1. Our youth is transient like a flower, That blooms, and fades, and dies; Our life is but a summer cloud, And like a shadow flies; Then view, We'll think how bright the world she treads, And in her steps pursue; Be

2. The angel messenger of death, Has gently borne a-way, A dear companion from our side, To realms of endless day; Her

3. When gathered on the Sabbath morn, Her vacant place we let us heed the warning voice— To-day its call we hear, It voice no more will join with ours The song of praise below, It

still, let every heart be still, And all our sorrow quell, We'll speaks in deep and solemn tones, That come from yonder bier. bow submissive to His will, Who doeth all things well.