

To a sister on the protracted illness of her Infant. ²

Though now my dear sister by trouble surrounded.
The pathway of life may seem dreary and long.
Put thy trust in the Saviour - his love is unbounded
Through clouds of thick darkness, he'll guide thee along.

Yes, he that can still the wild waves of the ocean
Will soothe all thy sorrows and lighten thy grief.
Oh! yes, he regardeth the ~~sad~~ heart's sad emotion
And send it the balm that will yield it relief.

And e'en though the balm thou lovest dearly should leave thee
And her beautiful form be laid low in the clay
Yet let not the loss of thy little one grieve thee
For her spirit will fly to the mansions of day

She will leave but a world marred by sadness and sorrow
Whose cares and whose sorrows oft shade the delight
If the sun shines to day, cloudy she's veil the morrow
Whilst thou the fair ~~She~~ is eternally bright.

And then when the cold arm of Death shall unfold thee
And the mourners thou leavest shall have laid thee at rest
And no more thou ~~on earth~~ thou lovest on this earth may behold thee
Then will I meet thy sweet Balm in the realms of the blest.