

Although my tears so often flow
 When thinking of thee, love,
 My sorrow mingles with the joy
 Of meeting thee above.

How many times thou hast told me
 "To put my trust in God,"
 And not to murmur when on me
 In love He lays the rod.

Though heavily 'tis on me laid,
 I shall not murmur, dear ;
 All that my Father does is well,
 And He marks every tear.

Tears my blessed Saviour shed,
 He lets me do the same ;
 But when I of his sorrows think,
 Oh ! why should I complain ?

Ah, still frail nature thou dost shrink
 When with death thou dost contend ;
 When thou must take the last farewell
 Of a dear husband, father, friend.

This cup how bitter 'tis to drink,
 "O may it pass," we cry ;
 Nevertheless, "Thy will be done,"
 Dear Lord, help us repiy.

That vacancy which is now left
 In this poor heart of mine,
 Come, blessed Saviour, fill it up
 With that dear love of thine.

Through sovereign grace may we all meet
 The loved one gone before,
 To dwell forever with the Lord,
 Our Saviour to adore.

Sweet thought ! there shall no sea be there,
 No waves or billows rise,
 To interrupt the calm serene
 Of that blessed Paradise.

Together then again we'll sing,
 And high our voices raise
 To Him who hath washed us in His blood,
 To Him be all the praise.