

## Prayer 2

Lord, could I speak with honeyed words,  
I would speak the common thought.  
Could I walk in favored ways,  
I would seek the common places  
Where my mother and father  
And grandparents have wrought  
The humble product of their days.

I would be, Lord, a common man,  
Saying commonplace things  
That my kinsmen could not.

This blessing I ask of Thee,  
Lord of my people and fair land;  
And one blessing, too,  
For those I hold dear:  
Let their strength hold out  
And their faith endure.

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