## 506 Commit whatever grieves you



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- 4 Your hand is never shortened, all things must serve your might; your every act is blessing, your path is purest light.

  Your work no man can hinder, your purpose none can stay, since you, to bless your children, through all will make a way.
- 5 Hope on, my feeble spirit, and be now undismayed; God helps in every trial, and makes you unafraid. Await his time with patience, then shall your eyes behold the sun of joy and gladness his brightest beams unfold.