

Yet Faith shall wipe Affection's tear,  
While bending o'er the untimely bier,  
And trust the power divine,  
And every sacred promise claim—  
Oh ! not in vain the promise came !  
And early taught the Saviour's name,  
Thy father's God was thine.

None can unfold what joys or cares,  
Had waited on thy future years,  
But that All-ruling Hand  
Amid the deluge, wild and dark,  
Who steer'd the life-preserving ark,  
Sent forth the storm, and moor'd the bark,  
On Jordan's farther strand.

Fix'd was the hour, and fix'd the cause,  
In God's irrevocable laws,  
The awful summons given,  
Swift as the torrid tempests sweep,  
Swift as their light'nings gild the steep,  
It came,—it lock'd the dust in sleep,  
And call'd the soul to Heaven.