

And when our pilgrimage is o'er,
 We shall all dwell on the heaven'y shore,
 Where father and mother ever shall be,
 Joined with all their family.

Holy Jesus keep me thine,
 May thy pure love within me shine,
 May my spirit ever be,
 Humble, obedient unto thee.

O keep me humble in the dust,
 That I may always watch, and trust,
 From temptation keep me free,
 That I may only worship thee.

Simply to thy cross I cling,
 Sorrow and cares to thee I bring,
 Holy Jesus save my soul,
 Keep me safe within the fold.

All honor to thy glorious name,
 For ever and ever be the same,
 Holy angels sing thy praise,
 Unto thee their voices raise.

And when I pass through deaths dark land,
 Holy Jesus take my hand,
 Unto thee I'll sing thy praise,
 When with Jesus I shall raise.

Mrs. Graham, a real true friend and kind,
 May she her loving Saviour find,
 For whoso giveth a cup of cold water in Christs
 Shall be rewarded for the same.

I well remember one winter day,
 In selling my goods I called your way,
 Only a poor blind man and his little boy,
 But your cheerful words gave me much joy.

But our good neighbour's gone, and her friends
 As one by one we fill up the list, [ve
 We cannot tell who next may fall,
 So be prepared for the great trumpet call.

Her trials and troubles now are o'er,
 As she enters on the heavenly shore,
 Her loving Saviour she shall find,
 For Christ redeemeth all mankind,

Go bury thy sorrow,
 Bury it deep with care,
 Go tell it to Jesus,
 Tell it to Jesus in prayer.