

## O God, to me who am left to mourn



O God, to me who am left to mourn his departure,  
grant that I may not sorrow as one without hope  
for my beloved who sleeps in you;  
but, as always remembering his courage,  
and the love that united us on earth,  
I may begin again with new courage  
to serve you more fervently who are the only source  
of true love and true fortitude;  
that when I have passed a few more days in this valley of tears  
and this shadow of death, supported by your rod and staff,  
I may see him face to face, in those pastures  
and beside those waters of comfort  
where I believe he already walks with you.  
O Shepherd of the sheep, have pity  
on this darkened soul of mine.

*Edward White Benson, 1829-96 (written on the death of his young son Martin in 1877)*