

Oh, tell me, will he look the same,  
Will Johnnie always be his name?  
Will he remember me—his pride?  
My dear little brother that died.

And we will sing together there,  
Our fruit and flowers we will share;  
And see our Jesus crucified—  
I, and my dear brother that died

Good night mamma, I'll go to sleep,  
Kiss me mamma, I will not weep,  
But dream that brother's by my side—  
My dear little brother that died.

