

WORDS OF CHEER.

“And there shall be no more death, neither sorrow
nor crying neither shall there be any more pain.”—
Rev. xxi., 4.

No more dark sorrow—no more death !
Oh blessed words of cheer !
That while we draw this mortal breath,
To us will be so dear.

To compensate for every pain,
In trouble's darkest hour,
We turn unto these words again,
And in them find sweet power.

To gladden each worn, aching heart,
With healing from on high.
In that blest land friends never part—
Or nevermore shall cry.

The bitterness of death will be
Forgotten evermore !
We'll meet beside the crystal sea
Our sufferings all o'er.