

Here do I love to mingle with its tone,
The parting tone, that softly breathes to thee
This heart's best wishes—for thy name alone
Is ever dear to memory, and to me.

And blessed are they who feel Religion's power
In Gospel truths, by thee so kindly given,
To cheer the sinking heart in life's last hour,
Thou good—thou worthy delegate from heaven.

And, oh! how pleasingly the mind surveys
Thy tender friendship, oft on me bestowed,
Throughout a sunny lapse of happier days,
When this wrecked heart with pure devotion glowed.

Had nature formed me of another cast—
Or chilled imagination's burning power—
Still moping o'er the Fathers had I passed,
In dullest gloom, the long and cheerless hour!