

Her voice, though like the gentle lute
It soothed and pleased you, now is mute;
She sings in strains that seraphs suit:
"She is not dead."

Think of the subject of her song,
And see her mingling in the throng
Of those who to her Lord belong:
"She is not dead."

Her Saviour taught her infant heart
To love and choose the better part;
Let this thought check the tears that start:
"She is not dead."

Think not upon the cold, dark wave;
Nor on the silent gloomy grave;
For Jesus did her spirit save:
"She is not dead."

O, it will soothe the bursting sigh,
To think that Jesus lives on high,
Who said his own "should never die:"
"She is not dead."

Then trim your lamp, and speed your way,
To meet her in the realms of day;
And when your spirits sink, still say,
"She is not dead."