



ONLY WAIT

Oft there comes a gentle whisper o'er me stealing,
When my trials or my burdens seem too great,
Like the sweet voiced bells of evening softly pealing,
It is saying to my spirit "Only Wait."

When I cannot understand where God is leading,
And it seems to be but hard and cruel fate,
Still I hear that gentle whisper ever pleading,
"God is faithful; God is working; only wait."

When the promise seems to linger, long delaying,
And I tremble lest perhaps it come too late,
Then I hear the gentle whisper ever saying,
"Though it tarry, it is coming; only wait."

Oh how little soon will seem our present sorrow,
And how trifling is our present brief estate;
Could we see it in the light of Love's tomorrow,
Oh how easy it would be for us to wait.

- anonymous

