

TO ———

OH! that my tears would move thee  
 To turn from sin's dark ways,  
 Oh! that my prayers had power,  
 Strong as the sun's bright rays,  
 To pierce thy mind's dark curtain,  
 And, with a flood of light,  
 To show the road to heaven  
 Clearly unto thy sight.

Alas! and alas! my spirit  
 Sinks, as I mark thy course,  
 And my prayers rise low and faltering,  
 And my voice is chok'd and hoarse  
 With the tide of an untold feeling—  
 A feeling of doubt and dread—  
 That, perchance, ere thy soul awakens,  
 Thou may'st lie amidst the dead.

There's mercy for sins repented,  
 Oh! rouse thee, while still 't is day,  
 Wrench thy soul from the strong temptations  
 That have through thy life had sway;  
 The grave unto thee is nearing,  
 Few, at most, can thy years be here;  
 Oh! turn at my earnest warning,  
 Nor in vain let me shed the tear.