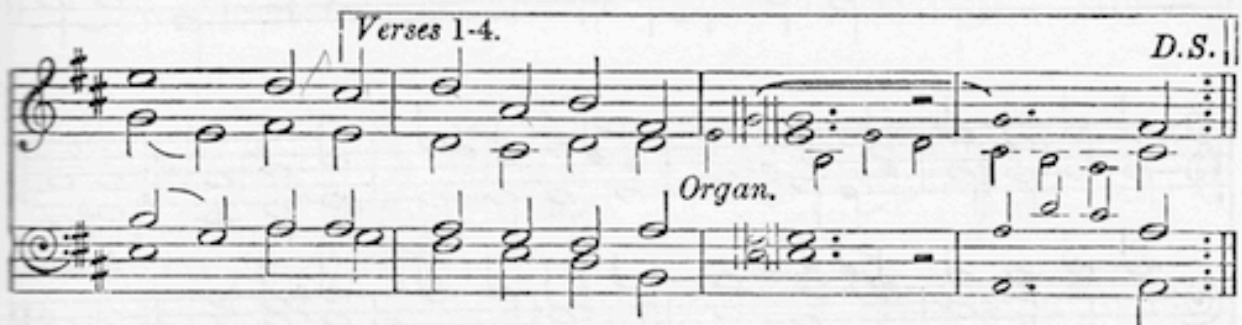
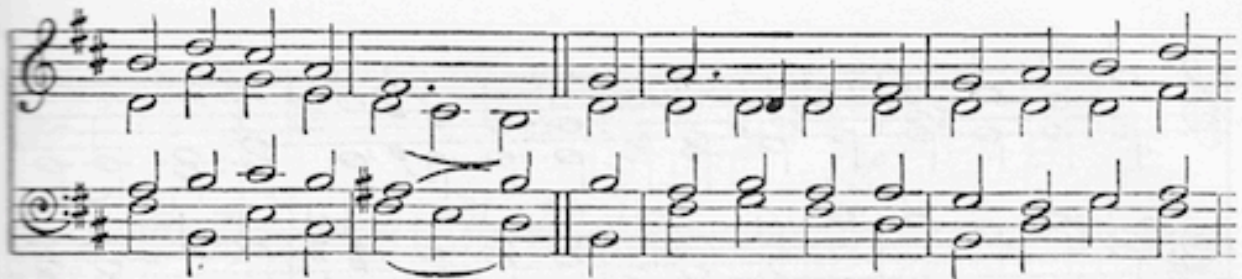
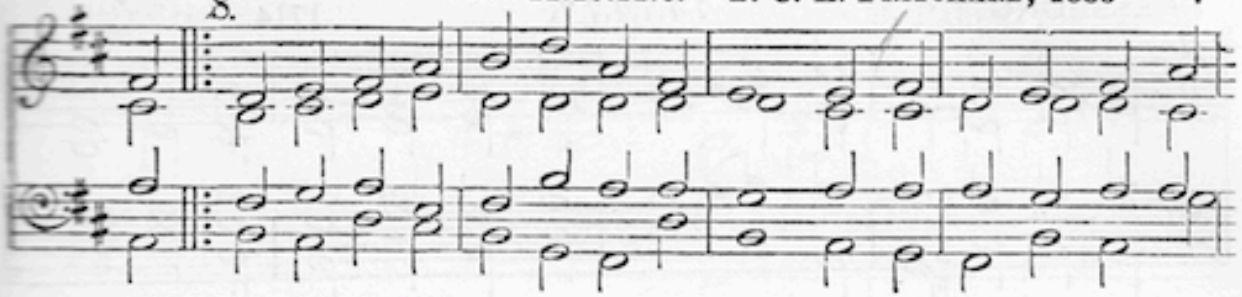


GIFFORD.

11.10.11.6. T. C. L. PRITCHARD, 1885.



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- 1 WHEN on my day of life the night is falling,  
And in the winds, from unsunned spaces blown,  
I hear far voices out of darkness calling  
My feet to paths unknown,
- 2 Be near me when all else is from me drifting—  
Earth, sky, home's pictures, days of shade and shine,  
And kindly faces, to my own uplifting  
The love which answers mine.
- 3 I have but Thee, my Father; let Thy Spirit  
Be with me then to comfort and uphold;  
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm I merit,  
Nor street of shining gold.
- 4 Suffice it if—my good and ill unreckoned,  
And both forgiven through Thy abounding grace—  
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned  
Unto my fitting place,
- 5 There, from the music round about me stealing,  
I fain would learn the new and holy song,  
And find at last, beneath Thy trees of healing,  
The life for which I long. Amen.

John Greenleaf Whittier, 1807-92.