

My little grand Son ^{old} Tommies
tis hard to gie it up
but it is gone to rest in heav'n
out of this veil of tears
Rhoda. Cooper

I have one blessed Comfort
which baces me up when trouble
my wae will soon be endid
and then my Lord will take me home

I shal arise and meet him
and then my wae pace will be o'er
while saints arise in glory
to reign with Christ forevermore

When friends are falling
and passing away,
and I feel that lonely
on earth I stay,

I wish to be happy
and banish fears
I think it cant last
but a few more years. R.C.