

our dear cot - tage, mother, Boy a - gain I seem'd to come.
 bo - som, ten - der fingers Washed the drops that trickled down.
 - hold and bless you, mother, In this bitter woe you bear.

4

Kiss for me my little brother,
 Kiss my sisters, loved so well:
 When you sit together, mother,
 Tell them how their brother fell.
 Tell to them the story, mother,
 When I sleep beneath the sod,
 That I died to save my country,
 All from love to her and God.

5

Leaning on the merit, mother,
 Of the ONE who died for all,
 Peace is in my bosom, mother—
 Hark! I hear the angels call!
 Don't you hear them singing, mother?
 Listen to the music's swell!
 Now I leave you, loving mother—
 God be with you—fare you well!