

There are smiles and tears in the mother's eyes,
 For her new-born infant beside her lies :
 O hour of bliss, when the heart o'erflows
 With rapture a mother only knows :
 Let it gush forth in words of fervent prayer ;
 Let it swell up to heaven for her precious care.

There are smiles and tears in that gathering band,
 Where the heart is pledged with the trembling hand :
 What trying thoughts in her bosom swell,
 As the bride bids parents and home farewell !
 Kneel down by the side of the tearful fair,
 And strengthen the perilous hour with prayer.

Kneel down by the dying sinner's side,
 And pray for his soul through him who died :
 Large drops of anguish are thick on his brow ;—
 O what is earth and its pleasures now !
 And what shall assuage his dark despair,
 But the penitent cry of humble prayer ?

Kneel down at the couch of departing faith,
 And hear the last words the believer saith :
 He has bidden adieu to his earthly friends ;
 There is peace in his eye that upward bends ;
 There is peace in his calm, confiding air,
 For his last thoughts are God's, his last words prayer.

The voice of prayer at the sable bier !
 A voice to sustain, to soothe, to cheer :
 It commends the spirit to God who gave ;
 It lifts the thoughts from the cold, dark grave ;
 It points to the glory where he shall reign,
 Who whispered, " Thy brother shall rise again."

The voice of prayer in the world of bliss !
 But gladder, purer, than rose from this :
 The ransomed shout to their glorious King,
 Where no sorrow shades the soul as they sing :
 But a sinless and joyous song they raise ;
 And their voice of prayer is eternal praise.