

Thou dost but lead where we may follow thee,  
Thou art but gone to meet thine angel child,  
Thy deep and bitter anguish mourned so long,  
A lily broken by the storm so wild.

Though many burning tears for thee are shed  
By those whom thou hast left all motherless ;  
By him who mourns thee as his loving wife,  
And now pursues his course companionless ;  
Though oft we miss thy presence in the evening hour,  
And every breast is heaving with emotion ;  
Yet hopeless are we not, we'll meet again  
In yon bright sphere, the home of true devotion.

Thy toil is o'er and peaceful is thy rest ;  
Death's terrors not for thee, thou dost but sleep  
Till Jesus calls thee from thy lowly bed,  
O'er which the flow'rs and stars their vigil keep.  
Long years may pass e'er I shall see thy face,  
Yet ever shalt thou be to me a flower  
Of sweetest odor, nor shall any hand  
Pluck thee from out thy sweet and sacred bower.

Then rest, dear heart, until the morning dawns,  
When the Archangel's trump from Pole to Pole  
Shall sound, and we appear before the Lamb,  
Where bitter partings no more wound the soul.  
Yea, rest, dear mother, rest ! while angels guard thy tomb,  
Thy soul is safe within the heavenly portal,  
And though through tears we say, " Thy will be done,"  
We know thou art with Christ in life immortal.