Behold thou, my dear, I write to you thee

Proclaim the blessing, thee to fight, the foe;

Thine fervent prayer, blend in mine, so thy free:

Answereth our LORD, who’s mend in thy, thine woe;

O ye daughter of Joy! experienced most sorrow,

Worry thou not, O God, peace thou shalt shower;

Render darkness, lone, No hope on morrow;

Possesseth thee, forget not; Resurrection Power

Blessed you, the called, my friend, with rose lip

Shew thee great and mighty things, which thou knowest not

Answereth the LORD, to mine sister, thou shall rip

The shallow of tears, Blesseth with Power, faint not

Tribulation will make they live, not grassy

Believeth the shepherd will lead thee, My Crazy.