

SONNET 11

Serene has been my earthly course till now
My griefs have all been petty, sorrows light
And never has my soul a single bitter night
Cried out in mortal anguish. Sometimes
It happens that the Fates thus me allow
To sing along and never make me know
How bitter sweet can be a cup of woe
Perplexes me, for someday I must bow!

Will undimmed faith and hope and courage high
Still shine for me when Sorrow's cruel knock
Alarms my heart? Could my soul bear a shock
Of Pain? Would whining and resentment die?
Oh yes, in joy 'tis easy to be strong
But would my faith stand grief or woe for long?