

And when your soul is disengaged,
 I'll bear it safe away,
 To the bright mansions of the blest,
 To be as blest as they.

But oh, I die. Farewell my love.
 "Receive my soul," he cries.
 His prayers were heard, his trouble ceased,
 He soared up to the skies.

ON THE RESURRECTION OF THE BODY.

To look on a dear friend just dead,
 That we did love most while in life,
 Oh how does it pain the full heart,
 But much more the heart of a Wife.

To look on that eye once so bright,
 That still beamed with pleasure on me,
 And to see it now closed in death,
 Forever in darkness to be.

That ear that was always made glad,
 When new information it found;
 And must it forever be deaf,
 To Friendship's harmonious sound.

That tongue which so sweetly did move,
 When friendship and love was the theme,
 And must it forever be mute,
 And ne'er again mention my name.

And must we forever then part,
 From father and husband so sweet;
 And must I still bear the sad thought,
 That we again never shall meet.

Such doctrine I ne'er can believe,
 Nor can Infidels make it appear;
 I hope yet to see the kind man,
 By me and my family held dear.

It easy must be for that power,
 Which form us all at the first,
 To raise up our bodies again,
 Although they are mouldered to dust.