Take me home to die
or
The Last Request
MUSIC COMPOSED & TENDERLY INSCRIBED TO
BEREAVED SISTERS
by
J. B. WOODBURY.

PIANO.

GUITAR.

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TAKE ME HOME TO DIE

or

THE LAST REQUEST.

composed by

I.B. WOODBURY.

AS DANTE AFFETUOSO.

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

magic 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 again, 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 sister dear, But throng around my bed; Oh!

let me feel that loved ones near Receive my parting breath, When I

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

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 hank,—
I've told you oft the spot.

'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.

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.

There's dimness on my sight, mother:
I cannot get my breath:
Is it your sohs 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.

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.

Quiller Eng'nt.