

I'll wander down life's gloomy vale,  
 Lamenting o'er the past,  
 And welcome in the freshening gale,  
 That chills life with its blast.

Adieu to thee, a fond adieu,  
 Still dear as life thou art,  
 I bid, in grief, the last adieu,  
 I'm exiled from thy heart.

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### THE DYING FAREWELL OF A FRIEND.

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Farewell, farewell dear friends, farewell,  
 My quivering lips, my faltering tongue,  
 Can scarcely bid the last farewell,  
 My limbs are weak, my nerves unstrung,  
 My eyes are dim and darkly see  
 The friends that weep so sore for me.

Weep not, dear friends, oh cease to weep,  
 I leave a world of grief and pain;  
 This clay will only tranquil sleep  
 Awhile to brightly rise again.  
 Beyond the shades of death I see  
 A lovely bright futurity.

I see, away beyond the gloom,  
 Grand orient skies and pastures green,  
 Where my free'd spirit shall be soon,  
 Adorned with robes of glittering sheen;  
 To blend, in sweet and heavenly song,  
 Its voice with all the blood-washed throng.

There's nought save Jesus can erase  
 My father's grief and mother's woe;  
 Sad tears my brother's cheeks will trace  
 When my poor dust is cold and low,