

Kind Words Can Never Die  
Abby Patton, 1851.

Kind words can never die,  
Cherished and blest;  
God knows how deep they lie,  
Stored in the breast;  
Like childhood's simple rhymes,  
Said o'er a thousand times,  
Aye, in all years and climes  
Distant and near.  
Kind words can never die,  
Never die, never die;  
Kind words can never die,  
No, never die.

Sweet thoughts can never die,  
Tho', like the flow'rs,  
Their brightest hues may fly,  
In wintry hours.  
But when the gentle dew  
Gives them their charms anew,  
With many an added hue  
They bloom again.  
Sweet thoughts can never die,  
Never die, never die,  
Sweet thoughts can never die,  
No, never die.

Our souls can never die,  
Tho' in the tomb  
We all may have to lie,  
Wrapped in its gloom.  
What tho' the flesh decay,  
Souls pass in peace away,  
Live thro' eternal day  
With Christ above.  
Our souls can never die,  
Never die, never die  
Our souls can never die,  
No, never die.