

The States have not withheld their hand,  
 But did send forth their aid,  
 And Canada that northern land,  
 Some presents too have made.

In England Mr. Bliss arose,  
 For to describe their grief,  
 His feeling heart did him dispose  
 To plead for their relief.

Large numbers felt their pity glow,  
 On hearing their distress,  
 And did large sums on them bestow,  
 Their wants for to redress.

And since we've merited the rod,  
 Which comes a thousand ways,  
 How just it is Jehovah should  
 Chastise us as he please.

Then let us sympathise with those  
 Who lie beneath his frowns,  
 And try for to relieve their woes,  
 And heal their bleeding wounds.

Least our ingratitude provoke  
 Jehovah's watchful care,  
 And we receive some bitter stroke,  
 That's heavy for to bear.

And you my friends who felt the smart,  
 And had the balm applied,  
 May thankfulness possess your heart,  
 That mercy was'nt denied.

Now give yourselves to God alone,  
 And seek his heavenly grace,  
 Least his fierce wrath again be shown,  
 And sweep you from the place.