

OLD HANNAH.

THIS Sabbath morn, and a holy balm
 Drops down on the heart like dew,
 And the sunbeams gleam
 Like a blessed dream
 Afar on the mountains blue.
 Old Hannah's by her cottage door,
 In her faded widow's cap;
 She is sitting alone
 On the old grey stone,
 With the Bible in her lap.

An oak is hanging above her head,
 And the burn is wimpling by;
 The primroses peep
 From their sylvan keep,
 And the lark is in the sky.
 Beneath that shade her children played,
 But they're all away with Death,
 And she sits alone
 On the old grey stone,
 To hear what the Spirit saith.

Her years are o'er three score and ten,
 And her eyes are waxing dim,
 But the page is bright
 With a living light,
 And her heart leaps up to Him
 Who pours the mystic harmony
 Which the soul can only hear!
 She is not alone
 On the old grey stone,
 Tho' no earthly friend is near.