

Have you not seen a weeping husband's woes ?
 His bosom heaving with deep sorrow's throes,
 His lifeless consort 'neath the sable pall,
 Mourn'd for by him, lamented too, by all ?
 The 'house of God' is entered, and 'tis there
 The preacher loves to offer up his prayer.
 The 'balm of Gilead' is in scripture found,
 And he applies it to the mourner's wound ;
 The preacher wipes his eyes and then proceeds
 To prove that death's the fruit of man's misdeeds ;
 And all must die and leave this earthly sphere,
 (There is a home of joys more pure and clear,)
 This mortal part in faith resign to clay
 To rise immortal on some future day.
 And parted friends will there no parting know,
 But walk the 'golden streets' where death nor woe
 Can e'er approach ; but holy, happy bliss
 That's for the good ; with comfort such as this
 The preacher heals the husband's wounds and sends
 Him home relieved among his faithful friends.
 And now my friend I soon will take my leave
 Of earth and you, but do not for me grieve ;
 I'm going home, my father wills it so,
 Take this, 'tis all I have to give below ;
 Its colour, emblematic of the wear
 Of angels, will remind you that 'tis there
 I am, (be faithful to your sacred trust.)
 There is a place, they call it Pennfield, friend,
 And one lives there to whom I wish to send
 The 'manuscript' traced by this aged hand,
 And much it does contain of Brunswick's land.
 What, tho' this breath of mine must it conceal,
 The Hermit's manuscript will all reveal ;
 Tell him to send it soon to every youth,
 That it may be, (what 'Boaz' was to 'Ruth,')
 A cherished friend, to see him lose no time,