

Oh, who will pity me or mine,
When we do make our moan?

H. Oh yes, my dear, the Mighty King
Of Heaven, and Earth, and Sky,
Will ever lend a gracious ear
To the poor Widow's cry.

Oh, seek his face with earnestness,
And He'll relieve your pain,
And then, you know, we soon shall meet,
Never to part again.

I pray'd for all my Children dear,
That they may pious be,
So we shall meet to part no more
In a bless'd Eternity.

And should our eldest Sons return,
Who have been long away,
Oh let them know I pray'd for them,
On this my dying day.

You must be Father and Mother both;
Oh teach them to be good,
And then you may be sure, our Lord
Will give you daily food.

But ah, I'm weak—I faint—I die:
Dear Lord, I trust in thee,
That thou who feed'st the little birds,
Will feed my family.

W. Dear JOHN, we part—When shall we meet?
Oh will you come to me,
And wait upon my dying bed,
As I have done to thee?

H. I'll try, my love, I'll ask of Heaven,
Your Guardian Angel's place,
And then I'll watch you day and night,
And keep you still in peace.

And when at last you come to die,
I'll hover round your bed,
And do an Heavenly Spirit's part,
To ease your dying head.