

To a young Lady

Swift, how swift the moments fleeting
 Flung along the dewy Spring
 To our minds thus lesson teaching
 Turn us even on the wing.

Days and weeks and years fly o'er us
 Swift as light and leave no trace
 Like the light rings glass before us
 Flits o'er we can point its place.

Then my friend while youth and beauty
 Shew upon life's cloudless way
 Think of Heaven, of God, of duty
 And He'll bless thy dying day
 Yes, though now with days of gladness
 Thou my friend art happily blest
 Thou mayst wake to grief and sadness
 And thy heart with care be prest

Days may come, when thou believing
 Fondly trusts some heartless youth
 He may turn from thee deceiving
 False to honor, love, and truth.

But my friend, of God should guide thee
 He will lead thee safe through all
 Thus in his strong arm, confide thee
 Yield obedient to His will.

Yes while all around is smiling
 Think of Him who rules the whole
 Set not worldly ways beguiling
 Turn from Heav'n thy spotless soul

And when life's last days are ending
 With no fearful doubts oppress'd
 May thy soul to Heaven ascending
 Gain the mansions of the blest.