The death of
Little Eva & Uncle Tom
Respectfully dedicated to
Mrs Harriet Beecher Stowe
Poetry by
Chas. L. Bennison
Music by
Isaac N. Bonney
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DEATH OF LITTLE EVA AND UNCLE TOM

1. The last rays of sunset were shed o'er the mountain, when
2. Her mind was as calm as a soft summer evening, where

Eva and Tom by the dim light were seen, conversing in secret
gen-tle-ness beauty and innocence reign'd, But the small spot of crimson

by the side of a fountain. Where often in times past they'd stray'd at e'en.
on the cheek of sweet Eva, Show'd the grasp of the tyrant who held her enchain'd.
CHORUS.

**TENOR.**

Dear little Eva, Sweet little Eva, Dear little

**ALTO.**

Dear little Eva, Sweet little Eva, Dear little

**TREBLE.**

Dear little Eva, Sweet little Eva, Dear little

**BASS.**

Dear little Eva, Sweet little Eva, Dear little

Eva St. Clare; Near the arbor in the garden Stands the weeping

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Eva St. Clare; Near the arbor in the garden Stands the weeping
On a couch in the mansion was Eva reclining,
With kind friends around her, the ones she lov'd best;
As a soft gentle zephyr o'er a smooth running river,
So calm and so peaceful, she sunk to her rest.

How lonesome the hours of thy lowly companion
Who listen'd with eagerness to thy sweet voice,
Thy spirit has left him, for communion with angels,
The pure and the holy, the ones of thy choice.

In mild resignation a dark form was lying,
Awaiting the summons when he would be free,
When Eva's bright cherub entered into the cabin,
Whispering Uncle Tom hasten, I linger for thee.

A warm smile came over the face of the bondsman,
As gently he folded his arms o'er his breast;
The conflict is over, no mortal can harm thee,
Their souls are united in the haven of rest.