

Looking at Jamie as he helpless lay,  
 She from the bottom of her simple heart  
 Longed some sweet consolation to impart;  
 If only she his wearied heart could reach,  
 Yet scarcely knowing how to frame her speech.  
 And so, while with big tears her eyes were dim,  
 With simple pathos thus addressing him,  
 She asked in her unpolished Norland tongue—  
 Through the dull room the question sweetly rung—  
 “Oh Jamie, when ye’re lying there alane  
 D’ye just gang to Jesus?” lo! the pain  
 And weariness were in a moment gone,  
 His poor thin face with heavenly rapture shone,  
 Lighting it up as with celestial flame,  
 As the pathetic answer quickly came;  
 “Oh Annie woman be it short or lang,  
 I hinna ony ither gait t’ gang.”

The Apostles when they heard the Master say  
 In mournful tones “Will ye too go away?”  
 Thus answered Him, “Lord whither can we go,  
 Eterna! life from Thee alone doth flow.”  
 In gentile isles afar the blind, the lame,  
 The paralytic, say the very same.  
 Helpless, despairing, in their utmost need  
 They look to Him and to His words give heed.

Oh Jesus Lord! when earth and hell combine  
 Against our peace how bright Thy glories shine  
 For all is well if we will only flee  
 To Thee Oh Lord and wholly trust in Thee.  
 Yet there are men who would this faith destroy  
 And rob the wretched of their only joy.