

He knows its weakness, for He felt  
The crushing power of pain and woe,  
How body, soul, and spirit melt  
And faint beneath the stunning blow.

What if poor sinners count thy grief  
The sign of an unchastened will?  
He who can give thy soul relief,  
Knows that thou art submissive still.

Turn thee to Him, to Him alone;  
For all that our poor lips can say  
To soothe thee, broken-hearted one,  
Would fail to comfort thee to-day.

We will not speak to thee, but sit  
In prayerful silence by thy side:  
Grief has its ebbs and flows; 'tis fit  
Our love should wait the ebbing tide.

Jesus himself will comfort thee,  
In His own time, in His own way;  
And haply more than "two or three"  
Unite in prayer for thee to-day.

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