

Rules for Wandaring

Sweet heavenly voice lead me on to thy mansion
In peace & repentance then to abide
to travel this wide world of sin & of sorrow
But in to be seated by the side by side
Dark mists

We have friends that are near
And friends that are dear
That oft think of us when we are tempest-tost
Though the ocean surrounds us
God's hand is around us
Then how can our tiny little Bark ever be lost
Sunday Night 4. of April 1844