I hoped that with the brave and strong



I hoped, that with the brave and strong, My portioned task might lie; To toil amid the busy throng, With purpose pure and high. But God has fixed another part, And He has fixed it well; I said so with my bleeding heart, When first the anguish fell.

These weary hours will not be lost,
These days of misery,
These nights of darkness, anguish-tost,
Can I but turn to Thee.
That secret labour to sustain
With humble patience every blow;
To gather fortitude from pain,
And hope and holiness from woe.

If thou shouldst bring me back to life,
More humbled I should be;
More wise, more strengthened for the strife,
More apt to lean on Thee.
Should death be standing at the gate,
Thus should I keep my vow;
But, Lord! whatever be my fate,
Oh, let me serve Thee now!

Anne Bronte