

She's gone but not forgotten,
She left a memory dear,
And her heart though sadly broken.
Oft breathed a contrite prayer.

We almost see her walking
In thy woven robe of white
With all Thy saints enjoying
Thy love, joy, peace and light.

We could not mar her happiness,
To bring her back again,
Thou art the fount of righteousness,
Still cleansing sinful men.

MAN.

Oh man, in whom we still can trace,
Marred outlines of that heavenly grace,
That once in Eden's son did shine,
While he maintained the Word divine.

For man's first glimpse of heaven was seen,
'Midst Edens bowers of living green.
Yes, there in simple truth he walked,
And with his Maker daily talked.

Alas, vile disobedience led to wrong,
And Adam lost the heavenly song,
He set his Maker's word aside
As first he robbed, and then he lied.