

The bee within the sweetest flower will pain,
And the crushed fruit, although so sweet, will stain.

Father, we pray ;
For oh, "the fashion of this world
 Passeth away."

Up to Thy dwelling-place,
 Redeemer, take us ;
Where Thy soft tones of love,
 From sleep shall wake us,
Spotless to walk among Thy heavenly gardens ;
Sinless to dwell beside Thy angel wardens.
 Why this delay ?
For oh, "the fashion of this world
 Passeth away."

