

Nothing in the House

By Amy Carmichael

Thy servant Lord, hath nothing in the house,
Not even one small pot of common oil;
For he who never cometh but to spoil
Hath raided my poor house again, again,
That ruthless strong man armed, whom men call
Pain.

I thought that I had courage in the house,
And patience to be quiet and endure,
And sometimes happy songs; now I am sure
Thy servant truly hath not anything,
And see my song-bird hath a broken wing.

My servant, I have come into the house –
I who know Pain's extremity so well
That there never can be the need to tell
His power to make the flesh and spirit quail:
Have I not felt the scourge, the thorn, the nail?

And I, his conqueror, am in the house,
Let not your heart be troubled: do not fear:
Why shouldest thou, child of Mine, if I am here?
My touch will heal thy song-bird's broken wing,
And he shall have a braver song to sing.