But a gift beyond thy poor request
May to thy prayer be given
A life to be spent in the mansion of rest
And the endless bliss of Heaven.

P. S. Hey

"Yesterday at the seventh hour the fever left him."

There's a lonely hall on Capernaums heights
Magnificent, costly and fair,
And within and without the gay delights
Of the rich and the great are there.

But the dwellings of earth whether high or low
And mighty and massive their walls
Cannot keep in joy and keep out woe
They must open when misery calls.

And sorrow & sickness & death will come
When sent & with steps as sure
They pass through the gates of the gilded dome
As the cottager's open door.

That courtly hall its gay light throws
No more on Capernaum's hill
All dark and sad in the gloom of its woes
The songs of its gladness still.

In a lonely chamber a fair child lies
Of that noble house the boast heir
The joy and pride of a mother's eyes
And a Fathers fondest care.

And that mother is there with looks that may
Of a mother's agony speak
And her hand oft presses his throbbing brow
And her lips his burning cheek.

And his father is gone in his fear & his grief
The pitying act to implore