

See, my gentle mother softly
To me approaches now,
What is the change she readeth
Upon my pale, damp brow?
She clasps her hands in anguish
Whose depth no words might say?
Has she, too, heard the voices
That are calling me away?

The father fond of my children,
First, sole love of my youth,
The loving, the gentle-hearted,
And full of manly truth,
Is kneeling now beside me,
Beseeching me to stay—
Oh! 'tis agony to tell him
They're calling me away.

If earthly love could conquer
The mighty power of Death,
His love would stay the current
Of failing strength and breath!
That voice whose tender fondness
So long has been my stay
Should tempt me from the voices
That are calling me away.

Ah! they bring my children to me,
That loved and lovely band,
And with wistful awe-struck faces,
Around my couch they stand,
And I strain each gentle darling
To me with wailing cry,
As I for the first time murmur:
"My God! 'tis hard to die!"