









2. Oh! 'twas a waste to him indeed, no rest on earth he knew; no joy from its unhallowed springs his sorrowing spirit drew.

3. He's gone! and shall our truant feet and ling'ring hearts delay in a dark world, that cast his love, like worthless dross, away?

4. Hopeless of joy in aught below, we only long to soar, the fulness of his love to feel, and lose his smile no more.

5. His hand, with all the gentle power, the sweet constraint of love, hath drawn us from this restless world, and fixed our hearts above.

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