

# A Prayer

Claude McKay

'Mid the discordant noises of the day I hear thee calling;  
I stumble as I fare along Earth's way; keep me from falling.

Mine eyes are open but they cannot see for gloom of night;  
I can no more than lift my heart to thee for inward light.

5 The wild and fiery passion of my youth consumes my soul;  
In agony I turn to thee for truth and self-control.

For Passion and all the pleasures it can give will die the death;  
But this of me eternally must live, thy borrowed breath.

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I stumble as I fare along Earth's way; keep me from falling.

## Textual Note

This poem also appeared in *Spring in New Hampshire* (1920), with a dedication to Max Eastman.

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3 Eastman.] (For Max Eastman) add. Spr.  
1 ;] , Spr.

9 ;] , Spr.