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# I Will Arise

by Christina Rossetti

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Weary and weak, -accept my weariness;  
Weary and weak and downcast in my soul,  
    With hope growing less and less,  
    And with the goal  
Distant and dim, -accept my sore distress.  
I thought to reach the goal so long ago,  
At outset of the race I dreamed of rest,  
    Not knowing what now I know  
    Of breathless haste,  
Of long-drawn straining effort across the waste.

One only thing I knew, Thy love of me;  
One only thing I know, Thy sacred same  
    Love of me full and free,  
    A craving flame  
Of selfless love of me which burns in Thee.  
How can I think of thee, and yet grow chill;  
Of Thee, and yet grow cold and nigh to death?  
    Re-energize my will,  
    Rebuild my faith;  
I will arise and run, Thou giving me breath.

I will arise, repenting and in pain;  
I will arise, and smite upon my breast  
    And turn to Thee again;  
    Thou chooseth best,  
Lead me along the road Thou makest plain.  
Lead me a little way, and carry me  
A little way, and listen to my sighs,  
And store my tears with Thee,  
    And deign replies  
To feeble prayers; -O Lord, I will arise.