TWENTIETH EDITION.

Take me home to die

OR

The Last Request

MUSIC COMPOSED & TENDERLY INSCRIBED TO

BEREAVED SISTERS

by

I. B. WOODBURY.

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OR

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Composed by

I.B.WOODBURY.

ANDANTE AFFETUOSO.

This land is ve_ry bright, mother, The flowers are ve_ry fair, There's

ma_gic in the orange groves, And fragrance in the air; But

take me to my dear old home, Where the brook goes babbling by, Let

us go back a-gain, mother! Oh! take me home to die.

2d Verse.

Let my

father's hand but rest, mother, In blessing on my head, Let my

brothers and my sis-ter dear, But throng a-round my bed; Oh!

let me feel that lov'd ones near Re-ceive my part-ing breath, When I

rit.

bid you all good-night, mother, And sleep the sleep of death.

rit. dimin.

3

These flowers their sweetest sweets afford,
I scent their fragrant breath,
But ere they bloom again, mother,
I shall be cold in death.
Then take me to my early home,
No roses are so dear,
As those that bloom upon the bush,
To your old room so near.

4

It will be blooming soon, mother:
Then come— oh, let me go!
Give me once more its roses,
Before you lay me low:
You'll lay them on my grave, mother,
Say, mother! will you not?
You'll lay me by the mossy bank,—
I've told you oft the spot.

5

'Tis close beside the church, mother,
And when you kneel to pray,
I'll listen to your words, mother,
Though I am far away.
You must not weep for me, mother,
For I shall happy be,
And though I cannot stay with you,
Yet you shall come to me.

6

Dear mother, I am weeping,
I cannot stop the tears,
They're swelling at the thought of home,
And of my early years.
But I am getting faint, mother:
Oh! take me to your breast,
And let me feel your lip, mother,
But on my forehead press.

7

There's dimness on my sight, mother:
I cannot get my breath:
Is it your sobs I hear, mother?
Oh! tell me, is this death?
You'll tell my father how I yearned
Once more to see him near:
You'll kiss my brothers each for me,
They will forget, I fear.

8

You'll tell my sister— brothers dear,
I have gone up on high;
And if they are good children here,
They'll see me when they die.
I feel I'm going now, mother,
One kiss ere life is riven,
Farewell my own dear mother,
Untill we meet in heaven.

Quidor Engᵛʳ