

The Death of Our Loved One.

GIVE her back to us, back to us, Lord, we pray,
She is more to us now than ever before,
And all the neglect of the past and more
We will try to undo, O Lord, could she stay,

For we can but cry, "Thy will be done."
O Lord, she is past the doctor's skill.
If the heart must stop and the pulse be still,
Give us strength to endure when she is gone,

Give us power to endure the funeral,
And to face the sight of an empty home.
Help us all in our need unto Thee to come ;
And see in her death a loving call.

A vanished footprint in the snow.
The color of a vessel's wake,
The dream that suddenly doth break,
Are ours while memory holds them so.

But she was real and part of us ;
And she has gone to live with Thee ;
And there no partings e'er will be,
But here it must be ever thus.