

But a brighter sun was shining
About that little cot;
The Sun of Righteousness was there,
Whom the world seeth not.

"Mother, I'm not afraid to die,"
The little sufferer said,
"For Jesus seems so very nigh,
So close about my bed.

I soon shall go to Heaven, Mother,
Jesus will let me in,
Because, you know, He died, Mother,
To wash away my sin.

And I shall wear a white robe,
And sing His praise all day,
And Jesus, with His own soft hand,
Shall wipe my tears away.

I hear the sweetest music
When you think I am asleep
I'm sure it is the angels,
But, Mother, do not weep!

You would not wish to keep me,
To suffer longer here,
When Jesus kindly calls me,
Oh, would you, Mother dear?"