

A Prayer

God grant me kindly thought
And patience through the day,
And in the things I've wrought
Let no person living say
That hate's grim mark has stained
What little joy I've gained.

God keep my nature sweet,
Teach me to bear a blow,
Disaster and defeat,
And no resentment show.
If failure must be mine
Sustain this soul of mine.

God grant me strength to face
Undaunted day or night;
To stoop to no disgrace
To win my little fight;
Let me be, when it is o'er,
As kind as before.

Edgar Albert Guest (1881-1959)