

NOW, the sowing and the weeping,
Working hard, and waiting long;
Afterward, the golden reaping,
Harvest-home and grateful song.

2 Now, the pruning, sharp, unsparing,
Scattered blossom, bleeding shoot:
Afterward, the plenteous bearing
Of the Master's pleasant fruit.

3 Now, the long and toilsome duty,
Stone by stone to carve and bring;
Afterward, the perfect beauty
Of the palace of the King.

4 Now, the spirit conflict-riven,
Wounded heart, unequal strife;
Afterward, the triumph given,
And the victor's crown of life.

5 Now, the training, strange and lowly,
Unexplained and tedious now;
Afterward, the service holy,
And the Master's, 'Enter thou.'

Frances Ridley Havergal, 1836-79