

Oh! when I think of parting, Mother,
Never to meet again,
The thought it almost kills me—
It fills my heart with pain.

But something seems to tell me
That we shall meet once more,
Never to part again, Mother,
Upon that happy shore.

And now 'tis growing dark, Mother,—
Please raise my head again.
I feel a little weak, Mother,
But not so much in pain."

His mother gently raised him—
He breathed a little prayer—
The damp of death was on his brow,
But an angel's smile was there.

Thus, leaning on her bosom,
He breathed his latest sigh,
And softly murmured forth the words,
"I'm not afraid to die!"