

He was young, for years scarce twenty, O'er his sun - ny head had
 Rest - less - ly his blue eye wandered O' - ver each one stan - ding
 There they smooth'd the sun - ny ringlets, Off the brow so soft and

flown, Yet, a - way from home and loved ones, He was
 by, But he sad - ly mur - mured, "moth - er, Come and
 fair; Pressed the lids down o'er the blue orbs, And then

dy - ing all a - lone, Strangers smoothed his dy - ing
 see me ere I die! Oh! moth - er come I'm
 left him sleep - ing there, Where the south - ern balm - - y