

With the Heavenly escort
Coming down from on high, .
Were there some who could claim
Thee by kindreds fond tie?
And were there blest spirits,
Who had lived to do good,
Whom thy papa had won
To the service of God?

On whose grateful request
The Redeemer had smiled,
When they craved to attend
Home their Minister's child;
Were there sorrowless ones
Hovering over thee, dear,
Whom thy mamma had soothed
When they sorrowed down here?

Who came bearing solace
To her suffering heart,
And who carried her strength
From her treasure to part.
Sweet, beautiful Cassie,
They have borne thee away,
Now other bright beings
Are in charge of thy clay.

Who so tenderly watched
The soft stainless flakes fall,
When thy newly-made grave
Had its Heaven-sent pall;