

The wretched soul would fain go back,
But, ah! it was too late.

Move on, the angel cried, move on,
And enter on your state ;
For help again she looked around,
But, ah! it was too late.

The angel saw her griefs and ears,
He saw her wring her hands ;
Say not that angel shed no tears,
I saw him drop one then.

Upwards she gave her last sad look
Toward the realms of bliss ;
Her falling tears whole volumes spoke,
Their meaning none could miss.

Farewell, ye blest abodes, she cried,
Thou Lamb of God, farewell ;
That thou for me shouldst e'er have died,
Is torment worse than hell.

Mother, farewell, no more thou'lt see,
The child thou lov'st so dear ;
Blest parent, think no more of me,
I am not worth thy care.

Through flames and smoke she urged her way,
And sank to rise no more ;
And swiftly on its wretched prey,
Hell closed its hurried door.

The angel filled with grief, retired,
This awful task complete ;
Before the throne of God required,
Some fresh command to meet.

I also quickly left the spot,
The scene was at an end ;
What can describe my state of heart,
I mourned a ruined friend.

Reader, beware that this should be
Thy dreadful case at last ;
Fly now to Jesus ere the day
Of Gospel grace be past.