

When your earthly father answered,
 "Tottie, darling, I am here;"
 Did you see Christ Jesus standing,
 Waiting, smiling, beckoning there?

Was the music so entrancing,
 That you heard no other sound;
 Papa! papa! then raised your head,
 And you calmly looked around.

Sounded not like fear of dying,
 Sounded not like one in pain;
 Sounded more like spirit crying,
 Spirit Father, take me in.

Does our Tottie see the angels,
 Gathering round her in the room;
 Hears she, through soft rolling music,
 Jesus calling: "Tottie, come."

From a world of grief and care,
 Ere your soul is stained by sin;
 Come, my lamb, come to me,
 I will take away your pain.

Did you see Him, like your father,
 Stretch His arms of love to you;
 Was it that, that made you call Him,
 Did you hear Him calling too.

Blends the mortal with celestial,
 In that strange, mysterious way;
 This transferring the affections,
 Up to Heaven by the way.

While the child is crossing Jordan,
 While the shadows pass between;
 First on one and then the other,
 Does the child's affections gleam.

Oh! that mysterious thing called death,
 None can tell, though all must know;
 And a little child has faith,
 In a Father's helping through.

Softly there my suffering one,
 Lean thee back on Jesu's breast;
 Israel's Shepherd, bending o'er thee,
 Soon will give His promised rest,

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