



- 2. I see the world rush on; each, passion-stirred, intent to reach his end; all, nerved for life's high prizes to contend, glide by me and are gone; no healing can they lend.
- 3. Voices of mirth I hear; but these chase not the gloom thick brooding o'er, nor calm the billows that about me roar; they jar upon mine ear, and wound me but the more.
- 4. I look on Nature's face, the groves and summer fields and lawns and streams, all beautiful as visions seen in dreams; but Nature's smile and grace to mock my anguish seems.
- 5. The silent woods I tread, where aisles invite with oak and beech o'erhung, and sweet wild notes by many a bird are sung; the still, cool paths I tread, but yet my heart is wrung.
- 6. To friendship's breast I fly; of its deep tenderness I own the power, more gently throbs my brow for one short hour, but, ere my tears are dry, falls a returning shower.

- 7. O Jesus, thou hast wept; when faithful hearts mourned o'er a brother dead, for mortal griefs thine own pure tears were shed; and ever thou hast kept kind watch o'er hearts that bled.
- 8. Since thou art Love Divine, and deep compassions in thy bosom glow, this heart, whose anguish thou alone canst know, would all to thee resign, and trust thee though laid low.
- 9. My spirit thou canst heal, canst give me patience while I wait for light, bid cheerful day smile on my starless night, and peace canst make me feel, while yet tears dim my sight.
- 10. On thee, O let me lean; as if on thine own bosom let me weep, till restless sorrow there is lulled to sleep, sleep, gentle and serene if thou my slumber keep.
- 11. To joy then shall I wake, and, taught new trust, with content, loving heart, to thee shall cling, nor bear again to part, till heaven's bright dawn shall break and bring me where thou art.

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