

Once more in fancy's vision the days of long ago
 Rose bright and clear before her, so nearly free
 from woe.

Her life had seen one sorrow, before her child had
 died.

Again, just near his bedside, she laid her down
 and cried—

“ Oh God, why should it be so? Why should I
 lose my boy?”

A small weak voice made answer, “ Mother, I’m
 going to joy—

I know that you will follow, although the years be
 long ;

And then your tears and sighing will turned be to
 song.

And when heaven's own bright angel will bear my
 soul away,

Unto the fairer regions they call Eternal Day,

You know I shall be happy, when near the Crystal
 Sea,