

Let Me Arise With Thee

Above the tainted things of earth,
Its shame and infamy—
Its pride of gold, and pride of birth—
And blindness to the toiler's worth,
Let me arise with Thee.

Above the slimy touch of sin,
And sin's hypocrisy,
And poison blooms that grow within
Fair garden walks where I have been,
Let me arise with Thee.

Above all envy and all sham—
All hate and enmity.
Oh! steeped in world-ways as I am,
My troubled life hast need of calm.
Let me arise with Thee.

—Lucy Gertrude Clarkin.