

Where is God our tender father
 Who has wisdom, might, and love ?
 Is He sleeping, can he see them
 Through the dark clouds from above ?
 Where's the ministry of Angels,
 Sent us in each evil day ?
 Why did they not stop the captain
 Plunging in the foaming spray ?

Why not rush, then, intervening
 T'ween the hasty captain's plan,
 To deter his purpose starting
 And check back the daring man ;
 He has love and power and wisdom,
 And he gives us each a share,
 Makes responsible our senses
 In this deep and sad affair.

God will ne'er perform the labor
 That for us he has assigned,
 That would not fulfil his purpose
 To bring forth each power of mind ;
 He must answer from the heavens,
 I was present there and felt
 All the keenness of your sorrow
 As you 'fore My footstool knelt ;

But the prim'ry laws of nature
 Were the first I had to hear,
 Or the millions enclosed in them
 Would, too, shed to me a tear.
 God has buried them like Moses,
 No one knows their lonely grave ;
 Wife nor children cannot gather
 There to let their tears lave.

And no weeping willow marks it,
 Winds that dash'd them down alone
 Meet to sing their saddest requiem,
 And on each its passion moan ;
 In the deep inquiet beauty,
 Rests their forms here loved so well,
 Love cannot awhile ealm them
 Where they all in sorrow fell.

'Side the shore we stand a weeping,
 Dropping down our tears of woe,
 Asking the proud waves to pass them
 On where they our loved ones know :
 God of wisdom we are folly,
 We cannot thy purpose read,
 Thou art 'bove the clouds and reigning
 Where their spirits all are free'd.