

## Hope

This would I hold more precious than fine gold,  
This would I keep although all else be lost:  
Hope in the heart, that precious, priceless thing,  
Hope at any cost.

And God, if it's fine luster should be dimmed,  
If seemingly through grief it may be spent,  
Help me to wait without too much despair,  
To great astonishment.

Let me be patient when my spirit lacks  
Its high exuberance, its shining wealth;  
Hope is it matter, often, God, I know  
Of a strength, of health.

Help me to wait until my strength returns,  
Help me to climb is difficult high slope,  
Always within my heart some golden gleam,  
Some quenchless spark of hope.

