

# Consolation

Harriet Beecher Stowe

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Written after the second battle of Bull Run

"And I saw a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea."

Ah, many-voiced and angry! how the waves  
Beat turbulent with terrible uproar!  
Is there no rest from tossing, no repose?  
Where shall we find a haven and a shore?

What is secure from the land-dashing wave?  
There go our riches, and our hopes fly there;  
There go the faces of our best beloved,  
Whelmed in the vortex of its wild despair.

Whose son is safe? whose brother, and whose home?  
The dashing spray beats out the household fire;  
By blackened ashes weep our widowed souls  
Over the embers of our lost desire.

By pauses, in the fitful moaning storm,  
We hear triumphant notes of battle roll.  
Too soon the triumph sinks in funeral wail;  
The muffled drum, the death march, shakes the soul!

Rocks on all sides, and breakers! at the helm  
Weak human hand and weary human eyes.  
The shout and clamor of our dreary strife  
Goes up conflicting to the angry skies.

But for all this, O timid hearts, be strong;  
Be of good cheer, for, though the storm must be,  
It hath its Master: from the depths shall rise  
New heavens, new earth, where shall be no more sea.

No sea, no tossing, no unrestful storm!  
Forever past the anguish and the strife;  
The poor old weary earth shall bloom again,  
With the bright foliage of that better life.

## Consolation

And war, and strife, and hatred, shall be past,  
And misery a forgotten dream.  
The Shepherd God shall lead his peaceful fold  
By the calm meadows and quiet stream.

Be still, be still, and know that he is God;  
Be calm, be trustful; work, and watch, and pray,  
Till from the throes of this last anguish rise  
The light and gladness of that better day.