

I Know Not What the Future Hath

John Whittier, 1867.

Alonzo Abbey, 1858.

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
God's mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruised reed He will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.

No offering of my own I have,
Nor works my faith to prove;
I can but give the gifts He gave,
And plead His love for love.

And so beside the silent sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift
Their froned palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.