

And if where he is now, Mother,
 All is so good and fair,
 He would have come back long ago,
 To take us with him there.

He never would be missed from Heaven :
 I have heard father say
 How many angels God has there,
 To praise him night and day ;

He never would be missed in Heaven,
 From all that blessed throng ;
 And we—Oh! we have missed him here,
 So sadly and so long !

But if he come to fetch us, then
 I would hold his hand so fast,
 I would not let it go again
 Till all the way was past ;

He'd tell me all that he had seen,
 But I would never say,
 How dull and lonely we have been,
 Since he went far away.

When you raised me to the bed, Mother,
 And I kissed him on the cheek,
 His cheek was pale and very cold,
 And his voice was low and weak.

And yet I can remember well
 Each word that he spoke then,
 For he said I must be a dear, good girl,
 And we should meet again !

And oh ! but I have tried since then
 To be good through all the day ;
 I have done whatever you bid me, Mother,
 Yet father stays away !

Is it because God loves him so ?
 I know that in His love
 He takes the good away from earth,
 To live with him above !

O that God had not loved him so !
 For then he might have stayed,
 And kissed me as he used at nights,
 When by his knee I played ;

O that he had not been so good,
 So patient, or so kind !
 Oh ! had but we been more like him,
 And not been left behind !"