

## ST. LUKE VII. 12.

IN silent sorrow from the gates of Nain,  
Bearing their dead, the widow's only son,  
A band of friends went forth; and with that train  
Even she, the most bereft, moved sadly on.

But when the Lord beheld the piteous sight,  
He had compassion on her; from him broke  
Soft tenderness of soul, with saving might,  
And "Weep not" were the gracious words he spoke.

In deep affliction 'tis that voice we hear,  
When pitying, helpless friends keep silence round:  
Weep not! there's saving power, there's comfort near,  
That will even in the darkest hour be found.

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It is an hour of darkest, deepest woe,  
 When those we love are severed from our side,  
 Yet weep not, for we soon and surely go  
 Upon their steps, led by the same blest Guide.

It is a darkened hour, when evil fame  
 And evil fortune mingle in our lot;  
 Yet weep not, He, who scorn, rebuke and shame,  
 Bore for our worthless sakes, deserts us not.

It is an hour of darkness, when the soul,  
 She knows not why, dreads an impending doom,  
 While heaven and earth, seem one black, formless  
 scroll,

But weep not, light will yet break through the  
 gloom.

Poor soul! He who beheld the widow's grief,  
 And touched the bier, and from death's bands set  
 free

Her only son, hath for all woes relief,  
 And "Weep not" are the words He speaks to thee.