

The spirit hath its dwelling found
 And lives with god above
 The little plants and flowers of earth
 Have not a soul within
 They see no consciousness of their birth
 Nor neither act nor sin
 But we can think and love and move
 And all our powers contrive
 And that which thinks and loves and moves
 Is what we call the soul
 And when you hear us speak of death
 We mean this mortal part
 Has ceased to live and motionless
 Is found the beating heart
 The thinking soul that leaves the earth
 Ascents to god on high
 Its substance is of heavenly birth
 And fitted for the sky
 Child

But mother don't my spirit die
 When my heart does not beat
 Shall I then live in yonder sky
 And let the willow weep
 And if I live the same as here
 Why with my wants supply
 Who give me all the things I want
 & I to say should die
 And who would hear my evening prayer
 And kneel beside my bed
 Say mother shall you too be there
 When all of us are dead

Shobber

Yes child if only gone one earth
 We all shall meet in peace
 Her happiness will know no end
 And pains never cease
 In those untrodden fields of love
 God will direct our feet
 There is a better home above
 Where we with him shall meet, &c

Winter comes through the forest the blight of the year
 As it stands in the midst of the snow
 It blights the trees no more but they wave
 For winter stern winter has come

Like the meadow it fell on hills and on dale
 And it smothered an autumnal fair
 Its withering, felt like a funeral knell
 Betwixt the death of each flower

The hills were all white as they shone in the light
 Of the pure and unsullied snow
 The birds in their flight had winged out of sight
 And all were gone their carols below

Conquered was the wave in the blight of the year
 And hushed was the melody sweet
 Which the little waves sang as foaming they ran
 In joy the great ocean to meet

But spring came again on hills and on plain
 And gave us the ravaging blight
 From the trance she has laid us again
 Springs joyfully up in the light