



- 2. She leads us through this tearful and sorrow-stricken land, and speaks, resigned and cheerful, of better days at hand; and when thou art despairing, she bids thee clear thy brow, herself thy burden sharing, more hopeful far than thou.
- 3. She sobers into sadness thy grief's excessive smart, and steeps in peace the madness and tumult of the heart. The darkest hour she maketh as bright as sun at noon, and heals each wound that acheth, full surely, if not soon.
- 4. Thy falling tears she chides not, but pours in healing balm; thy longing she derides not, but makes devout and calm; and when in stormy seasons thou askest, murmuring, why? she giveth thee no reasons, but smiling points on high.
- 5. To every doubt and question she cares not to reply; "Bear on," is her suggestion, "thy resting-place is nigh." Thus by thy side she walketh, a true and constant friend, not over much she talketh, but thinks "O happy end!"

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