

# SONG'S FROM the OLD STONE MILL

## BISHOP

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE CITIZENS OF NEWPORT AND VISITORS OF THE OLD STONE MILL.



And according to act of Congress in the year 1857 by Oliver & Co in the Clerk's office of the District Court of Massachusetts

We trace some Planets radiant  
Till when the Comet shall return;  
Measure the Wind's resistless force;  
And Nature's mighty secrets learn—  
Yet vain our toil when we begin  
Old tower, to trace thy origin;  
And as thou art thou art will be  
A marvel, and a mystery?

Piano.

Guitar.

- No 1. Ella Fay, Song & Chorus.  
3. Bishop's Serenade  
5. The Dying Wife.  
7

- No 2. Sheperdess Ballad.  
4. My Mother Sleeps Ballad.  
6  
8



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*Bingham*



# THE DYING WIFE.

T. BRIGHAM BISHOP.

SONGS OF THE OLD MILL. No. 5.

*With Feeling.*

2. I am

1. Lay the

pas - sing through the wa - ters, But a bles - sed shore, ap - pears; Kneel be -

gem up - on my bos - om, Let me feel her sweet, warm breath; For a



- side me hus - and dear - est, Let me kiss a - way those  
 strange chill o'er me pas - ses, And I know that it is

tears. Wres - tle with thy grief, my hus - band, Strive from  
 death. I would gaze up - on the treas - ure - Scarce - ly

mid - - night un - til day; It may leave an an - gel's  
 giv - - en ere I go - Feel her ro - - - sy dim - pled

bles - sing When it van - - - ish - eth a - way. It may  
 fin - gers Wan - der o'er my cheek of snow. Feel her



leave an an - gel's bles - sing When it van - ish - eth a - way. 5

ro - sy dimpled fin - gers Wander o'er my cheek of snow.

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

Lead her sometimes where I'm sleeping  
 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

I 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.