To Dr. Warren M.D.

UNCLE TOM'S
HAMLET FOR EVA.
"He strikes his harp immortal, To Eva's gentle song."
Written and Composed by
I. B. WOODBURY.

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"UNCLE TOM'S LAMENT FOR EVA."

"The sun arose in beauty, The birds caroled their song; Sweet flowers sent forth their fragrance, And decked the verdant lawn. But sad my heart was breaking. No gleam of sunshine there. All,
all was drear and dark-ling, No comfort, e'en in prayer.

"For 'twas the morn they laid you, Dear Eva, in thy grave, E'en now my heart is breaking, O God, in pity save. Thou knowest human
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"There, 'mid seraphic beings,
I'll meet my darling one,
And join with her in singing
Amid that heavenly throng.
Forever and forever
Our swelling songs shall rise;
O take me to those mansions
Far, far beyond the skies."

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Again the sun in beauty
Arose in cloudless dawn;
Again sweet flowers in fragrance
Bloomed gaily o'er the lawn.
But Uncle Tom ne'er heeds them,
He's joined the angel throng,
And strikes his harp immortal
To Eva's heavenly song.