

## HER DEATH.

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The sun was setting o'er the land,  
They brought the news just as I stood  
Watching its rays of red and gold,  
Just sinking 'neath the hills and wood.

The music of my banjo sweet  
The feelings of my heart did tell ;  
The thoughts that just then were with me,  
Was oh ! I loved my darling well.

Her form rose up before my eyes,  
Again she once before me stood ;  
Fairer than all the world besides,  
For oh ! my loved one was so good.

And shall I never see thee more  
My little sweetheart ? bright Kathleen !  
Never until the Heavenly shore  
And gates of Paradise are seen.