

Though she had trials here below,
Those trials all are past,
And she has fled from grief and woe
To joys that ever last.

Her father saw, with sorrow deep,
His daughter from him gone ;
In heartfelt anguish did he weep,
And sadly did he moan.

But yet he was not quite alone ;
A son of promise rare,
Who had to years of manhood grown,
His cares and griefs did share.

Young John was loved by all around,
So manly kind and true ;
Wherever he went a friend he found,
His equals were but few.

But in an evil hour he learned
To drink the liquor strong,
And oft his father for him mourned,
And told him it was wrong.

But O, it seemed too hard for him
From liquor to abstain ;
He who high honors thought to win,
A drunkard vile became.