

Send them in our dreams to tell us
Where the mystery of it lies,
Our philosophies do fail us
And our oldest wisdom dies ;
We will wait to hear thy lesson
With the wisdom God doth know,
When it shall in riper glories
On our higher powers flow.

God of tenderness and mercy,
Break the fury of the storm,
Come and heal the hearts thus broken,
Lift their sorrow-beaten form,
Kiss them in thy love, and tell them
All shall work for future good,
When they'll meet them in the morning,
Robed and washed in Jesu's blood.