

To visit thee and to thy wants attend?
 Yes, there is one who for thy needs doth care
 And even now, upon the creaking stair,
 Thou hear'st her footstep painfully and slow
 The steps ascending from the flat below.

How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet
 Of him who brings glad tidings, fragrant, sweet,
 For poor lost sinners, telling them of peace,
 And bidding them from doubts and fears to cease.
 How beautiful to Jamie on his bed,
 The heavy foot of Annie as she sped
 Slowly up stairs to tell of Jesus' love
 And of the realms of glory bright above,
 So different from the garret dull and drear,
 In which he lay alone with none to cheer.
 'Tis true she knew but little, but she knew,
 And it was *much*, her precious Bible true;
 And so could tell him of the bitter cross
 On which the Lord of Glory suffered loss,
 To win for us that heaven so fair and bright,
 Where all is purest happiness and light;
 Where there is no more sorrow, pain or moans,
 Nor weakness, hunger, thirst, nor aching bones.
 And Jamie listened gladly, drinking in
 The tale of love so fit the heart to win.
 Oft had she told that tale in simple wise,
 Oft pointed to the mansions in the skies,
 Oft had she told her pupil to look up,
 And from the Father's hand to take the cup
 Of suffering; but on that smiling day

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