

Dear Ties of Mutual Succor Bind
William Bryant, ca. 1836.
Felix Mendelssohn.

Dear ties of mutual succor bind
The children of our feeble race,
And if our brethren were not kind,
This earth were but a weary place.

We lean on others as we walk
Life's twilight path, with pitfalls strewn;
And 'twere an idle boast to talk
Of treading that dim path alone.

Amid the snares misfortune lays
Unseen beneath the steps of all,
Blest is the love that seeks to raise,
And stay and strengthen those who fall.

Till, taught by Him who for our sake
Bore every form of life's distress,
With every passing year we make
The sum of human sorrow less.