

This worthy Friend in His domus ways,  
Has borne the Cross in truth,  
Has been baptized with power divine,  
And faithful from his youth,  
His love and kindness unto all,  
No language can repeat,  
And when I think upon it all,  
It makes my spirit weep.

The Father says such are my first,  
My sacred Ark below,  
And how a name with the veil,  
That none but Angels know,  
And such shall rise & rule & reign  
Like princes on the Earth,  
And in the resurrection day,  
Will find the second birth.

Composed by thankful for G. B. H.