













- Not joyous now, but grievous, are thy strokes; and yet their fruit is purity divine.
 Thy rod we need; yet more thy power and skill to mould, according to thy fair design, thy perfect likeness in us line by line.
- 3. Yet spare us, spare us, for the flesh is weak, and the poor spirit shrinks beneath the rod; now it is willing, then it fails and faints beneath the pressure of the heavy load, asking: And must we suffer thus, O God?
- 4. And yet we dare not ask a lighter load, a gentler discipline, a smoother way, an easier life on earth, a sweeter cup, a tenderer touch in moulding this hard clay! Teach us to trust, to suffer, and obey.
- 5. We place ourselves within thy holy hands, saying, Not our will, Lord, but thine be done! All that we need thou knowest, O our God: give what we need, yet spare each feeble one what may be spared, and yet the kingdom won.

Words: Horatius Bonar. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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