Dearest friend, must sever
Hundred part to meet no more
Part to meet no more forever
On this dear tempestuous shore

Just Life: a constant dream
One perpetual moving side
Here to day but on the morrow
Seas and mountains friends divide

Thus kind friends are separated
Some to distant climes remove
Some by Death are extricated
From their pains to bliss above

Happy when each freed and brother
Panted there to gain that there
They again shall greet each other
They shall meet as part no more

Ashland 16th April 1840
In the death of a Christian friend after friend is snatched away by death's ravishing power. Subject are we to such decay. We're changing every hour.

Another friend is left this sphere of sorrow and of tears. She now no longer suffers here. Nor doth the grief sustain affliction long had tried her zeal and yet her heart was true. Religion she was made to feel was reason in constant view.

Her life to all did virtue preach. Which virtue she had proved by all who did her accents catch. She truly was belov'd.
but now when her dear friends are met
To cheer the ev'ry side
They look and see it with regret
Her seat unoccupied.

And in God's house the throne of grace
To where she did repair
We other see we see her there
But she is absent here.

Yet while our minds would often
To scenes where once she lie
Methinks I hear her softly say
'Not not because of me

A kingdom's mine a crown I wear
That fadeth not away
Though things on earth were hard to bear
So now the well fought day
With saints who brought me conqueror
I now in glory shine
Angels are my companions too.
The joys of saints are mine.

Could ye but taste the bliss there
Which is so freely given
For worldly wealth ye would not
But strive alone for heaven.

Ashland, Oct. 7th 1846