

All as God Wills

John Whittier, 1856.

Charles Hutcheson, 1832.

All as God wills, who wisely heeds

To give or to withhold,

And knoweth more of all my needs,

Than all my prayers have told.

Enough that blessings undeserved

Have marked my erring track;

That, wheresoe'er my feet have swerved,

His chastening turned me back.

That more and more a providence

Of love is understood,

Making the springs of time and sense

Sweet with eternal good.

That death seems but a covered way

Which opens into light,

Wherein no blinded child can stray

Beyond the Father's sight.

And so the shadows fall apart.

And so the west winds play;

And all the windows of my heart

I open to the day.