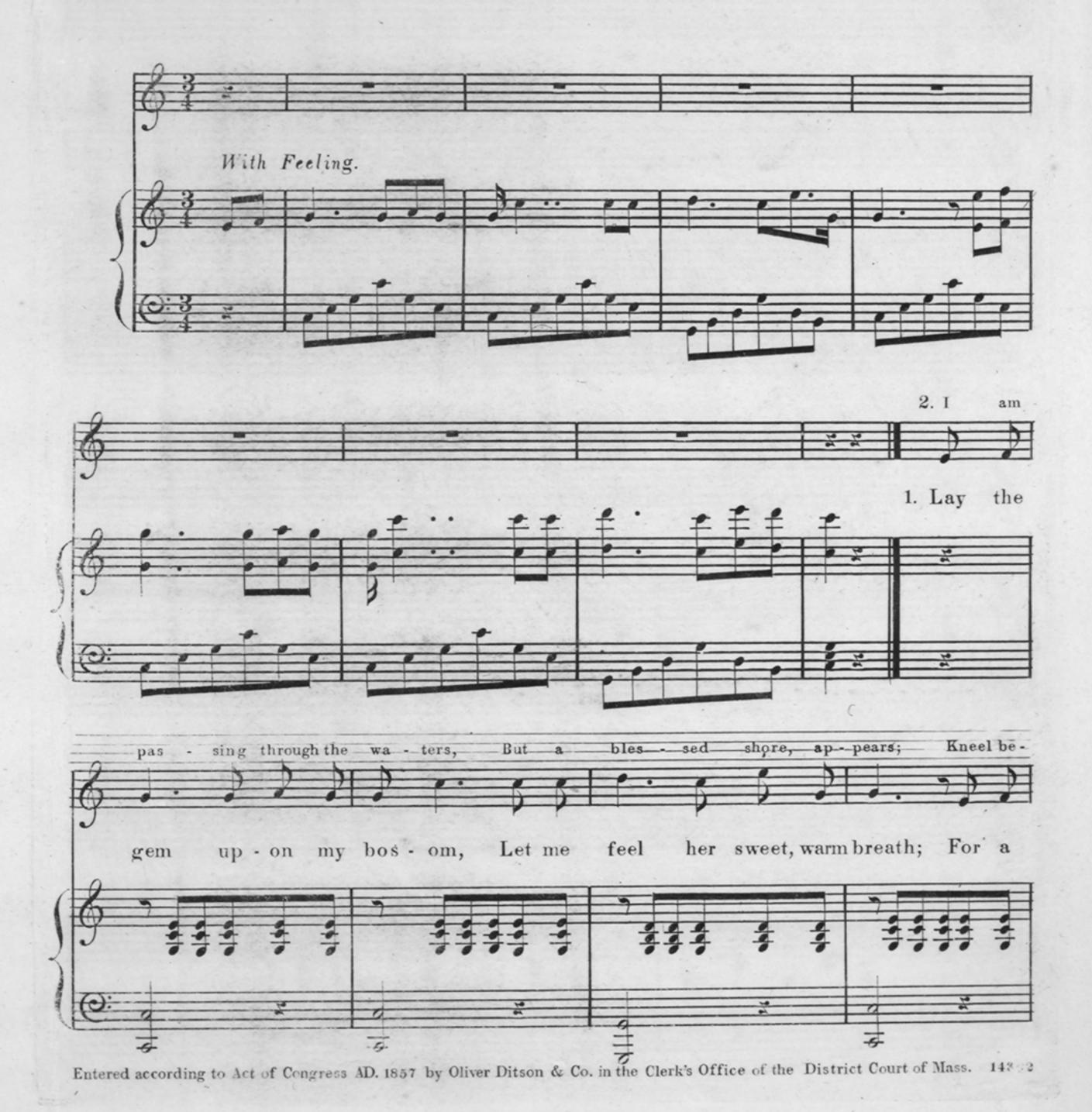


THE DYING WIFE.

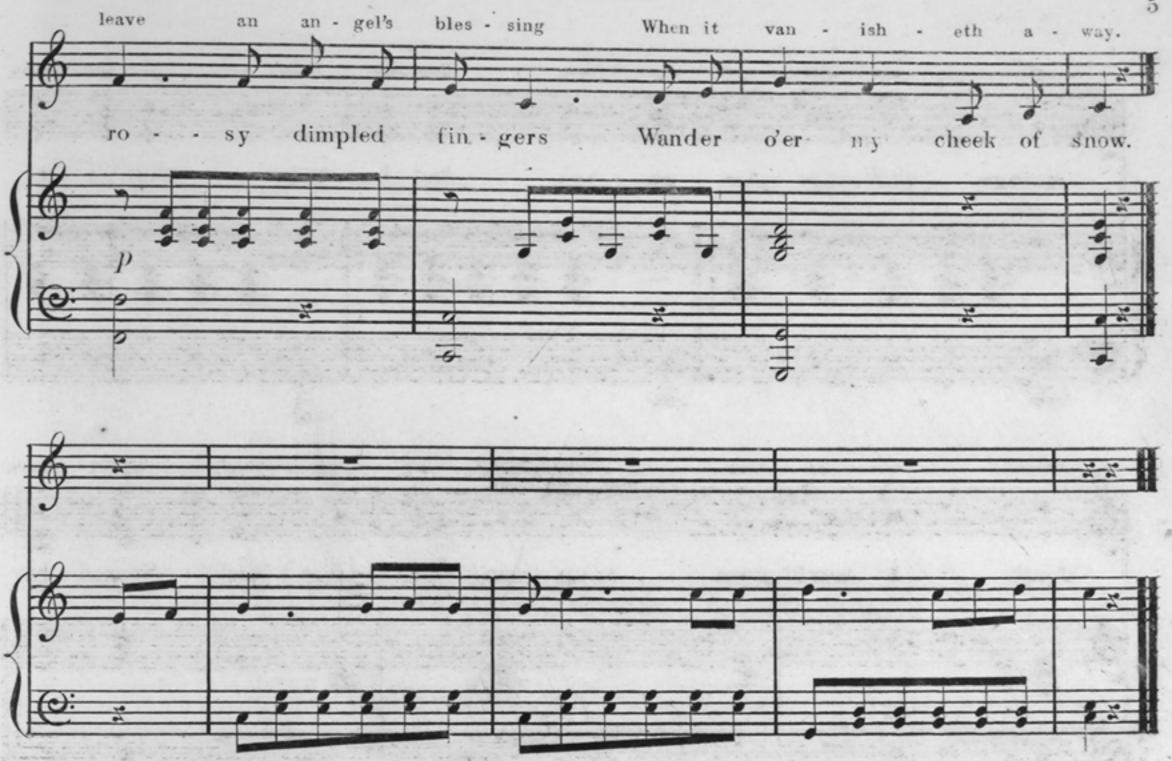
T. BRIGHAM BISHOP.

SONGS OF THE OLD MILL. No. 5.









3

Lay the gem upon my bosom,

'Tis not long she can be there;
See!how to my heart she nestles;

'Tis the pearl I love to wear.

If in after years beside thee,

Sits another in my chair—

Though her voice be sweeter music,

And her face than mine more fair;

5

I will answer if she calls,

And my breath will stir her ringlets,

When my voice in blessing falls.

Her soft, black eyes will brighten

With a wonder whence it came;

In her heart, when years pass o'er her,

She will find her mother's name.

4

If a cherub call thee father!

Far more beautiful than this —

Love thy first-born! oh, my husband!

Turn not from the motherless.

Tell her sometimes of her mother;

You will call her by my name!

Shield her from the winds of sorrow;

If she errs, oh! gently blame.

6

L will be her right hand angel,
Sealing up the good for Heaven;
Striving that the midnight watches
Find no misdeed unforgiven.
You will not forget me, husband,
When I'm sleeping 'neath the sod!
Oh, love the jewel given us,
As I love thee—next to God.

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