

our wasting lives
goes shorter still
as days & months increase
& every beating pulse we toll
leaves but the numberless
KC

He has gone to the realms of glory
angels led him to that land
he will meet with Christ his ^{savior}
walk with Jesus hand in ^{hand}

my
Deathes ^{sisters}
Mother Brothers & Children

Set us cum before God the one

Be as faithful true & uprite
untill God shal call us home
KC