

“Oh, 'tis so hard to part, my child,”  
The weeping mother cried;  
“And you are all I have on earth,—  
I have no one beside!

I shall miss you very sadly,  
But I know I should not weep,  
For you say that Jesus loves you,  
And He your soul will keep.

I would that I could trust Him,  
Like you, my gentle boy,  
But all is dark with'in me,  
I have no hidden joy.”

“Oh, Mother, do not say so!  
But tell to Him your grief;  
He will not cast you from Him,  
But soon will send relief.

Tell Him you're poor and wretched,  
And ask Him for His grace,  
And soon He will reveal to you  
The brightness of His face.

Fly to the cross of Jesus,  
And wrestle hard in prayer,  
Ask Him to help you with His strength,  
And He will meet you there.