

By Rugged Ways

By rugged ways and thro' the night
We struggle blindly toward the light;
And groping, stumbling, ever pray
For sight of long delaying day.
The cruel thorns beside the road
Stretch eager points our steps to goad,
And from the thickets all about
Detaining hands reach threatening out.

"Deliver us, oh, Lord," we cry,
Our hands uplifted to the sky.
No answer save the thunder's peal,
And onward, onward, still we reel.
"Oh, give us now thy guiding light;"
Our sole reply, the lightning's blight.
"Vain, vain," cries one, "in vain we call;"
But faith serene is over all.

Beside our way the streams are dried,

and famine mates us side by side.

Discouraged and reproachful eyes

Seek once again the frowning skies.

Yet shall there come, spite storm and shock,

A Moses who shall smite the rock,

Call manna from the Giver's hand,

And lead us to the promised land!

The way is dark and cold and steep,

And shapes of horror murder sleep,

And hard the unrelenting years;

But 'twixt our sighs and moans and tears,

We still can smile, we still can sing,

Despite the arduous journeying.

For faith and hope their courage lead,

And rest and light are at the end.