

## **Rough Ashlar**

My new-cut ashlar takes the light  
Where crimson-blank the windows flare.  
By my own work before the night,  
Great Overseer, I make my prayer.

If there be good in that I wrought  
Thy Hand compelled it, Master, Thine —  
Where I have failed to meet Thy Thought  
I know, through Thee, the blame was mine.

The depth and dream of my desire,  
The bitter paths wherein I stray —  
Thou knowest Who hast made the Fire,  
Thou knowest Who hast made the Clay.

Who, lest all thought of Eden fade,  
Bring'st Eden to the craftsman's brain —  
Godlike to muse o'er his own Trade  
And manlike stand with God again!

One stone the more swings into place  
In that dread Temple of Thy worth.  
It is enough that, through Thy Grace,  
I saw nought common on Thy Earth.

Take not that vision from my ken —  
Oh whatsoever may spoil or speed.  
Help me to need no aid from men  
That I may help such men as need!

— *Rudyard Kipling*