

III.

Mamma, I feel so very sad ;
I always used to be so glad,
But, oh, last night I only cried
For my little brother that died.

He was so kind in all our play,
And when you walked with us each day.
The sweetest flowers he always spied—
My dear little brother that died.

Mamma, you cry so often now,
There's so much sorrow on your brow ;
To find where Johnnie is I've tried—
My dear little brother that died.

You say that he is gone to heav'n ;
Mamma, do tell me, where is heav'n ?
To stay will he be satisfied ?
My dear little brother that died.

You say that there, there is no pain,
Nor heat, nor cold, nor pelting rain,
That soon I'll see, whate'er betide,
My dear little brother that died.